

NOVEMBER

ATLANTIC

Ninety years of continuous publication

VOLUME 182 1948 NUMBER 5

The Atlantic Report on the World Today

How Dense Is the Mass?	GILBERT SELDES	23
No Place to Hide	DAVID BRADLEY, M.D.	28
<i>Did Any Ships "Survive" Bikini's Underwater Bomb?</i>		
Purpose in the Universe. <i>A Symposium</i>	BERNARD IDDINGS BELL	
and Charles F. Hibbard — E. H. Edwards — James Croswell Perkins		35
Get Out and Get Under	JOHN HUTTON	40
<i>Motoring Fifty Years Ago</i>		
The Little Farm. <i>Poems</i>	ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	44
The School, the State, and the Church	AGNES E. MEYER	45
Heart in the Mouth. <i>A Story</i>	GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD	51
Go South, Young Man!	LOUIS BROMFIELD	57
The Road Ahead	SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE	63
Storm Warning. <i>A Poem</i>	FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD	68
Sassafras and Witch Hazel	DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE	69
Santa Lucia. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	JOSEPH PETRACCA	72
The Saracen's Head. <i>Atlantic Serial</i>	OSBERT LANCASTER	78

BOOKS AND MEN

Harry Hopkins	RAYMOND SWING	87
<i>Whipping Boy or Assistant President?</i>		
Mann and His Mephistopheles	CHARLES J. ROLO	92
Five Good Poets in a Bad Year	PETER VIERECK	95
Luis de Camoëns. <i>A Poem</i>	LEONARD BACON	98

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Edward Weeks — Charles J. Rolo — Jane Cobb and Helen Dore Boylston	102
--	-----

ACCENT ON LIVING

John Ciardi — Minna Keyser — Lorna Slocombe — André L. Simon — Bergen Evans — M. A. DeWolfe Howe	121
---	-----

Cover panel by Osbert Lancaster

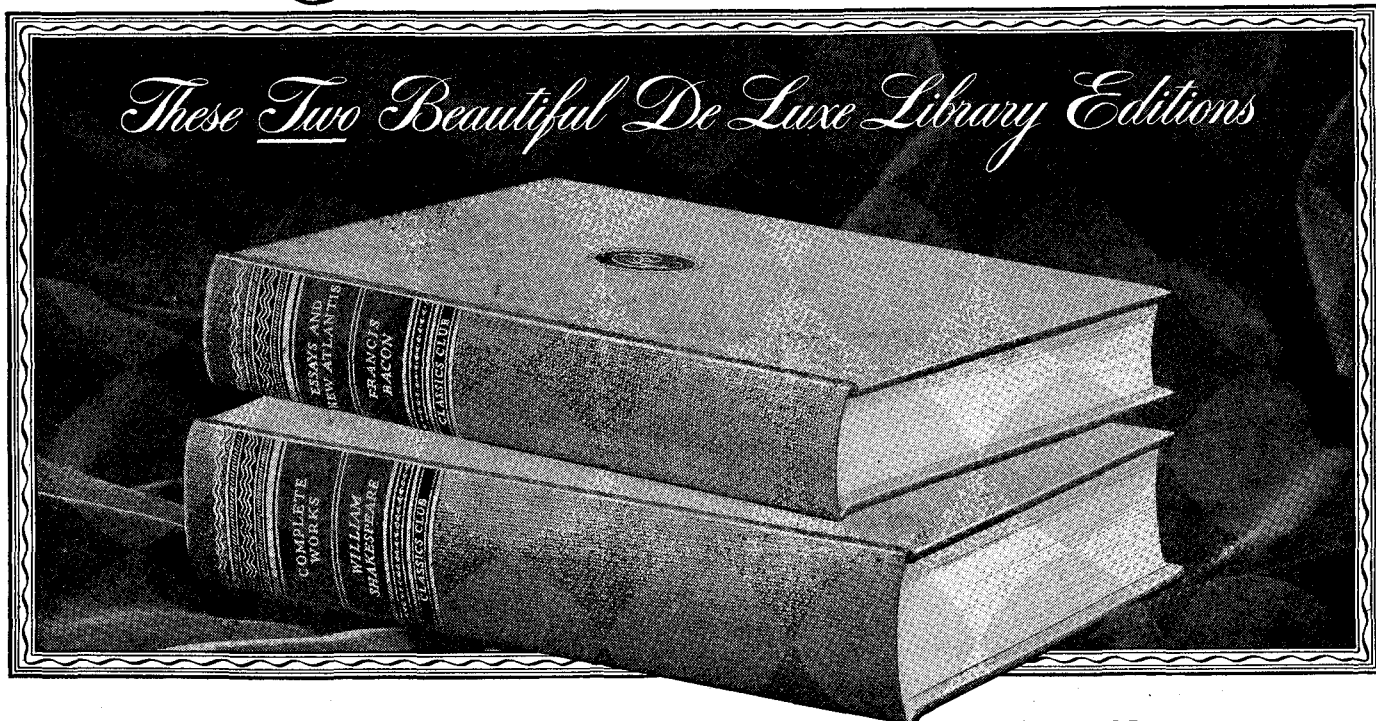
1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$10.00 3 YEARS \$15.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1948, November Vol. 182, No. 5. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright 1948, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

BOTH *Free*
TO NEW MEMBERS

...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

These Two Beautiful De Luxe Library Editions



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

THE ESSAYS OF

Shakespeare *and* Bacon

*All 37 Plays • Comedies, Tragedies,
Histories and Poems*

*On Love, Truth, Friendship, Riches
and 54 Other Fascinating Subjects*

EVERY word Shakespeare ever wrote — every delightful comedy, stirring tragedy, and thrilling historical play; every lovely poem and sonnet — yours *complete* in this beautiful 1312-page volume. Chuckle at the ever-modern comedy of Falstaff; be fascinated by glamorous Cleopatra; shudder at the intrigues of Macbeth; thrill with Romeo in the ecstasies of love. Be amazed at Iago's treachery; step with delight into the whimsical world of Puck and Bottom.

Shakespeare is the one writer who understood human nature as no other ever has, before or since. So deep did he see into the hearts of all of us that he is more alive today than he was three hundred years ago!

HERE is another Titan of the Elizabethan era — Sir Francis Bacon, whose surpassing intellect laid the groundwork of science and philosophy for generations. Anyone in search of personal guidance and a practical, day-by-day philosophy of life can do no better than to read these immortal essays . . . about love, politics, books, business, friendship, and the many other subjects which Bacon discusses so clearly, incisively, wisely. So much wit and wisdom is packed into these writings that quotations from them have become part of our literature.

Both these De Luxe volumes — Shakespeare and Bacon — are so handsome that you will treasure them always. And both are yours *free*, as gifts from the Classics Club.

Why The Classics Club Offers You These 2 Books Free

WILL YOU add these two volumes to your library — as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's

classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copies of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President

MM

THE CLASSICS CLUB

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

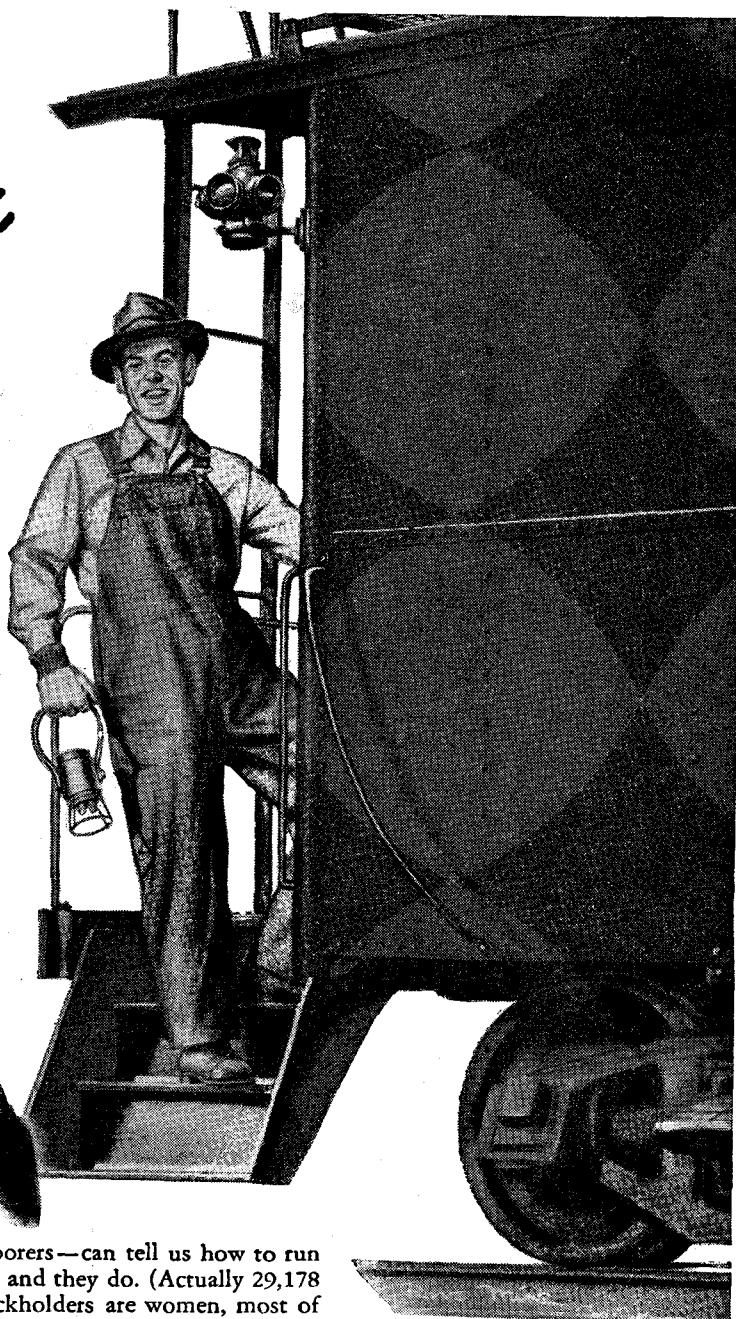
For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }
(Please Print Plainly)

Address

Zone No.
City (if any) State

*How's our
railroad doing,
young man?*



"Is it making any money?"

"What are they paying for fuel these days?"

"Are you hauling much freight?"

"Do you like your job?"

The little old lady is not a busybody—she is merely looking after one of her investments.

She has some money in the Santa Fe. Maybe it's ten, maybe it's twenty, maybe it's fifty shares of Santa Fe stock.

She is entitled to attend a stockholders' meeting. She can get on her feet and ask our board of directors questions just like the above. She can compliment those gentlemen for their management, or she can bang her umbrella on the table and tell them off.

Alone, her few shares of stock can't do a lot. Alone, she couldn't elect a president of the United States. But stockholders just like her—housewives, teachers, merchants,

salesmen, laborers—can tell us how to run the Santa Fe, and they do. (Actually 29,178 Santa Fe stockholders are women, most of them holding only a small number of shares each.)

And that's the beauty of America—the voice of the people is the voice that runs things, whether it's operating a transcontinental railroad or putting a man in the White House.

Isn't it a wonderful country where so many can own so much? That's "Free Enterprise."

★ ★ ★

Santa Fe stockholders, just as those of any railroad, know that American railroads must be permitted to earn at least 6% (many other industries earn more) on their investment in order to maintain sound and progressive operations and to continue to provide shippers and passengers with the finest in rail transportation.



SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Serving the West and Southwest



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

London

THIS year's annual conference of British trade-unions at Margate showed a marked trend towards the Right. Decisions by the delegates of eight million organized workers illuminated the changing role of the unions in the class war under a Labor Government. Further, the crushing defeat of the Communists and Left-wing sympathizers suggested a lowering of the internal resistance with which Britain must reckon in opposing the Soviet Union.

The Margate conference revealed a switch from the unions' tradition of fighting the boss to collaboration with him. Reversing their historic function, the British unions have become the instrument for restraining a rise in wages. Emphasis in the unions' operations has veered from the familiar struggle over wages and hours, to coöperating with management to improve industrial efficiency.

Labor closes in on the Left

At the end of the five-day session, the score was 6 to 0 against the Left. First, the conference by a show of hands balloted overwhelmingly against unofficial strikes. The remarkable reduction in industrial strife since the Labor Government took office almost three and a half years ago has been marred by wildcat stoppages of work. Without naming the Communists, who have been behind these strikes, the conference voted "to expose and defeat" those threatening the nation's effort to climb out of the economic crisis.

Secondly, again by a thumping majority, the conference rejected a Communist-supported motion demanding that the Government take immediate emergency measures to nationalize the steel industry. The delegates threw out this proposal after it had been denounced as a ruse dicta-

torially to transfer steel production from private to state ownership. Delegates agreed that the Government should abide by normal legislative methods and, in its own good time, lay before Parliament a bill to nationalize steel.

Thirdly, the conference defeated a resolution expressing profound concern at the Government's refusal to let the unions send delegates to accompany members suspected of political disloyalty when they appeared before the Government's "purge committee." This motion, sponsored by civil service unions, was prompted by the case of Dr. C. S. Bull, who was suspended from the Harwell atomic research plant although he said he had quit the Communist Party in mid-1947 because he dissented from Soviet policy. His colleagues in the research depot had petitioned for his reinstatement.

The resolution, which involved the fundamental right of a trade-union to represent its members' interests in a difficulty, was lost by the tight margin of 3,841,000 votes to 3,467,000. The Government had already offered to appoint an additional member, nominated by the trade-unions, to the advisory "purge" tribunal. The narrow majority against a motion, which amounted to censure of the Government, showed that the Labor conference, despite its strong anti-Communist current, was in no mood for a hysterical witch hunt.

Fourthly, the Left suffered its worst setback during an attack on the World Federation of Trade Unions. A harmless-looking resolution asked the conference to reaffirm its support of the WFTU and "to resist attempts to destroy unity inside this body." One might have expected this motion to win support from the British Labor movement's



The Atlantic Report on London



tradition that the workers' international solidarity is the greatest bulwark against war.

It was left to Arthur Deakin, who is Ernest Bevin's successor as Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union and also President of the WFTU, to touch off the explosion against the Communists. Mr. Deakin spoke in a voice that was pitched to reach from Margate to Moscow.

Deakin accused the WFTU of becoming an open instrument for promoting Soviet policy. It had been used, he said, to send delegates to Asia and Africa to make Communist contacts. At first, voting strength in the World Federation's Executive Committee was equally divided between pro-Communists and independent trade-unionists, but gradually the Communists had gained a 5 to 1 majority on the executive body. Deakin said he had been wasting his time trying to get an understanding between those opposing groups.

His speech won terrific applause. Without a counted vote, the delegates raised their hands to smother, by what spectators estimated at a 15 to 1 majority, the innocuous motion to support the World Federation of Trade Unions.

Fifthly, when it came to electing the thirty-two members of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress for the coming year, only one Communist (without any rival candidate) was chosen. Communists were nominated for six contested seats, however, and in each instance got the fewest votes in their respective industrial groups. The foremost Communist in Britain's trade-union movement, Arthur Horner — the coal miners' leader — won only 2,373,000 votes of about 7,500,000 and failed to gain a place on the General Council.

Sixthly, the attempt of the Left to scuttle the Government's wage stabilization policy was beaten. By the large majority of 5,207,000 to 2,184,000 the delegates defeated a resolution which would have reprimanded the Government for failing to let wages keep pace with rising prices and which demanded a law to limit profits and dividends.

Cripps holds the line

Earlier in the Margate conference, Sir Stafford Cripps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had delivered the speech of the week. His aim was to hold the wage front. To do this he warded off the assault on profits. He argued that profits distributed by corporations equal about one fifteenth of wages and salaries drawn by British workers. Even if

corporation profits were reduced 25 per cent, said Cripps, this would add to wages and salaries only about one and one-third cents in the dollar.

Cripps's statement was well received. It was a personal success for him — a politician who, the trade-unionists discovered, could almost pass for one of the boys. After all, didn't he smoke a pipe and, albeit with some effort, even smile a little? Yet the conference's final decision, after hearing Cripps, merely left the Government a breathing space to cope with the wage-price spiral.

During the past year, according to the official index, living costs rose 10 per cent, compared with a 6 per cent rise in wages. Last February the Labor Government tried to arrange a voluntary freezing of wages, prices, and dividends. That effort has been just a partial success. Defying the standstill, important unions, including engineering, railroad, building, and agricultural labor, are continuing to press wage claims.

The squeeze on the family man

Leading delegates at Margate protested that the working class is wincing under the pinch of rising living costs. Higher prices, and no longer rationing, have become the chief factor holding down the standard of living among the majority of citizens. The Government is still subsidizing the consumers' food to the tune of \$1,880,000 a year. But the Cabinet abolished subsidies on cotton, woolen, and leather goods with the result that prices of those commodities soared. Dearer clothing does not affect the rich; it scarcely hurts the single worker or the married man whose wife is also gainfully employed. Yet it mercilessly squeezes the married laborer with a wife and two, three, or more children.

For fear of a worse one, a resolution was accepted by the General Council demanding stronger control over prices and profits. It called on the Government to take more effective action to bring down prices, to maintain or extend the cost-of-living subsidies, to review the burdensome purchase tax, and to impose stricter limitations on profits. The resolution, however, left to the Government the timing and method for fulfilling these demands.

The Government and trade-union leadership are in a dilemma. The plain British workingman sees that capitalists are making what he considers excessive profits, while he is being told to abstain from asking higher wages. His union leaders may persuade him, grudgingly, to hold his fire. But he does not know why and he is discontented.

British labor leaders are afflicted with schizophrenia. Their one impulse is to support the claims of the rank and file for more pay. Although real wages are higher than before the war, their average is still an absurdly low \$25 a week. The leaders' other impulse is to support the Labor Government, for it is *their* people who now sit in the seats of the mighty and they should not be hampered by a new wave of wage demands. General elections are less than eighteen months away, so organized labor must attempt the incompatible task of appeasing its membership without embarrassing the Government.

Lippmann's challenge

On the eve of the Margate conference, Britain's policy was challenged by an article in which Walter Lippmann declared, in effect, that the British Labor Government must disappear in order to make possible a Western European Federation. The semisocialist economy of Britain, including its economic controls — so ran Lippmann's argument — is blocking a real Western Union.

He implied that European federalism is as difficult to achieve in existing conditions as it would be, say, to have the states of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois governed on a socialist platform while remaining close-knit parts of the United States political and economic structure.

Labor's reply

Not only Leftists in the Government but also Centrists were aroused by Lippmann's suggestion that a West European Federation requires Britain's early return to outright private capitalism. British opposition to a federal Europe now could hardly be denied. Foreign Secretary Bevin has announced in Parliament Britain's rejection of the French plan for a European assembly. Britons asked, "Must we make all the concessions if there is to be an approach towards federalism?"

In an editorial ironically called "An American Friend," the liberal *Manchester Guardian* said, "Lippmann is losing his balance. He has been writing some rather silly things." If Britain obeyed Lippmann's advice, tossed away its economic controls and opened its gates to Continental Europe, the *Guardian* stated, "the pound would go hang in a glorious



There's a new song on the rails!

When it comes to locomotives

It heralds the arrival
of something new
on the tracks of America
... the latest achievement in
Diesel-electric locomotive design.

FAIRBANKS-MORSE



A name worth remembering

DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES • DIESEL ENGINES • STOKERS • SCALES • MOTORS • GENERATORS
RAILROAD MOTOR CARS and STANDPIPES • PUMPS • FARM EQUIPMENT • MAGNETOS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GO THE LUXURY WAY TO SUNNY L.A.!



CHICAGO • ARIZONA • SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

via the Rock Island-Southern Pacific Golden State Route

For your Winter vacation, choose either Southern California or Arizona for sun and fun aplenty! And for the last word in comfort, choose the glamorous, streamlined, Diesel-electric **Golden State**. Just 45 hours between Chicago and Los Angeles, serving El Paso, Douglas, Tucson, Phoenix and Palm Springs en route. Through sleeping cars daily from New York and St. Louis.

Go "coach"! Relax in a postwar Reclining Chair Car with full-length leg rests. Enjoy delicious meals and refreshments in the Coffee Shop Lounge Car.

Go "sleeper"! Your choice of sectional space or a private room in light-

weight Pullmans. Diner serves excellent full-course meals. Lounge for Pullman passengers, beverage service, barber shop and valet.

The **Imperial**, another fine Rock Island train (without extra fare), also offers splendid service between Chicago and Southern Arizona and Los Angeles. Chair Cars, Tourist Sleepers and Standard Sleepers. Club Car, Lounge Car and Diner. Also carries Chair Cars and Sleepers to San Diego.

Thru service between Memphis and Los Angeles. Connecting service from Minneapolis, St. Paul and Des Moines via Kansas City. Next trip, go Rock Island!

Ask your nearest Rock Island Passenger Representative for reservations, tickets and information—or write:

A. D. MARTIN
General Passenger Traffic Manager
Rock Island Lines
Chicago 5, Illinois



ROCK ISLAND LINES

The Road of
Planned Progress

spree with those superlatively valuable currencies the lira and franc. It is not socialism but prudence that makes us cautious."

If Western Europe were really to federate, there would have to be free flow of capital and manpower among the member states. To most British, this is a fancy way of proposing that unemployment be imported.

Planned recovery

Lippmann's broadside promptly evoked a comparison between political instability in France and almost two million jobless in Italy on the one hand, and on the other, stable, visible recovery plus full employment in Britain.

Writers in the pro-Labor press have been reminding Lippmann that the meager available cake is being shared with some fairness in Britain, while prosperity under the free economies of France, Italy, and Western Germany is too often reserved for the black-marketeers.

Ferment among French and Italian workers is contrasted with improvements in Britain, where, amid rising production and big export strides, the Government has persuaded the British workers that by its controls, state subsidies, and housing program, the little fellow is getting a break.

"If Americans continue to believe," wrote the liberal weekly *New Statesman and Nation*, "that free enterprise is the only economic basis for political federation, they will destroy not only Western Union but democracy itself in every Western European country, including Germany."

The road to Communism

The social-democratic weekly *London Tribune* asked how the weakened West European nations are to combat Communism by intensifying class war, as Lippmann proposes.

"Does Lippmann believe," said the *Tribune*, "that rocketing prices in Paris and large-scale unemployment in Milan and Turin are the means to resist Communism's growth? If he doesn't, he might tell us why Britain, which has been successful in resisting Communism, should adopt the policies of those countries with the largest Communist Parties in Western Europe."

Turkey

AFTER a quarter of a century as a single-party state, republican Turkey is undergoing the labor pangs connected with the birth of a genuine parliamentary government. The Old Guard which swept into power with Kemal Atatürk is dying, but it is not surrendering without a last-ditch battle.

No one challenges the brilliant accomplishments of the Old Guard. Atatürk and his successors, the "regime of soldiers," ably guided the country through the hazardous days following World War I, created the new Turkish Republic in the face of bitter opposition from the Allied victors, and were responsible for the revolutionary "Westernization" of the country.

But even before Atatürk's death in 1938 there was a growing desire for political change among the peasants, who constitute about 80 per cent of the population, and the businessmen of Istanbul, Izmir, and the other larger cities of Turkey. Today the economy of the country is awkwardly entangled in a rigid form of statism. The military minds at the top of the government are accused of regimenting commerce and trade as they would battalions of foot soldiers. The state monopolies which control public utilities, heavy industry, shipping, rail transport, manufacture and sale of tobacco, alcohol, matches, and other consumer items, receive most favored treatment, even though they operate in an unorthodox, uneconomic manner. Private enterprise, on the other hand, is left to fend for itself as best it can among myriad regulations, restrictions, and government hamstrings.

New opposition party

Within recent weeks the National Party, under the titular leadership of aging Marshal Fevzi Çakmak, has come into being. Its opposition to the Republican People's Party, which dominates the government, is already more vocal than that of the Democratic Party, founded in 1946. The support it has received has been unexpectedly strong.

This is due primarily to the more normal political processes of its formation. For the National Party springs from widespread discontent with the present government, while the Democratic Party is the sole

survivor of the various opposition groups encouraged by İnönü, to create the illusion of a multi-party system in Turkey.

Kept out of office by various forms of electoral manipulation in the elections of 1946, the Democratic Party has retrogressed into a policy of compromise with the People's Party. Its program differs from the government's on only one important point — a broader policy of laissez faire in commerce and industry. Çakmak's new party claims to be the aroused electorate's answer to such compromise.

The 72-year-old Marshal's popularity and prestige are enough to ensure at least initial victories. It is his first step into the political arena, which he had always scorned heretofore. Çakmak's brilliant record as a soldier and later as Chief of the Turkish General Staff is well known throughout the country. Along with his honest simplicity, so appealing to the peasant, is a deep-rooted chauvinism. It was he who kept the ranks of the Turkish Army closed to the Greek, Armenian, and Jewish minorities. A strict Moslem himself, he was openly critical of Atatürk's "high living" and was opposed to his agnostic approach to religion.

One of the policies of the National Party is a modification of the religious law which Atatürk introduced to break the hold of the Caliphate over the government. However, this proposal seems to be the only conservative plank in his party's liberal platform. Pledges such as the right of labor to strike, limitation of the tenure of office of the President to four years, establishment of a bicameral parliament, and a broad economic policy would seem to outweigh any tendency to return to the narrow sectarianism of Islam.

The leader of the new National Party is surrounded by a fairly unprepossessing group of men whose political opinions are widely divergent. About all they have in common is their deep-seated opposition to the Democratic and the Republican People's Parties. Kenan Oner, chairman of the National Party's Istanbul section, was expelled from the Democratic Party for extremism. Hikmet Bayur, the National Party's real political leader,



The Atlantic Report on Turkey



once Minister of Education, is motivated chiefly by a blind animosity toward President İnönü.

It is up to Çakmak to blend the varied views of his two principal co-workers into an integrated, progressive policy. If the National Party is strong enough to force the government into a more liberal economic policy, it will have made a major contribution to the recovery of the country.

Enduring hatred of Russia

The peasant, like all farmers in eastern Europe, has a natural distrust of all governments. Cut off from profitable markets through inadequate roads and lack of transportation, his only contact with authority has been with the military, whose recruiting officers have come once a year for the last five centuries to take away the best of the young men for military service. Even today, Turkey has almost a million men under arms.

Fortunately, morale is high and the country is united in the common purpose — resistance to Russia. The average Turk has a historic hatred of Russia, bred from centuries of wars between the two countries, rather than a simple aversion to the present communist form of government. Practically every family has had a father, uncle, or grandfather killed in one of the Turco-Russian wars. Even in eastern Turkey, which has been overrun three times in a hundred years or so, many of the peasants would rather fight again than live under constant threat of invasion.

Military aid comes first

The Turks are impressed by the military aid which pours in from America and disappointed by the lack of economic and agricultural aid which they had expected. What has not been properly pointed out to them is that all American aid comes on a priority basis, with military equipment in the number one position. The American Mission for Aid to Turkey is trying to streamline the cumbersome, old-fashioned organization of the present Turkish Army into a smaller, mechanized, more effective force. By modernizing the army, they hope not only to increase its fighting efficiency, but to release large numbers of conscriptees for productive work in the country's economy.

If all the equipment the Turks so badly need to build an adequate system of roads has not yet arrived, it is due to this emphasis on military aid. For the moment transportation equipment has second priority. Many Turks claim that agricultural equipment is being stockpiled by the Turkish gov-

ernment, when in reality it has not yet arrived at the docks of Istanbul and Izmir.

Turkey loses her tobacco markets

The cost of supporting a large army (65 per cent of the national budget) is not the only reason for Turkey's economic plight today. Since the last war she has lost many of her former European markets. Germany alone imported 60 per cent of Turkey's tobacco before 1945. Recently tobacco men began to doubt the motives behind ERP, which is supposed to encourage trade between European countries, when the United States sold Virginia tobacco to Germany well below the world market price, leaving Turkey with a large surplus. Similarly, when they approached Italian buyers, they were told, "Why should we buy your tobacco, when we can get it free under the Marshall Plan?"

The surplus tobacco crop in Turkey this year was worth about 100 million dollars, of which only 20 million dollars' worth was bought by the United States. That is why the Turks must dispose of the remaining four fifths of the crop in other markets. Turkish tobacco growers are not as worried over the loss of trade this year as they are about prospects for the future. They feel that if Germany and other Turkish tobacco smoking countries continue to receive Virginia tobacco, their taste for the Turkish product will disappear.

This is not conjecture on their part, for they lost their biggest customer, Great Britain, during World War I when trade between the two countries ceased in 1914 and England began to import Virginia tobacco. In the four years of the war, the taste for tobacco changed so radically in Britain that Turkey no longer had a market of any importance. Since tobacco furnishes 40 per cent of the country's total exports, the loss of a big customer is a catastrophe. Other exports of figs, raisins, hazelnuts, and olives are now considered luxury items by Britain, France, Italy, and the Benelux countries.

Unexplored potentials

The vast agricultural resources, which could so greatly benefit the surrounding countries, particularly in the Near East, are practically untouched. Hemmed in by high costs of transportation, the peasant in the rich eastern provinces cannot possibly compete for the foreign market. Yet, surveys made by an American economic mission estimated that the country could feed some 50 million *more* people if proper road and rail networks linked the country and more modern methods of farming were introduced.

In Zonguldak, the coal production center of Turkey on the Black Sea, one American observer found the mines operating with tools, loading devices, and methods of two centuries ago. If production were modernized and expanded, the output would suffice all Turkey and provide an exportable surplus of two million tons of coal yearly. American drilling companies under contract to the Turkish government have struck oil in southeastern Turkey, across the frontier from the rich Mosul fields in Iraq. The potential has not yet been established, but it is a safe prediction that once organized, the wells will provide an adequate supply of oil for all Turkey's needs.

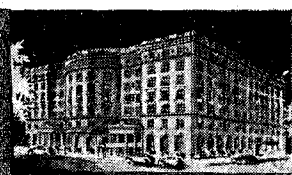
Because of the many opportunities in this rich, undeveloped country, American capital is being urged by the Turkish government to invest here. However, a survey recently made by the Twentieth Century Fund did not report particularly favorably on prospects for foreign investments. The objections were based not only on the present unsettled international situation, but also on the policy of the Turkish government in swallowing up profits in a variety of visible and invisible taxes. The report also underlined laws which prevent export of profits.

Luring American capital

In reply the government has announced that from now on, foreign capital invested in the country and profits realized can be transferred abroad in proportion to the amount invested. This is the first real lure the Turks have offered American private enterprise.

It has had an almost immediate effect. Already operating in Istanbul are two American construction companies which, in joint enterprise with Turkish capital, plan to build large new hotels for a growing tourist trade. Agencies for many types of American goods have opened offices in Istanbul, despite the comparatively small volume of goods to be sold.

Turkey is today continuing the program of modernization laid down for her by Atatürk. With the help of U.S. dollars and proper direction of them, the economic situation may improve. However, the menace of another war with Russia makes the future sadly uncertain.



"Miss Jones, try **SHERATON** first"

"For one call to the local Sheraton, you can arrange reservations for my whole trip. And I know for sure the kind of accommodations I can rely upon wherever there's a Sheraton hotel.

"By the way, Miss Jones, better see that all our sales staff have Sheraton Credit Cards. Mine proves a great convenience."

For quick reservations in 22 cities, just call or wire your nearest Sheraton hotel. Prompt report on room availabilities, speedy confirmation by teletype. And to assure yourself the special consideration conferred by a Sheraton Credit Card, address: Public Relations Department, Sheraton Corporation of America, 7 Court Street, Boston Mass.

SHERATON HOTELS

BOSTON	The Copley Plaza The Sheraton	PITTSBURGH	The Sheraton
PROVIDENCE	Sheraton-Biltmore	ROCHESTER	The Sheraton
NEW YORK	The Sheraton The Russell	BUFFALO	The Sheraton
NEWARK	The Sheraton	DETROIT	The Sheraton
PHILADELPHIA	The Sheraton Penn-Sheraton	CHICAGO	The Sheraton
BALTIMORE	Sheraton-Belvedere	ST. LOUIS	The Sheraton
WASHINGTON	The Sheraton	BROOKLINE, Mass.	The Beaconsfield
AUGUSTA, Ga.	Sheraton-Bon Air	WORCESTER, Mass.	The Sheraton
		PITTSFIELD, Mass.	The Sheraton
		SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	The Sheraton
		NEW BRITAIN, Conn.	The Sheraton
		ANNAPOLIS, Md.	Carvel Hall

SHERATON RESORT HOTELS

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.	Sheraton Plaza (Open year round)
RANGELEY, Me.	Rangeley Lakes Hotel

THE HALLMARK OF HOSPITALITY



Twenty-Eight



France

By an unwritten rule of French politics, summer is closed season on cabinet crises. This applies particularly to August, when the French go away on vacation, abandoning Paris to the tourists. But the rule has been broken rudely this year by the crisis that began late in July and went on through August into the autumn.

The decline of the Fourth French Republic, in its less than two years of existence, could be measured by the original votes of confidence obtained in the National Assembly by the successive Premiers: Ramadier 549 to 0, Schuman 412 to 186, Marie 352 to 190, and Schuman 322 to 185. The important figure is the affirmative one, the negative being entirely Communist. The drop is caused by abstentions, indicating the progressive breakup of the conservative coalition. The necessary majority is 311. Another measure of the decline is the duration of each Premier in office: Ramadier ten months, Schuman eight months, Marie one month, Schuman three days.

The crisis began almost casually. The first Schuman government was having trouble in the Assembly over its military budget, but the debate was not taken seriously, since the cabinet had already survived so many other, more serious disputes. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault was in The Hague, proposing a parliament of Europe to the other four nations of the Western Union. And Paris was being its usual summer self.

The city was so empty that it was possible to drive the length of the Grands Boulevards without once shifting gears, to travel the entire Champs-Élysées without passing a single bicyclist, and to make the turn around the Arc de Triomphe without being scolded by a single taxi driver. In fact, this was the first real peacetime summer since the war, with foreign tourists arriving in droves.

But the gentle, pastoral scene of Paris in the summer was shattered by politicians. The Socialists insisted on a reduction of 12 billion francs in Schuman's military budget of more than 300 billion. The difference was relatively small, but large enough to cause the crisis desired by the Socialists.

Schuman, without making the vote a question of confidence, threatened to resign if the reduction were adopted. It was adopted, 297 to 214, and the crisis began. The overthrow, on so technical a point, of a cabinet that had performed loyal, efficient service for eight difficult months seemed disgraceful to the many friends of the Republic. It was only later that the meaning of the Socialist maneuver became clear.

President Vincent Auriol, a Socialist himself and a protégé of Léon Blum, went through all the usual consultations, unusual though the crisis was. He conferred with Edouard Herriot, President of the National Assembly, and with Gaston Monnerville, President of the Council of the Republic. He consulted all the party groups, beginning with the Communist, the largest in the Assembly, and ending with the splinter groups on the far right. Then he appointed a Radical-Socialist, André Marie, former Minister of Justice, as Premier.

Much was made of the fact that Marie was not well. He had spent two years in Buchenwald during the war. He left the camp suffering from malnutrition and weak lungs. But those who came into contact with him during his brief period as Premier found him strong and energetic. He recruited Paul Reynaud, the independent wartime Premier, as Finance Minister, and between them, they worked out a long-range plan for the solution of France's economic problems. The cabinet received its vote of confidence in the Assembly, but it broke up within a month when the Socialists, participating reluctantly in the government, refused to go along with Reynaud's program.

The Reynaud Plan

Again the blame for the crisis was attributed to the Socialists, but so eager were they to escape the responsibility that they took the unusual step of devoting an entire page of their official journal, *Le Populaire*, to an exposé of the Reynaud Plan and their objections to it. The page made public the plan, which had been the subject of top-secret cabinet discussion, and which was to remain, despite bitter recriminations, the basis of subsequent efforts to restore economic stability to France.

According to the Socialists, Reynaud estimated the budget deficit at 330 billion francs for 1948 and 700 billion for 1949. To cover this deficit, Reynaud proposed an increase in taxes to bring in 125 billion francs, a reduction in state expenses to balance the budget, and minor wage raises to compensate the workers for the added burden they would have to bear.

The Socialists reproached Reynaud with planning for inadequate budget receipts and putting most of the burden on the workers because of the insufficient raises in pay. The final breakup of the Marie government they blamed on the refusal of Reynaud and Marie to modify their plan.

According to Reynaud, his plan as presented in *Le Populaire* was only the beginning of the long-range program which would eventually have balanced the budget; any further wage raise would be as illusory as all the others since the liberation; and as for modification of the plan, he was ready to compromise on secondary points, but on the essential, his duty was to be firm.

However, the discussion was futile. Reynaud departed from office, enjoying the prestige that devolved from the formulation of his plan, if not the pleasure of putting it into operation.

Socialist tryout

There is another unwritten law of French politics, as inflexible as that of the summer vacuum, to the effect that the party responsible for overthrowing a cabinet should assume the task of forming a new government. Since the Socialists had brought down both the Schuman and the Marie administrations, it was clearly their turn to try to govern. Because Paul Ramadier had been the most vociferous Socialist objector, he was the obvious choice for the Premiership.

But the personal and party animosities aroused by the successive crises were bitter. Many Popular Republican and Radical-Socialist Deputies awaited their chance for revenge in the Assembly. Ramadier realized he could not hold the Premiership, and after a day of consultations, he declined the nomination.

The hand is shown

President Auriol turned again to Schuman, and now the politicians had

completed their full, vicious circle. They were back where they began when Schuman was overthrown on the minor point of military appropriations. But this time the Socialists, while willing to support the new cabinet, declined to accept any ministries for themselves. And now the meaning of their answer was clear. They were trying to obtain the advantage, already being enjoyed by the Communists, of being in the opposition, or at least away from the responsibility of being in the government.

The perennial Socialist officeholders like Ramadier, and the elder Socialist statesmen like Blum and Auriol, were opposed to the maneuver, but the younger men, with their careers still to make, wanted freedom of action.

The impelling reason was the rise in prices (10 per cent in August, bringing the retail index to seventeen times the 1938 level), and the consequent clamor for wage raises by both the Communist-led General Confederation of Labor and the Socialist Force Ouvrière. Although the two major unions had been divided since last winter's strikes, to the advantage of the Socialists, they were now co-operating again in many factories, to the pleasure of the Communists.

It was impossible for the Socialists to reconcile the conflicting pressures of party and government. An overwhelming majority of the Socialist Deputies voted for the party, and Schuman tried to form his second cabinet without them.

Workers versus government

With both the Communists and the Socialists out of office, the incoming government was clearly confronted with the unanimous opposition of the working class. Under the threat of labor agitation, strikes, and perhaps disorders, no one wanted to accept the Ministry of Interior, with its responsibility for the police. Unable to complete the cabinet, Schuman returned his commission to President Auriol.

This was the most dangerous moment of the crisis. The Third Force—the coalition that had stood against the Communists and Gaullists and had governed with success, mediocre as it was, since the beginning of the Republic—was so badly broken that



LA CROISSETTE, CANNES

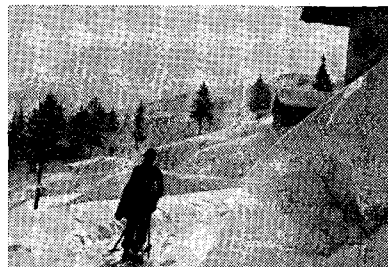
a Change this Winter France ...for a Perfect Holiday

The glorious sun on the blue Mediterranean! Smart crowds—gay casinos! Come to the South-of-France *this* winter! Hotels heated, service wonderful—travel normal—food...fine! Direct planes and ships.



Paul Manning, famous correspondent, author, columnist: "*Winter in France means Riviera sunshine. To reach it I'll drive the family over Victory Highway to Paris, then south to the glorious Côte d'Azur.*"

The revalued franc makes France a wonderful travel "buy". This year combine winter sports and Riviera sunshine in one holiday! Your friendly travel agent can arrange. Ample space on ships and planes now—make reservations. Everything simple, if you plan ahead.



SKI-ING IN THE SAVOIE ALPS

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

A service agency of the Ministry of Public Works, Transportation and Tourism



● **BE DIFFERENT.** Make a lasting impression on friends and business associates with Cobbs famous fruits and tropical delicacies. Gift No. 11 above, is a Mexican Hamper containing approximately 54 lbs. of oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, and limes—a holiday super treat—priced \$10.00. Gift No. 33 (not illustrated) same as Gift No. 11 except half size and weight—priced \$6.50. Gift No. 2 (not illustrated) contains approximately 27 lbs. assorted fruits and jar each of Guava Jelly, Tropical Fruit Conserve, and Pineapple-Cherry Jam — \$6.00. Gift No. 1 (not illustrated) contains approximately 27 lbs. of assorted fruit only — \$4.50. Store fruit never tasted like this! Satisfaction guaranteed. Express paid. Orders must be accompanied by check or money order. No Canadian or foreign shipments. Unless otherwise instructed, orders will be shipped for Christmas. Send for free, gorgeous, 8-page Brochure-Price List in natural color, showing other COBBS Gift Packages.

Cobbs
FINEST
FLORIDA FRUITS

Christmas giving made EASY

ORDER NOW!

COBBS, Box E-6
Little River (Miami), Fla.

- ☐ Enclosed is check or money order for \$..... for gift packages to be shipped names on ATTACHED LIST.
- ☐ Please send me your free beautifully illustrated Brochure-Price List.



no solution was readily apparent. President Auriol acted with more vigor than had been characteristic of him. He sent orders to the *Journal Officiel* to hold up publication of Schuman's resignation, which left Schuman in the position of Premier-designate.

Auriol also assigned two men, the Radical-Socialist, André Marie, and Robert Lecourt, a Popular Republican, to seek a new coalition. Finally, the President persuaded Schuman to retain the Premiership and to go ahead with formation of his government. This time, the Socialists were frightened back into the fold.

Cabinets in crisis

The second Schuman cabinet lasted less than three days, but it deserves a small place in French history as a grotesque example of the kind of cabinet put together in a crisis. The key post was the Ministry of Finance, since the immediate problem was one of economics. That went to Christian Pineau, a Socialist, best known as the former Minister of Supply who abolished the bread ration and then reinstated it at the lowest level that it ever reached — because he had miscounted the wheat stock.

The previous Premier, Marie, wanted the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but he and Schuman had collided when they were casting about simultaneously for potential cabinets, so he was denied the coveted Quai d'Orsay, but placed in charge of the French delegation to the United Nations — with which he had no experience. Schuman kept the Foreign Ministry.

On their first appearance in the Assembly, on a mere point of order, Messieurs Schuman, Pineau, Marie, were defeated. Their downfall was due primarily to the defection of a bloc of Radical-Socialists, taking their revenge for the two crises caused by the Socialists.

At this point, Léon Blum published in *Le Populaire* an appeal for unity which he entitled, "*La République est en Danger*." It was an emotional document, with a ring of history to it, written with the passion of an old man watching his most cherished possession being torn asunder by stupidity. Then, from his home at Jouy-en-Josas, outside Paris, he en-

tered actively into the negotiations that finally brought about another government.

Wanted: a Clemenceau

Blum and Auriol were looking for a man to rescue the Republic as Clemenceau had saved France in 1917. They thought they had found him in the person of Edouard Herriot, whose age — seventy-six — is the same as Clemenceau's when he became Premier. But Herriot declined on the grounds that his presence was required as President of the National Assembly, and his strength was not sufficient to cope with the Premiership. Another reason, unexpressed but still real, was that Herriot still cherished his ambition to become President of the Republic, and this was no time to be involved in highly partisan politics.

In desperation, Auriol turned finally to a neutral sort of politician, scarcely a Clemenceau, but one who was an old-fashioned Radical-Socialist, a Deputy since 1914, and a member of seventeen governments, without ever having been Premier. Henri Queuille consulted his friends for a full day, then accepted the Premiership, and finally formed a cabinet.

His coalition included the same bloc of center parties that had always governed the Fourth Republic. The Socialists were among them, having found they could not sacrifice national interest to party politics. The program was the same as the previous ones, reverting to the Reynaud Plan for financial health. The majority in the Assembly was 351 to 196, one less than the figure given to Marie. The result was not stimulating, but at least the Republic had found momentary stability.

By then, the Parisians had come back to their capital. The tourists had gone. There was excited speculation about the expression on the face of the person who stole a suitcase from a taxi, took it home, and found it contained a python, left behind by an absent-minded animal dealer. The Doré family in the Paris suburb of Celle-Saint-Cloud had quadruplets, and the French grumbled about the father being a Spanish immigrant factory worker instead of a good Frenchman. And the impetuous taxi drivers dashed up the Champs-Élysées, scolding all in their way.

Washington

THE interim report of the Committee on Un-American Activities provides much ammunition for the critics of its procedure. It is said that the committee is indulging in precisely the same dialectic that the Communists themselves use. That is to say, it makes accusations and repeats them in the hope that they will be believed without evidence.

The Thomas Committee hearings have given the impression that the government of the United States is riddled with Communists. This is absurd. It is also an indictment of what is, in general, as patriotic and hard-working a body of men and women as any in the country. The committee, to be sure, has dug up evidence of two Communist espionage rings. But "two" is not "numerous." Nor does the evidence come from sources that merit much respect.

The story about the rings rests chiefly on the testimony of three renegade Communists, though only one of them, Elizabeth Bentley, spoke about a "ring." Whittaker Chambers did not deal with espionage activities, only with charges that a number of former government employees were part of what he called a "Communist apparatus." The third witness, Louis Budenz, gave the committee a lot of gossip, and did not even pretend to know the persons implicated by Miss Bentley and Mr. Chambers.

On the basis of the evidence, most unprejudiced onlookers are inclined to echo General Eisenhower when he said this country has "done pretty well at keeping its major secrets to itself. Of course, we can get hysterical about a spy scare, but our Government is aware of these things, and I don't believe the dangers are great."

This does not mean that the spy hunt is what Mr. Truman calls a "red herring." It was an unfortunate ascription, though nobody in the Capital can escape the political overtones. Clearly one aim was to blanket the special session, and a committeeman had the frankness to tell Paul Porter, "We will drive you off the front page." Another aim was to generate an issue sufficiently big to offset the issue of high prices. Here the GOP has been suc-

cessful. The Committee on Un-American Activities, judging from the polls of public opinion, stands high in popular favor.

It is, however, the Ferguson Committee that deserves the accolade. This is a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Expenditures charged with looking into the functioning of government. It has been investigating the loyalty boards and, in an interim report appearing about the same time as that of the Committee on Un-American Activities, makes some useful suggestions. Under Senator Ferguson, and the counsel, William P. Rogers, it also has been a model of sobriety in the treatment of witnesses as well as of fact-finding.

The Ferguson Committee made a lot of headlines in its tilt with Attorney General Clark. Mr. Clark, taking refuge behind the "red herring" charge, refused to part with confidential files on government employees. Many constitutionalists felt that the Attorney General was justified. But opinion turned against him when he likewise refused to hand over employment records; and he consented, when criticism became general, to go into consultation with Senator Ferguson. The reason the Michigander wanted the data was to find out whether the record of a suspected employee is circulated among the agencies with which he became connected.

The Ferguson Committee recommends

The Ferguson Committee is properly disturbed over the fact that appointments to sensitive positions are still being made without any previous loyalty check. If a spy is hired, the committee says, he may have access to confidential material for 120 days before the loyalty investigators catch up with him.

The committee urges that at least a preliminary investigation be made of all applicants before appointment and that no applicant be appointed to a sensitive job without a thorough investigation. It also calls for the disclosure of derogatory information concerning employees to agency heads so as to enable them to take protective administrative measures. This may be going too far, but in general the report is constructive, and should be con-

25%

Reduction

IN TOUR FARES For Americans Visiting The BRITISH ISLES

When planning your British Isles holiday, make a list of all the places you want to see in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Your Travel Agent will be glad to help you prepare your complete individual itinerary. That way you'll effect substantial savings on planned tour tickets offered by British Railways.

See More in Britain!

Naturally, you'll visit our great cities, our world-famous historic and scenic shrines (all within a day's train trip from London) . . . but with more time you can enjoy so many equally memorable travel experiences in our less-publicized byways. So plan to stay longer—discover for yourself the charm of our villages, countryside and rugged coastline.

Travel means BRITISH RAILWAYS



TRAINS . . .

Swift, comfortable transportation to every corner of the British Isles;



HOTELS . . .

45 hotels associated with British Railways, strategically situated for your tour or business trip;



CROSS-CHANNEL FACILITIES . . .

Railway-operated steamer services over a wide variety of routes to Ireland and the Continent.

Depend on the all-inclusive travel services of British Railways for every phase of your tour of the British Isles. We suggest you secure your rail transportation, as well as Pullman, cross-channel steamer and hotel reservations before you leave.

British Railways—official agents for air tickets on British European Air Corporation routes in the British Isles.

Write for British Railways new and amusing booklet, "WHAT, NO ICE?"—written especially for Americans planning to visit us; as well as the full-color map folder, "THE BRITISH ISLES"—both free upon request to Dept. 11 at any of the offices shown below.

For tickets, reservations and authoritative travel information on the British Isles

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT
or any British Railways office:

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. LaSalle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

BRITISH RAILWAYS

sidered by the Administration even if it has to swallow its "red herring."

The "show" at successive Un-American Committee hearings reveals a strong partiality for renegade Communists. They are treated with the utmost consideration, even deference. When they are not in the committee room, they are lionized socially and professionally. One wonders whether former Reds will constitute the new aristocracy.

They are, at any rate, pets of the drawing room, just as they were in the callow 30's, when they were true to Moscow. In those days the libertarian felt the same ostracism in the Capital that the man without a stake in the stock market felt in New York in the gaudy 20's. Now, when he should be coming into his own with the swing of the pendulum, he is elbowed aside to make way for the same fry, garbed in their turned coats.

Soviet run-around

On June 27 the air lift to Berlin started, and soon thereafter the Allies began to negotiate under the duress imposed by the Soviet's surface blockade. There were those who thought that this concession was wrong, but the British and French insisted upon it, and Secretary Marshall found their arguments plausible. It was felt that the Allies had furnished some pretext for the Soviet blockade by their agreement in London on a separate government at Frankfurt and then their reform of the German currency.

The Allies agreed among themselves to limit negotiations for ending the blockade to the currency question in Berlin. If we abandoned the West mark, and accepted the East mark under four-power management, then we considered we had paid a sufficient price for the ending of the blockade.

At one time Stalin himself agreed, and gave orders to Marshal Sokolovsky to negotiate the execution of such an agreement with the other military governors in Berlin. Sokolovsky, however, acted as if he had never heard of Stalin, and it was at this point the Allies realized they were being given the run-around.

Berlin vigil

The experience of the State Department in the negotiations over

Berlin has been tough and grueling. The object has been to keep the Allies in line.

This in itself has been arduous, for three French governments have collapsed during the negotiations, and the British have been blowing hot and cold. Only the high resolve of Secretary Marshall has kept them together, though the work done by his aides has been powerfully persuasive.

Secretary Marshall long ago decided for himself the point which would mark appeasement. It was to allow the Soviet to discuss the Allied decision to set up a Western German government. This, he contended, had nothing to do with the blockade, as currency reform had. However, Mr. Marshall has agreed, in the event of a lifting of the blockade, to a Foreign Ministers' talk on any problem connected with Germany.

Our policy is not to think of the problem merely as the problem of Berlin, but as the problem of a challenge to American rights.

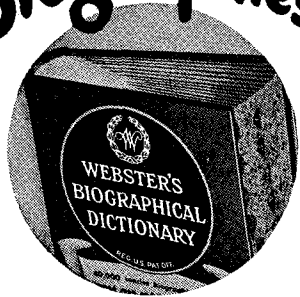
Too much military influence

Sumner Welles charges that foreign policy is being fixed by the military. He is referring to the National Security Council as set up under the so-called unification act. Under this instrument military and civilian sit around the same table and talk over problems in our foreign relations. Secretary Marshall is on the Council, and so is Secretary Forrestal.

In the old days the connection was informal, but, as Mr. Hull's memoirs show, the Secretary of State was in close touch with the heads of the armed services all through the negotiations with Japan preparatory to Pearl Harbor. The only difference now is that the link between civilian and military has been formalized.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that military influence is pronounced in foreign policy. The military had a lot to do with the nation's pro-Arab policy, and the arms standardization policy for Latin America is military. The Army through General Wedemeyer undermined Marshall's hands-off China policy. In Germany General Clay used to be his own State Department, and this applies more or less to General MacArthur in Japan.

The Merriam-Webster Book of Biographies



**gives you essential facts about
40,000 Noted Men and Women**

WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY contains more than
40,000 concise biographies, with pro-
nunciation of names and all essential
facts. Includes scientists, statesmen, ex-
plorers, writers, painters, actors, radio
personalities, eminent figures from every
other field. Valuable to writers, speakers,
readers. Prepared by the famous Mer-
riam-Webster editorial staff. 1,736
pages, thumb index. \$7.50. At your
bookdealer or order from the publishers.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY,
808 Federal Street, Springfield 2, Mass.
Buy Give-a-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller

**You can learn any foreign
language in *record* time**



**...IN YOUR OWN HOME... AT
YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE**

Here are the authentic ARMY books
and records developed by the non-profit
American Council of Learned Societies
... already used by more than 800
schools and colleges, industry, and thou-
sands of individuals studying at home.
TIME Magazine calls the method:

"LINGUISTIC QUICKSTEP"

It provides practical tested vocabulary
for everyday situations. Through unique
"guided-imitation" you listen-and-
repeat with correct intonation, pronun-
ciation and speed. Each course consists
of 24 high-fidelity, unbreakable Vinylite
records with textbook and self-testing
key. No fancy gadgets...all non-essentials
eliminated...rock-bottom price. \$50.00

"FREE PROSPECTUS"

Henry Holt & Co., 257 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10
Without obligation please send me complete
information about the Army language courses.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ (A-3)

In some cases military influence
has been by default, as, for instance,
in Germany. In part it arises out of
the personnel upon whom the Presi-
dent relies for his most important
tasks. But there are other reasons,
such as the American position on
what Mr. Churchill calls the "sum-
mit" of the world, a state of things
that is neither war nor peace, the
hang-over from the military predomi-
nance of wartime.

A link is manifestly necessary, be-
cause power and responsibility ought
to know each other intimately. How-
ever, since civilian control is the cor-
nerstone of American institutions, it
should be safeguarded like a jewel.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is that the
Soviet still does not want war, but is
banking on American pacifism to gain
the fruits of war without fighting,
particularly in Germany. How to get
it into the Soviet cranium that the
American people are capable of react-
ing violently against people who push
them around?

Nobody knows the answer, for
Soviet Russia, besides being a hermit
as well as a police state, is run by
men with fixed ideas and preconcep-
tions. And nothing seems to be more
firmly established in their minds than
that America is decadent.

The alternative lies in a firming of
American nerves "to live danger-
ously." Even if the present Berlin
crisis is surmounted, crisis-living, say
the experts in the State Department,
will be the American portion from
now on.

But these experts have some com-
fort for anxious Americans. It is
that time is on the American side,
at least for two years—perhaps
longer.

The famous "X" of the State De-
partment, indeed, says that if he were
writing a prognosis today, in the man-
ner of his article of last year, he
would put greater emphasis on the
disintegration behind the iron curtain
— a disintegration which might be as
significant as that which took place
when Luther broke with the Roman
Catholic Church. The trouble is that
this weakness might make for Soviet
desperation in the tussle for the
stakes in Germany.

**YOUR WINTER HOME IN
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

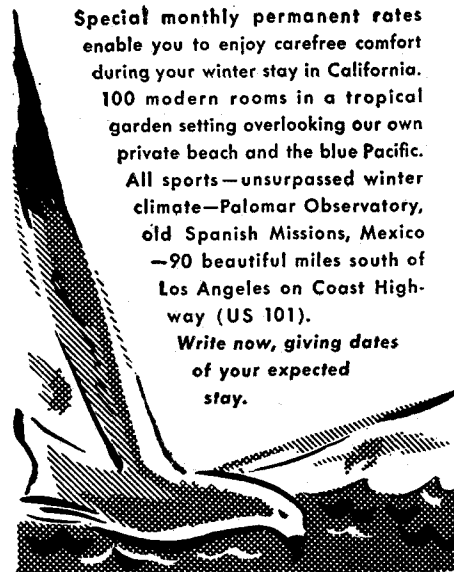
Carlsbad HOTEL-BY-THE-SEA CARLSBAD 3, CALIFORNIA

Special monthly permanent rates
enable you to enjoy carefree comfort
during your winter stay in California.

100 modern rooms in a tropical
garden setting overlooking our own
private beach and the blue Pacific.

All sports—unsurpassed winter
climate—Palomar Observatory,
old Spanish Missions, Mexico
—90 beautiful miles south of
Los Angeles on Coast High-
way (US 101).

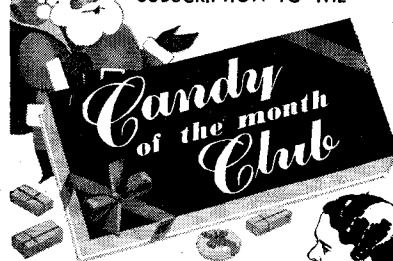
Write now, giving dates
of your expected
stay.



Santa Comes Every Month

(Except June, July, August)

WITH THE PICK OF THE WORLD'S FINEST
CANDY WHEN YOU GIVE A
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE



Each Box A Candy Specialty,
Acclaimed By Connoisseurs, And Personally
Selected By Famous Hostess **ELSA MAXWELL**

Month after month your friends will be re-
minded of you and your Christmas thought-
fulness! Bittersweet Figaros from David
Kopper, New York; Chocolate Almond
Clusters from Country Store of Beverly
Hills; Cordial-Filled Chocolates from Prin-
cess de Conde, New York; Carmel Pasta-
lillos from Allie Adams of Dallas; famous
Cherry Fruit Creams from Putmans of
Cincinnati—and other equally delicious
and different treats. Each box, approxi-
mately 1 pound, fresh from confectioner.
Write for brochure.

THREE TYPES OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	9 MONTHS
\$6.25	\$12.50	\$18.50

Prices include postage. Club saves you over
10% on regular prices of these famous
candies.

Send No Money! We'll bill after Christmas
if you prefer, or send check with orders.
Gift card and boxes mailed on consecutive
months unless you specify special dates.
Include name and address of each gift re-
cipient. Over 100,000 Club treats delivered
to our growing list of subscribers.

CANDY-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
914 Ambassador Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"CBS Views the Press"

SIR:

It's an excellent thing that the radio should, through such men as Don Hollenbeck, check on the accuracy of the press, but perhaps someone should also check the accuracy of Don Hollenbeck. When he writes (in "CBS Views the Press," September *Atlantic*) that to me the problem of Greece was "all Red" he is indulging in the kind of simplification that makes tabloids unreliable.

My articles in the *Herald Tribune* were written in an effort to come a little closer to the truth than the American press — and radio — seemed to me to be getting. My impression was, and still is, that the Russians won their greatest propaganda battle in Greece. They succeeded in convincing a large number of American newsmen that the present Greek government is fascist, tyrannical, unjust, and without support from the people; that the Communists in the north are high-minded crusaders for reform; and that a Communist regime in Greece would be an improvement over what goes on there now. The only point I tried to make was that even the most ramshackle representative government is better than any Communist government, and that too many critics of Sophoulis and the men around him were innocently following the party line up, down, and across the isthmus.

The people of Greece, when I talked with them, were well aware that Greece has always been a Mediterranean nation — that is, it has been governed, from the earliest pages of Herodotus on down, by a mixture of corruption, envy, heroism, malice, the

sudden illuminations of genius, and the lust for power. They are now pulling together as best they can under a coalition cabinet which got in as the result of an election, and which (though it is not a government to be proud of, any more than the government of Jersey City is) has been slowly setting the nation on its feet after a series of war efforts and disasters such as no other people has been called upon to endure in this century.

A great deal has been said to discredit the Greek elections. I don't know how honest they were. I do know that they were far more honest than any election ever held in a Communist country. An agricultural director in Herakleion, Crete, who had lived in the United States and taken his degree at Cornell, was one of the official observers of the polling in Herakleion. He told me that in his opinion the Greek elections were not as honest as you would expect an election to be in Ithaca, New York, but about as honest as you would expect in Chicago.

I don't know how much injustice there has been in Greece, but I note that Secretary Marshall has recently stated that Greece and the present Greek government are not being fairly treated by the American press. I note, too, that Dwight Griswold, the director of AMAG in Greece, does not believe that there have been many, if any, undeserved executions in Greece under the existing regime. I remember that even the Athenian liberals who were most critical of the Sophoulis government maintained that their courts were upright and incorruptible. And I wonder if our own

government would stick so closely to the rules that protect the individual from state tyranny if we were fighting a Communist rebellion urged on and supported by a massive group of foreign powers. The procedures of the Un-American Activities Committee lead me to believe that if the Communist danger were as real here as in Greece, our House of Representatives would be inclined to shoot first and investigate afterward. There is no "Un-Greek Activities Committee" in Athens.

MAXWELL ANDERSON
New York City

Mr. Anderson has drawn two breaths for the occasion. In one, he denies that the Greek problem to him was "all Red." In the other, he says the only point he tried to make was that "even the most ramshackle representative government is better than any Communist government." Mr. Anderson has thereby gained himself two letters to the editor for the price of one. If he contradicts himself, very well then, he contradicts himself.

"CBS Views the Press" commented on Mr. Anderson's Greek articles on the basis of an examination by our correspondent in Greece, the late George Polk. Mr. Polk was not an in-and-outer, a visiting fireman; he had experience of Greece going back to 1939. His personal aspirations for Greece may have been identical with those of Mr. Anderson, but the point strictly at issue was the quality of Mr. Anderson's Greek reportage, of which Mr. Polk wrote: —

"The principal charge I have against Mr. Anderson is his lack of reporting

balance. By directing so much attention in his articles to the Communist problem, he suggests indirectly that there are no other problems. Actually, in the opinion of most reporters who have worked in Greece, the Communist problem exists principally because Greece is destitute, maladministered, and the population is hopelessly hungry."

Finally, Mr. Anderson's note confirms our worst fears — that "CBS Views the Press" may be consigned to go through its extra-radio life as a footnote to other people's letters to the editors. — DON HOLLENBECK

Prices vs. Wages vs. Profits

We could fill an issue of the *Atlantic* with comments received from readers of the pair of articles we published on wages and profits by Philip Murray and Sumner H. Slichter. It was inevitable that many of these communications should support one of the spokesmen against the other without adding materially to the arguments already published. We present here — and we regret that more space is not available — several letters which seem to us to open up new aspects of the debate. — THE EDITOR

SIR:

Labor gets a certain portion of the productive dollar and this has remained surprisingly uniform for years. There is only one way out of this price-cost cycle, and that is for labor to do what management does: buy into the companies that control large groups of labor. At first buy enough stock to have a seat on the board of directors. In time, buy into the companies to have a real control, as bankers and industrialists do.

Naturally, what is necessary is that labor unions organize an investment trust. This investment trust will be the instrument with which it will acquire partial or complete control of industry. Management will work just as hard, just as ably, and just as efficiently for labor as it will for capital — and labor will see to it that they have the same incentives.

An interest in the capital structure of industry will not preclude labor from obtaining the normal progressive attainments of orthodox labor aims: higher wages, lower hours, year-round employment, old-age pensions. However, in good years, when profits are high, labor as an investor will be able to get a goodly portion of these profits without strike threats or work

stoppages — in fact will get more because of the continuation of work.

HENRY HIMMELL
New York City

SIR:

The two authors are not so far apart that agreement is impossible. Both favor raising the American standard of living. Both recognize that if we are to do so, production must be increased.

Murray thinks that income levels and therefore production volumes follow wage levels. Slichter, however, insists that wages merely reflect changes in productivity and that if more is to be produced and real wages raised, more and better capital equipment will be required. One, it appears, contends that buying power is the crucial factor; the other stresses actual productive ability. Is it possible that, to a considerable degree, both are right?

Imagine a society where the rise of new and better equipment is encouraged and restrictive policies on the part of both labor and management are discouraged. In such a society wages, of necessity, would rise. Competitors would see to that. Favorable social attitudes towards savers would bolster and revivify the market for new capital and more labor. Both Murray and Slichter should be highly pleased.

How can one bring about such a result? In large measure through an "incentive" tax linked with the right type of excess profits tax. (Believe it or not, there is such a thing.) The national government would credit as income tax payments all sums invested in new equipment or productive capital. At the same time individuals and corporations that permitted surplus funds to remain idle would be taxed on such income at an "excess profits" rate assuming, quite correctly, that in nine cases out of ten, idle profits really are excess profits.

Why, then, do not our two friends forget differences and join hands in supporting a sensible incentive tax plan? If they will do it, future generations of laborers and capitalists will call them blessed.

THEODORE T. BULLOCK
Professor of Economics
University of Nebraska

SIR:

The use of profit-sharing or production-sharing trusts may present the



THIS
is sure protection
for your funds
everywhere you travel!

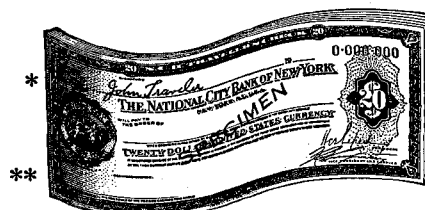
On a trip, or even at home, a thief or a moment of forgetfulness . . . and TRAGEDY . . . your cash is GONE!

If, however, you follow the practice of experienced travelers and carry your money in National City Bank Travelers Checks, your travel funds will be safe and spendable everywhere.

Your signature* and countersignature** on each check is your unique protection. If your checks are lost or stolen, the National City Bank of New York gives you a prompt refund. Good until used. You buy them in convenient denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Cost 75¢ per \$100.

Ask for them at your bank.

NCB
TRAVELERS
CHECKS



BACKED BY
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK
OF NEW YORK

First in World Wide Banking

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



SELLS STORY AFTER 5 WEEKS OF TRAINING

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Ft. Worth Press. Then Soda Fountain Magazine accepted a feature. By the twelfth assignment, I had a short story in the mail." — CLOYCE CARTER, 4140 Seventh St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, book reviews, fashions, household affairs, hunting, fishing, and other sports, current events, hobbies, travel, local and club activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism — a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

VETERANS:

THIS
COURSE
APPROVED
FOR
VETERANS'
TRAINING

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Send me, without cost or obligation,
your Writing Aptitude Test and further information
about writing for profit as promised in the *Atlantic*,
November.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

() Check here if you are eligible under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 28-T-598

Copyright, 1948, Newspaper Institute of America

best solution for the conflict presented in the Murray and Slichter articles. Under the most advanced form of trust, employees participate in increased profits on a sound formula basis. Accordingly, Philip Murray's main point about imbalance of profits and wages should be met as a portion of increased profits is allocated to the employee trust.

The trust would also meet Professor Slichter's problems. It would be anti-inflationary since surplus funds would be taken out of the market. (It is usually necessary in trust plans to provide for some cash distribution, particularly when it is established that take-home pay does not allow enough margin for the purchase of actual necessities.)

The funds in the trust could also be used to acquire capital equipment which would be made available to the employer either on lease or in exchange for stock of the employer. Philip Murray, in his rebuttal, argued that the employees alone should not be compelled to pay for capital equipment. With this device, to the extent that they do pay for it, they would have a participating interest in the ownership of the business.

GUSTAVE SIMONS
New York City

SIR:

Philip Murray's article cites the cotton textile industry as an example of monopolistic control over productive activity. The facts are that no individual firm or corporation or allied group operates or controls more than 5 per cent of the total productive machinery, and that a preponderant number of the 1200 mills, scattered from Maine to Texas, are relatively small units, with each under the necessity of looking out for its own existence.

Mr. Murray states that cotton textile production was cut 21 per cent in 1947. The facts here are that total production of all woven cotton fabrics increased some 900,000,000 square yards to a grand total of 11,077,000,000, according to our estimates. Statistics of the Bureau of the Census, which were published on May 7 of this year, classify separately an 11 per cent gain in 1947 for Tire Cord and Fabrics, with a total of 345,816,000 pounds, and a 7 per cent increase in linear yard production of all other Cotton Broad Woven Goods. Extraordinary production gains have occurred in specific areas of product

which were in strongest market demand and usually commanded high premiums in last year's markets.

W. RAY BELL, President
Association of Cotton Textile Merchants
of New York

SIR:

It is possible for Philip Murray to embrace a plan which would greatly aid the workers and go a long way toward correcting the conditions of which he complains in his article. And the plan is so simple that it is elementary.

All that is needed to improve the take-home pay of labor, to reduce prices of manufactured goods, and to hasten the day when supply will catch up to demand is to go to a 44-hour work week with straight time for the extra four hours.

There is no reason why a 40-hour week should be a sacred institution. It was first adopted largely because of a shortage of jobs and it seemed best at that time to spread the work as much as possible. The extra four hours could be made by working an extra hour each day, but even better would be a four-hour Saturday morning shift.

The five-day week is attractive as a soft and lazy way of life, but probably is partly responsible for our present high cost of living, and is a vicious thing when such a shortage of goods exists as to jeopardize our economy.

NEWELL C. BRADLEY
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Correction

SIR:

I have just read in the February issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* an anonymous article entitled "I Changed My Name," in which the author added my name to those of such illustrious Jewish men as Rothschild and Einstein.

I am very much flattered by the honor of being grouped with such men; but not being Jewish, I cannot allow this article to stand without asking you to rectify the error.

Actually my family tree, which is many centuries old, shows no Jewish ancestors. Many of my friends are Jewish and I appreciate their great intelligence and distinguished spirit as well as their taste for masterpieces of art; and if I were a Jew I should be proud to proclaim that fact.

HENRI MATISSE
Paris, France

189,000 of your best customers and prospects *did not* see your last advertisement in the Atlantic.

It wasn't there! — and what we're asking is, why wasn't it? You could have blanketed this group with *less waste* at a *lower cost than in any other magazine published*.

And when we say "best customers" we mean just that. Not your "\$25-a-week-accident-policy" people, but men who *average* over \$17,500 fire protection on their own homes (maximum \$300,000) . . . men who in 6 out of 10 cases carry personal property floaters . . . men who control *billions of dollars* covering corporations, businesses, clubs and institutions.*

Regardless of what else they read, these men *will see* your advertisement in their favorite magazine — and yours. For they read the Atlantic as you do — every issue, cover-to-cover.

Figure it yourself, (1) greatest selectivity of audience (2) highest visibility (3) lowest cost — that, in eight words, is the Atlantic story to insurance advertisers. We suggest you remember this story and pass it along to your director of advertising.

The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (16), Mass.

* All the above figures, facts and statements are based on a 19-page insurance survey recently completed among Atlantic readers. It contains many other vitally important data. Ask your secretary to request a copy.

To the presidents of

4 LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANIES

who are reading
this issue of the

Atlantic



**The high cost
of living**

is shooting us all sky high!

When living costs rise like a rocket, that's every bit as bad for business as it is for customers. Fewer people buy when prices are too high.

In our own business we do everything we can to keep prices *down* and quality *up*. Once each month key men from all our companies sit down to plan new ways to increase efficiency and improve products—so you will get *top quality at lowest possible price*.

Here are some figures which show how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1948:

Increase in cost of food . . . 116%
Increase in cost of fluid milk . . . 78%

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than ½ cent per quart sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

Milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—helps your budget by giving you more for your money than anything else you can eat. We guard the quality and nutritional values of milk, and cheese, butter, ice cream and other milk products. *Then we make them available to the largest number of people at the lowest possible prices.*

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit for the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.

**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**





*Practitioner as well as critic of popular entertainments, GILBERT SELDES proclaimed himself their champion with the publication in 1924 of his trenchant book, *The Seven Lively Arts*. In the 1930's he wrote for the Atlantic a pair of prophetic articles on the errors of television, which led to his being appointed Director of Television Programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System. After considerable work in radio, and a brief spell in Hollywood, he is now working on a book dealing with those popular entertainments known as "mass media."*

HOW DENSE IS THE MASS?

by GILBERT SELDES

BOTH the movies and radio are losing their audiences. The process has been going on for a long time in the movies; it has just begun in radio. The immediate causes are different, but the fundamental reason is the same; and the same simple, drastic step will save both these useful servants of the public. I am not predicting immediate bankruptcy for either, but if it comes, I would trace it to a kind of intellectual bankruptcy in the past.

For ten years, at least, nearly everyone in the field of popular entertainment has been hypnotized by two words: "mass media." The producers have said in effect, "We are mass media, we must produce for the mass"; and the critics, conceding the point, have complained, "What you produce isn't much good, and haven't minorities some rights, too?" The sponsor cynically giving the people what they like and the intellectual, unable to break the sponsor's argument, have both been under the spell of an abstraction: for the mass doesn't exist. And now, when the entertainments concocted for the mass have demonstrated their weaknesses, we can examine the concept of the mass medium and provide, I think, a new approach, with a sounder commercial basis, to the problem of the audience.

"Mass medium" is, of course, used as a shorthand symbol for "any form of communication and entertainment intended for a very large number of people." It parallels mass production and consumption

and has some of the same characteristics: repetitive gestures on the producing end and passive enjoyment for the consumer. A network executive once described the mass, negatively but graphically, when he said, "There's a lunatic fringe that doesn't listen to radio." We see the great central mass, a sort of heartland of solid citizens bounded by a glacial fringe, a polar icecap, of non-listening high-brows.

In the mind of the sponsor, the audience is a large pie and all the programs on the air at a given moment are trying to get bigger and bigger slices — because there is only one pie, and success depends on "the share of the total audience." If the slice is too small, the sponsor has to drop out of the contest; consequently, the only kind of program worth putting on is the kind that gets the big slice. On this commercial basis an entire philosophy has been erected, of which the first principle is: Radio ought *never* to serve any interest except that of the mass; every hour taken from this purpose deprives the majority of something to which they are entitled, in favor of an intellectual minority.

When women's clubs, educators, or New Deal bureaucrats criticize radio programs, the answer of the industry is usually a table of the many kinds of entertainment provided, the many hours of cultural broadcasts, the varied and different interests served: quizzes and grand operas, news and drama; hot music and classics — sometimes they omit daytime

Copyright 1948, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

serials and horror stories for children. Radio's sweep of interest is, in fact, impressive when compared with the short tether of Hollywood, but the plea of "variety of interests" is unacceptable because, with a few exceptions, all these varied programs and interests are substantially of the same kind, appealing to the same people. Intellectually and emotionally, they lie within the same parallels of latitude, and the wide world of human interests outside this narrow zone is left untended. The major sponsored programs, the ones that give radio its essential character, all flourish in one climate.

The exceptions are illuminating. Under a variety of pressures, the broadcasters have been compelled to create and "sustain" programs they believed to be lacking in popular appeal. The wide open spaces between sponsored hours dismayed them; and since "no one was listening anyhow," this was a golden opportunity to show enthusiasm for "the public interest." All sorts of worthy cultural programs came to the air and many of them became good commercial properties, permanent elements in radio programming: extensive news coverage, such forums as "America's Town Meeting of the Air," and symphony orchestras.

In all of these, radio departed from the lump-mass concept of the audience. The somber analytical commentaries of Raymond Swing required attention differing in kind from passive listening to familiar songs; hearing the Jupiter Symphony produced an effect unlike that of a melodrama. The listeners to Swing and Mozart probably followed other programs, too, perhaps comedy or sport; they brought different responses to different programs and got different satisfactions from them. They proved, in fact, that our society is not a monolithic mass; it is, and has been from the start, pluralistic.

And just when the true concept of the pluralistic audience began to pay off in sponsorship, the networks abandoned it. They have themselves gone into the business of putting programs on the air for the declared purpose of sale to a sponsor. CBS, for instance, which gained prestige by sustaining the Philharmonic for ten years, now prides itself on the number of programs it creates and sells each year for commercial sponsorship. There is, of course, nothing reprehensible in this; the programs range from harmless to excellent; but they lie within the established zone of interest, as do the programs prepared by other networks for the same purpose.

The broadcasters' present nod toward the public interest is usually in the form of sporadic documentaries on thorny subjects like venereal disease and Communism. Produced in an awe-struck and portentous style, they make no bid for popularity, as if to say, "This is too good for the average man." Partly this defeatism goes back to the days when Norman Corwin led radio up a rhapsodic byway which did honor to both, but left the documentary so romantic that no sponsor wants to make an hon-

est woman of her. Until the documentary is produced at regular hours it will not gather many listeners; the other non-sponsored programs, except for educational and religious periods, are specifically intended for the mass audience.

At this moment "the mass" is beginning to drift away. Surveys made for the radio industry show that the top-ranking programs drop half of their pulling power if there is a television set in the home; a reasonably good dramatic transmission can take away the greater part of a top comedian's audience; and nine out of ten set owners habitually choose whatever television brings them even if it is in conflict with their favorite radio program.

This is not radio losing its audience to itself; many television stations are not radio-owned and those run by newspapers will probably develop a kind of television which will have little to do with radio except for taking away sponsors. The television programs that attract audiences are hardly entertainment in radio's sense; if the present ratio of listening is kept up, television may take up the major part of the radio audience without developing any first-class entertainment of its own. It is hard to think of radio withering on the vine — but that is precisely what broadcasters, especially those without television stations, must think about. For the television programs that today take listeners away from the most expensive radio entertainment are third-rate local wrestling matches, variety shows of small charm and less talent, old Western movies, news events, a play, and then sports and more sports far into the night.

This is happening while television has little money to spend for talent and radio has much. When sponsors have to divide their appropriations between television and radio, when the quality of radio goes down and that of television goes up, the flight from sound-without-sight will be headlong. Then radio may ruefully remember that it might have created audiences which wouldn't have deserted so promptly to such an ignoble rival.

2

BEFORE we consider what radio can do, let us see what has happened to the movies. In Hollywood the mass concept is enshrined in the words "Everybody goes to the movies" and on this premise Hollywood continued to build long after its own researchers had fished up the contrary truth: "Nearly everybody stops going to the movies." Even the great bankers who finance the movies were apparently as bemused by the concept of the mass audience as the producers were.

Every year more people went to the movies — or at least more money was taken in at the box office. No one bothered to ask whether the increased receipts represented higher prices or more tickets sold or in what proportion; no one asked whether any

increase in attendance corresponded to the over-all increase in population or had any relation to the fatter take-home pay of the American worker. The age-level was rising: were the movies holding their share of the mature or were they living on the increment of about a million boys and girls of movie age per year? Eventually some of these questions were asked — and the answers were ignored because the answers totally annihilated the fixed illusion of the mass audience. The inescapable fact about the motion picture audience is that 65 per cent of it is under the age of 30. The merciless tale of the statistics continues: beginning at the age of 19, people begin to fall out of the habit of going to the movies; they still go, but less often; they pick and choose more carefully, acting in fact as adults, and this process of going less and less to the movies is never reversed. Audience Research, Inc., has estimated that if all the people between the ages of 31 and 60 should go to the movies only once a week, the box office receipts after taxes would rise by 800 million dollars a year, and this does not count those between 19 and 30 who might be persuaded to go as frequently as they used to when they were younger. It has cost Hollywood a lot of money to kill off its own audience.

For when all allowances are made for new interests and altered economic status, the fact still remains that the movies have not provided the kind of entertainment that the average adult feels he must have. The people who stay away from the movies are not a lunatic fringe of intellectuals; they are the people who used to go regularly, they are average grownups no longer satisfied by the infantile myths of the movies. In their astounding miscalculation of the audience, studio executives not only recognized no difference between children and adults: they thought of maturity as a purely intellectual quality. Neither the movie-makers nor their bankers are peculiarly sensitive to the varieties of human experience; they keep thinking of the mass man and seem not to know that regardless of intellectual level the texture of a man's life is more intricately woven in the years when he is finding his place in the world, starting a family, going to war, buying a house. The same is true of a woman's life in that period.

Someone, an intellectual perhaps, accused the movies of being an escape mechanism. The movies were enchanted, they had a mission in life. It was decided that there is only one universal desire, to escape, and that escape is always in one direction. Like radio, but with far less justification, the movies spoke glowingly of their "variety": the Westerns, the comedies, the musicals, the mysteries; but the moment they touched new material they turned it into old, keeping it always in the mass zone of interest. So their dabblings in psychology came out as mystery-melodrama, all the biographical films were the story of Jack the Giant Killer, and their his-

torical films could only be distinguished from the Westerns by the fact that "the hero signs his name with a feather."

The movie equivalent of radio's sustaining time is the B picture, but movie practice was different. No new ground was broken in the B's — no experiments to engage the interests of groups outside the regular movie audience or to give that audience greater variety. Variation came when a studio rewarded a big money-maker by letting him make a picture without too much interference from the front office. Pictures like *The Informer*, *The Lost Weekend*, *Treasure of Sierra Madre*, and in recent years half a dozen exceptional British films proved that pictures satisfying to the adult mind are not necessarily the highroad to bankruptcy.

But audiences are not created by exceptions; they are created by people getting, with some regularity, what they want. The studio managers, aware that something was going wrong, took a characteristic step: they pre-tested their pictures, asking sample audiences to decide, in advance of production, between a happy and a tragic ending. The vote was in favor of the happy ending and the producers sat back and said, "See!" because high-brow critics had always implied that the tragic ending, as a sign of maturity, would not be offensive to a large section of the audience. The happy endings were continued and the audiences continued to dwindle, steadily, by age brackets. When the 75-million-dollar income from Britain was suddenly cut off, the industry went into an unmanly fit of protestation and scolding and threats. No one mentioned the fact that by concentrating on their imaginary mass audience, the movies had lost a net income four times as great in the United States alone.

3

WHAT we imagine, we create. Our great entertainment industries are creating before our eyes a cultural *proletariat*: the intellectually disinherited, the emotionally homeless, whose function is only to answer the telephone and say what program they are listening to. Mass media are not the only forces working toward that end, but they are the most powerful. Every imitative sterile picture or program, however "harmless," enlarges the passive audience, brushes more and more stragglers into the central robot mass, and so "justifies" the next series. Movies and radio entrench themselves by creating the kind of audience they want, the audience which does not grow, makes no demands, is dumbly grateful — the ideal audience in a totalitarian nightmare.

If this process is to be stopped in time, our entertainments will have to accept the natural alternative to their concept of the mass audience. I have already suggested what this alternative is: we are a pluralistic society. Our entire history has made us

so. We are not only a nation of many nations: we have as many climates as all of continental Europe, we are an economic and intellectual composite; our laws refuse the minority no right except the right to rule the majority; our minorities are many and so vigorous that it takes a world war to give us even the appearance of unity; we pioneer and go off center as often as we dig in; we are unruly and act badly when we are regimented.

Opposed to the mass picture of an enormous central group with minority fringes of people who are totally unlike the mass, the pluralistic picture is this: many large groups, many small ones, and individuals belonging to several major and several minor groups at the same time, so that the people in any minority group are in many vital ways the same as the people in the majority groups. We all live simultaneously in a dozen worlds and the happy ones are those whose worlds are integrated and harmonious. The economist, the psychologist, the vocational guide, the intelligence-tester, and a dozen other people can find categories into which we fit, but we move in and out of large and small groups freely so long as we do not become part of a mass, so long as we live in a free society which recognizes our attributes as human beings.

The mass-and-minority concept whittles the individual down to size, so that he can be fitted into one of half a dozen compartments. In practice this leads to the principle of "the ruling passion" and ends, in radio, with the abstraction of the Laughing Man. Networks cancel news broadcasts and juggle their programs around to get "three solid hours of laughs," convinced that the Laughing Man will instantly turn to another station if you try to touch any other of his interests or concerns. It is known that he will laugh at the same thing at the same hour every week, that he will laugh at anything if he is told to laugh, and there is some proof, not yet conclusive, that he will laugh just as loudly at nothing at all. Corresponding to him is the Weeping Woman of the daytime serials. In between the day and night hours, a little time is found for the Shrieking Child. Television is developing its own abstraction ("Hiya, Sportlover!") and in the movies, of course, everything is lumped into the one universal abstraction of People Escaping.

A special appreciative word should be said for the program type which in 1948 demonstrated the workings of the mass concept so perfectly that even the National Association of Broadcasters, usually so indulgent to success on the air, got frightened — the big "giveaway," the program that asks nothing of you except that you answer the phone for a chance at a fortune. For the long pull it didn't seem good to the NAB that Fred Allen should lose his audience to *Stop the Music!* As entertainment this program was a void; its music was mangled, there was no comedy, the handling of the contestants was awkward. People listened for a chance at the money

and to enjoy the pains and pleasures of other people's chances. The audience was not only paid for listening, it was paid to surrender all its individual qualities, all its interests, even its radio-induced habit of laughter; it was paid to stop asking for entertainment on the air. The giveaway has shown us how far in the creation of mass man radio can go.

The purpose of entertainment is to make people listen to the commercial; when entertainment has reduced the listener to a passive, noncritical state, the announcer moves in with his clubs or machine guns or soothing syrup and finishes the job. No matter what is said about program content, the commercial is sacred — it's the sponsor's private property. (I recall a network executive on the verge of hysterics because there was no way to stop the maddening reiteration of "Lucky Strike Green has gone to war.")

So it is peculiarly appropriate that a commercial announcement should demonstrate, beyond all question, the fallacy of the mass concept. Man-in-the-mass must be hammered and howled at; the name of the product must be repeated ten times, and spelled out, and surrounded by adjectives in triplicate; there is no room for candor or simple communication when you come to sell the product to mass man.

For the past two years a program has been on the air which carries the following identification: "The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company presents . . ." The people who hear this program remember it, they connect the program with the product, they say they are influenced *by the program* to buy the product, not by the commercial, because there is none; and the audience response is from 20 to 50 per cent better than it is for programs using the technique of repetition. The program is *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, a scrupulous presentation of Christ's teachings; it impresses people by its content and method and its difference from other programs. It sells tires without ever praising a tire or asking the listener to buy one.

Reason totters at the suspicion that the sponsor may be wrong about the audience. That is sheer heresy.

4

WITHIN the range of their dominant ideas, both the movies and radio have made money and produced admirable entertainments. Obviously I am not preparing a balance sheet of the good and the bad and I am omitting the profoundly important question of the communications function of these media. I am concerned here only with one major explanation of the weakness and inadequacy which critical people too hastily ascribe to "commercialism." To make my own position perfectly clear, I would add that I think the standard product of radio and the movies is generally underrated by intellectual critics; and, on the other hand, no roster

of exceptions can excuse what is socially deplorable in the average product. I believe that the error of thinking which produces an enormous quantity of insipid works can be corrected within the framework of ordinary profit-making, and that when this correction has been made, audiences can be created to take the place of those that are deserting; I believe that with a proper concept of the audience new areas will be open to inventiveness and enterprise; and finally that we dare not wait too long for the machinery which is creating mass men to reverse itself.

The hope of profit is most important because the sponsors can take prompt and effective steps to vary the program structure of radio and no one but the managers can do anything about the movies. There isn't actually time for experiments from the outside; and outsiders might try to turn radio and the movies into high-brow art which they should never be. What needs to be done in the movies is relatively simple: make pictures for grownups. This does not mean, as Hollywood pretends, grim, slow-paced European films. The mature mind takes satisfaction in comedy, too, and in farce. The one thing adults require is as easy to recognize and as hard to define as the smile of a friend. It is the sense that something real is happening — as real as *Alice in Wonderland* or *Show Boat* or *Hamlet*; it is also the sense that something real is being said about human beings — as the Marx brothers say it in *A Night at the Opera* or Robinson Jeffers in *Medea*.

In radio, the brief experience with television while alarming is not decisive; its lesson is, however, reinforced by radio's earlier figures: there has always been a large non-listening group. About half of the women who listen to radio do not care for daytime serials; there are vast numbers of both men and women who listen for brief periods, selectively, without the radio habit; there are even off nights, when the total listening audience is known to be small. Everything indicates the existence of potential audiences, not yet touched; and the early experience of radio, with its sustaining programs, suggests that these non-listeners are waiting only to be interested. They are, moreover, not the people who will be seduced away from radio by the meager fare television is now providing.

For nearly a generation sponsors have been in competition for the mass audience, badgering the same people with the same kind of commercials, selling the same goods. Now they see that audience drifting away and can stop to think that 20 per cent of an audience that doesn't listen habitually might be far more profitable than a dwindling 10 per cent of the audience that does.

As for material, every program director in the business has a dozen projects he cannot get on the air so long as he has to aim for a section of the mass audience. Many of these are variations in the docu-

mentary style and some are imitations of the Third Program of the BBC, which is intentionally high-brow. There is little place in American commercial radio for programs which deliberately invite the audience not to listen, nor would they be particularly useful in solving the present problem, which is to create multiple, overlapping audiences of considerable dimensions. For this sponsors and broadcasters must cooperate.

We can ask the sponsors to end the constant iteration of one joke per comedian per year; to vary the range and improve the technique of dramatic programs; to restore the candor and simplicity of audience participation; to revamp the entire racket of guest appearance; to begin the slow process of salvaging what's good in the daytime serial; and, most important, to bring the accent of truth into the speech of radio. The networks which have recently threatened to throw out certain sponsored programs if their ratings failed to improve should surely demand a little improvement in quality also. There is no proof that this would reduce the appeal of a program.

For the networks, the problem is complex. If they want to improve the structure of the audience, they can do it by creating programs for sponsors which will attract new audiences, and programs for new audiences which, after a longer interval, will attract sponsors. There is little point in the networks looking for new ways to attract the audience the sponsor already has. That audience should have a chance to hear programs intellectually and emotionally more varied than those now offered; and such programs cannot be tried out if the objective is immediate sale to a sponsor. Nor can they make their way if they are presented only on special occasions, for prestige; they have to be offered regularly, at attractive hours, over a fairly long period of time, to find their audience.

It is inevitable that the documentary will be incorporated into the commercial program structure, and here the duty of the network is plain: to develop and set standards for this form, broadening the audience that cares for it, so that it will not be debauched when a sponsor takes it over. Another job for pioneers is to develop new ways of handling fiction, since radio drama has sunk into formulas and sound-effects. Still another is to bring confidently to the listener the materials now hidden in educational programs.

In these and dozens of other ways portions of the mass will be attracted to new things; the mass will break up and reassemble into many shifting groups; it will no longer be a mass. And this is of course the most important result of all. The fragmentation of the mass can only be accomplished by radio and the movies; if they do it, they will not only save themselves but all of us as well. For where there is no mass, there is no danger of a master.



Photographs of the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in a recent issue of the Naval Institute Proceedings carried the caption that this grand old veteran of the seas "survived both atom bomb tests at Bikini and finally went down off Kwajalein more from the after effects of war damage at Okinawa than from atom bomb damage." DAVID BRADLEY, M.D., one of the team of medicos who were sent to Bikini "to see that no one got hurt," wrote down in his Log testimony of a very different sort, for he and his fellow scientists detected with their Geiger counters that not only the warships at Bikini but the fish in the atoll, the oil flecks washed ashore, even the water itself, were contaminated with radioactivity as a direct result of the underwater bomb. How deadly was this contamination will be seen in the pages that follow. This is the second of three articles drawn from Dr. Bradley's forthcoming book.

NO PLACE TO HIDE

Did Any Ships "Survive" Bikini's Underwater Bomb?

by DAVID BRADLEY, M.D.

1

TUESDAY, July 2. — Rumors from the big fleet indicate a general disappointment over the bomb. The lagoon is still full of ships, and most of them have been safely boarded. Few have been sunk and not many are seriously damaged. Doubtless many people who have been fed on the current fantasies regarding the bomb will find Test Able something akin to K rations. Anything short of a second Krakatao would have been a letdown.

Actually, of course, what has happened is about what one would expect from an air-burst of the 1946 Model atomic bomb. The damage done to the ships should be largely to the superstructure, not to the vital parts. The radioactivity now present on board is probably mainly that induced in the metal by the burst of neutrons at the moment of explosion. Neutrons, like any other projectiles, have a limited range — about 2000 yards in air, which is considerably less than the area covered by the target fleet.

It would appear that at least for the time being we have escaped from the real threat of atomic weapons: the lingering poison of radioactivity. The great bulk of highly dangerous fission products was carried aloft into the stratosphere, where it can be diluted to the point of insignificance in its slow fall-out. In this sense, therefore, Test Able is very similar to the Hiroshima-Nagasaki shots. The bulk of the damage will be from the blast wave, and probably only those experimental animals exposed directly to the neutrons and gamma rays at the moment of explosion will show the effects of "Atom Bomb Disease."

WEDNESDAY, July 3. — Back to Bikini and the *Haven*. Able plus Two — already the lagoon is packed with shipping, as though where the bomb had struck down one ship two had risen in its place. The shore, the water, and most of the ships are now considered to be radiologically safe. Having got off so lightly on Test Able, everyone seems to be in a festive mood. The beaches and bars were packed all afternoon; the poker games, enshrouded in a penumbra of smoke and profanity, have settled down for the night, and even the worst of pictures in Hollywood's dismal repertoire is acclaimed.

THURSDAY, July 4. — I had a lucky assignment today, that of accompanying a group of Navy photographers while they took pictures of the entire target fleet. We went aboard no ships but had a chance to examine at close hand the superficial damage obvious on deck.

One sees plenty of evidence of the fury of that blast wave. The light carrier *Independence* is an impressive edifice of junk: its flight deck exploded, its hangar deck caved in, and all the complicated gadgetry of gun mounts, gangways, and electronic gear blown away or left dangling overside in fantastic disarray. The ancient battleship *Arkansas*, lacking most of its superstructure aft of the bridge, looks well on the way to being modernized. It wouldn't take more than an ordinary bomb to turn her into a carrier. Similarly, the cruisers *Pensacola* and *Salt Lake City* have their superstructures torn loose and wrenched half overside. The decks of these ships are a shambles. Overturned airplanes, wrecked lifeboats, and all sorts of debris are strewn

around, looking like something straight out of Fibber McGee's front closet.

SUNDAY, *July 7.* — Test Able is almost a thing of the past. The evil cloud born a week ago tomorrow has dissipated itself in the northwest and no longer needs to be followed; the water of Bikini Lagoon is considered entirely safe, and most of the ships have been thoroughly inspected both for structural damage and for radioactivity. They are already being towed into position for the next round. Scientists of many specialties have been all over the area making observations, picking up samples, and detaching souvenirs. One of the fellows in the bunkroom had collected a chunk of metal from the ship considered to be nearest to the blast. He had it carefully stowed away in his locker beside the bed. Then one day somebody was checking a Geiger counter in the vicinity and began to pick up a strong emission. At once he tracked down and located the loot and showed its anxious owner that he had been sleeping in a shower of gamma rays.

The queerest stuff turns up radioactive: a ship's bell of brass; some chemicals from a first-aid locker on deck; a bar of soap that had been caught in a stream of neutrons. You never can tell what insignificant thing will bear the invisible brand of the bomb. Souvenirs of all kinds have been forbidden throughout the Task Force, but observance of the order is too much to expect of human nature.

Today I had a chance to watch some of the footprints of the cloud as it passed over the western end of Bikini Atoll. All the tiny islets and sandspits of the far end of Bikini are uninhabited; nevertheless, they have to be officially cleared. Lieutenant Allan Bott, a Naval fighter pilot and recent addition to the Radiological Safety Section, and I were glad to get the assignment.

Early in the morning, a PGM (patrol gunboat) hove to alongside and picked us up. After an hour's run to the westward end of the atoll we raised our first island — called Cherry, because its native name is unpronounceable. Merely a low rocky shelf, it is separated from its neighbor by a deck of shallows and is unapproachable from all directions save by a narrow passage between the shoals on the lagoon side and surging white water of the barrier reef along the ocean side. At that one point the eddying waters have built out a sandspit and surrounded it with clear green water.

The skipper had a dingy put over the side. Five of us — two sailors, an oceanographic man, Bott and I — dropped in and headed for shore. The oceanographer had installed certain instruments prior to Test Able by which he hoped to tell whether the atoll had been changed in any way by the violence of the blast. While he went off to make his readings, Bott and I struck inland.

It was clear that the great cloud had passed this way. Small amounts of radioactive materials had come down in its rain. Even below the high-water

mark on the south shore, where the rocky ledges are constantly being sluiced by the foaming breakers, we found radioactive material, invisibly and almost permanently adsorbed to the surface of the rocks. Not enough of it to be serious, but it illustrates the difficulty of trying to clean any rough surface of fission products.

2

WEDNESDAY, *July 10.* — For the past few days diving operations have been going on in the target area, where several ships have been sunk, and with them a number of scientific instruments to register blast pressures and neutron intensities. Today it was my luck to be monitoring aboard one of the tugs when they hit a jackpot down below. The ship was a solid grimy seagoing bucket made for submarine rescue work. Previous diving attempts had located the hull of the sunken ship, above which the tug was now securely moored fore and aft. Those who had seen the hulk in the milky twilight of the lagoon floor described her as being broken in three pieces and almost unrecognizable as a ship. Divers, at least, are satisfied that the bomb is not an overrated weapon.

The morning proved windy and too rough for diving operations, but by noon the wind had let go and the sea was glassy hot. Four divers began getting into their complicated suits. They were big burly extroverts, with rough solid names — Marsh, Eichorn, Red Baith, and Goring (known as Herman, of course). There was certainly no fear in them; claustrophobia was too fancy a neurosis for them to bother with.

Baith and Herman were soon ready. In their elaborate costumes, weighing well over two hundred pounds, they looked like medieval sea monsters floundering about on land. Jockeyed into position on a steel platform, they were hoisted over the side, and then, after testing their suits in the water, they were lowered to the bottom, some 185 feet down.

We couldn't get Herman on the phone, but Baith called up saying that they had landed near the bow of the sunken ship, and that Herman was starting off in search of the missing instruments, while he, Baith, would stand by to keep the lines clear. Herman was carrying a special watertight Geiger tube, fashioned in a long brass probe and transmitting to a counter on deck. Almost at once I began to get indications of radioactivity. At one point the needle went clear off scale. We called down to Baith to find out what Goring was doing.

"I think he's resting," came the reply; "at least he's sitting down."

"Well, what is he sitting on?"

"Looks like a stanchion, maybe."

"Then tell him to stand clear. The Geiger man says it's hot." We could hear Baith laughing at Goring's leap from the hot seat. Then the skipper

lowered a hook to the bottom and took the brass stanchion aboard as a specimen.

After a long interval Baith excitedly called and said that Herman had found the instruments all strung together on a cable. They, too, were soon hoisted overside, and proved to be exactly what the Navy was looking for. They looked harmless enough, but a survey soon indicated that no one could be allowed on the fantail of the tug until the loot was taken over by the proper authorities.

3

FRIDAY, July 12. — Assignments for the next test, to be held on Baker Day, were given out last night. Ebeye, the seaplane base, is our home once more. Our group has changed a little. Charlie Wells, Tom Madden, Frank Larson, and I remain of the previous group. Bott has a carrier assignment and in place of him we have a trio of Navy buzz-boys.

WEDNESDAY, July 24. — Baker Day minus One has been very much like Able Day minus One. Commander Pew called the squadron together for a final briefing and a parting word of confidence. We Geiger men tried to describe in a rough way what was expected to happen in a shallow-water blast. But honestly, who knows? Who can predict?

Tom, Lars, Charlie, and I have checked and rechecked our instruments, our gas masks, and all the rest of the paraphernalia and nothing seems to have been overlooked. Nevertheless one cannot suppress a feeling of excitement mixed with a dash of anxiety when one considers the possibilities of tomorrow's test. The four previous atomic bombs have been exploded in air, so that the bulk of the radioactive material produced as fission products has been swept up into the remote and harmless stratosphere.

But this will be entirely different. The bomb is suspended beneath an LCI (infantry landing craft) and will be detonated electrically. The actual depth beneath the surface is not known to us. It cannot be more than the 180-foot depth of the lagoon, and will probably be much less. Scientists who are familiar with the magnitude of atomic forces predict that a chimney of water half a mile in diameter will be thrown up many thousands of feet. Tons and tons of water will be vaporized to steam by the intense heat, and will then condense into a cloud around the top of the chimney. Whereas the cloud in Test Able climbed rapidly to 30,000 feet, the cloud this time is not expected to go half so high. Instead it will at once begin to rain down upon the target area, and the rain from the entrapped fission products will certainly be deadly. Dr. Hirschfelder, our Task Force oracle, says that it will not be safe to go aboard the ships for months.

Under the circumstances, should we pray for a dud? No such luck. A complete dud is unlikely in the nature of the bomb, and a partial explosion

would be more dangerous than a total explosion, because a partial explosion would spread plutonium all over the ships and the lagoon. Plutonium is a far more deadly and insidious hazard than fission products for two reasons. In the first place, it is very hard to detect with field instruments. It is an alpha particle emitter, and our Geiger counters and ionization chambers will not detect its presence. A special and extremely delicate alpha counter is necessary for such work, and here at Bikini, under field conditions, no alpha counter would survive a single day's work.

The second reason why plutonium contamination is so much to be feared is that its lethal action is roughly the same as that of radium. It lodges in the bones, destroys the blood-producing marrow, and kills its host by wrecking his red and white blood cells, or, if he survives that early period, by producing bone tumors, possibly years later. In some respects plutonium appears to be more dangerous than an equivalent amount of radium because, unlike radium, once lodged in the bones plutonium cannot be removed by processes known to medical science to date.

THURSDAY, July 25. — Baker Day called for us at 3.00 A.M. Most of us had only cat-napped anyway. The flight to Bikini seemed to pass more quickly than usual.

Soon we found the live fleet under us, coasting along as before in Indian file, barely leaving a green wake. The weather was ideal, and airplanes were checking in from all parts of the sky. Now and then, from the control center of the fleet came the solemn Harvard accent of the man who would detonate the bomb. "One Owah befoah How Owah. One Owah befoah How Owah."

That hour passed rapidly, and the Harvard accent came back on the air: "Ten minutes befoah How Owah. Ten minutes befoah How Owah."

Commander Pew was orbiting at the appointed station, about 15 miles northeast of the target, and we dropped in behind him.

"Five minutes befoah How Owah." No goggles were necessary for the underwater test, since the ultraviolet rays would be filtered out in the water. The marine photographer in the waist opened up his hatches and set up his bulky camera gear. At the one-minute mark our two planes straightened into a tangential course. The crew crowded to the ports, fixing their eyes upon the faint outlines of the Bikini ships on the horizon.

And so How Owah arrived, according to plan and to the split second. I suppose from this Task Force will come 42,000 different descriptions. Yet the sum total of them couldn't give the true impression of the suddenness and the magnitude of that explosion.

The calm and implacable voice was saying: "Ten seconds — five seconds — four seconds — three — two — one —"

What his last word was I have no idea, nor can I tell what the color of that flash was. To me it was red; Lars swears that it was white. I have seen two hundred pounds of TNT go off at night from a distance of half a mile, but this shot in broad day, at 20 miles, seemed to spring from all parts of the target fleet at once. A gigantic flash — then gone. And where it had been, now stood a white chimney of water reaching up and up. Then a huge hemispheric mushroom of vapor appeared like a parachute suddenly opening. It rapidly filled out in all directions until striking the level of the first layer of clouds, at about 1800 feet. Here, as though intercepting a layer of plate glass, this shock wave (or more strictly speaking, this cloud of vapors which formed in the vacuum phase behind the shock wave) spread out by leaps and bounds beneath the clouds. I remember being alarmed lest our plane be overtaken and smashed by it.

By this time the geyser had climbed to several thousand feet. It stood there as if solidifying for many seconds, its head enshrouded in a tumult of steam. Then slowly the pillar began to fall and break up. At its base a tidal wave of spray and steam arose, to smother the fleet and move on toward the islands.

All this took only a few seconds, but was so astounding that it seemed to last much longer. With the final disappearance of the column of water the lagoon became obscured in a sallow rain cloud. For nearly twenty minutes the cloud hung over the ships. Eventually, however, the steady trades prevailed and the synthetic storm moved away to the northwest. One by one, the ships emerged, and when at last the long gray silhouette of the *Saratoga* was seen breaking out of the mist we all began to feel more at home. The *Nevada*, the black *Nagato*, the *New York*, and many others were soon identifiable, but the *Arkansas*, bluff old battlewagon, had disappeared for good.

Thirty minutes after the shot, most of the area was clear again and we could see the fleet still riding at anchor, miraculously unchanged. An oily slick was spreading out from the center.

It was past time to be going in over the target, and after an exchange of salutations Commander Pew's ship left us and began climbing to the prearranged altitude. He was soon lost in the tufted strato-cumulus over the lagoon. Communications, however, were good, and at once we began to pick up their messages to the control ship: "Sadeyes, this is Applejack One. Legs one and two completed. Zero dose legs one and two." That made us feel good, especially the fact that they had found nothing in the atmosphere. Then we heard: "Leg four completed. Brief dose on leg four." After that, it was clear that Lars and Tom were getting into radiation over the center of the fleet even at that altitude. Indeed at one point they interrupted their broadcast to Sadeyes in order to advise us to

make our first survey a thousand feet above the prearranged level.

This we did, and soon confirmed the radioactivity found by Lars and Tom. The pattern was one of radiation coming up from the ships and from the water. At a thousand feet lower there was a considerable increase in the dosage. Starting down a leg, we would get just the usual irregular click — click, click — click of background over our Geiger earphones. Then suddenly there would be a burst of clicks, a crescendo, merging into the high-toned screaming of increasing radioactivity. The needle of one Geiger counter would rapidly go off scale; then the next, set to a less sensitive range, would follow suit. Just as suddenly, the screaming would then die in our ears, the needles waver and return to normal, and we would be across the reef of radiation.

It always seemed a little strange to me that at such a time the pilot should be calmly looking down at the fleet or glancing over his instrument panel. And his navigator would be there, standing between the pilots, calmly directing our course, timing the legs, and indicating when the turns should be made. Something was wrong. It was there. It was hot. We should be able to feel this barrage of gamma rays tearing through our bodies.

We made only two flights. Lars and Tom, a thousand feet lower, were running into trouble — trouble in the form of radioactivity so intense as to be safe for only a few minutes. Finally we caught the message: "Abandoning leg four. Turning away upwind and standing by for further orders."

Sadeyes soon wired back to both of us to discontinue our surveys. We were thankful for that. Not that we were in any immediate danger. But with radiation so intense at such an altitude, that at water level would certainly be lethal. And this was spread out over an area miles square.

By noon it was clear that our beautiful lady, the *Sara*, was in a bad way and would probably not see another sunrise. We soon had a message from Sadeyes to get some low-level photographs of her. No one cared much for that, for she evidently had a supply of torpedoes on deck. She was a complete derelict. Her flight deck was littered with wreckage. A stump of the island was there; the rest had been blown away. She was slowly filling up and beginning to list to port.

By midafternoon relief planes arrived and we could head back for Kwajalein. At evening the relief ships returned with the news that the *Sara* had finally gone down, her hull barely covered in the shallow lagoon.

4

FRIDAY, July 26: *Baker plus One*. — Back to Bikini with the dawn. The live fleet is now anchored at the entrance to the atoll next to Enyu

Island. Sadeyes was waiting for us with orders to drag the entire atoll. This we did at whitecap and palm-frond level, following the surf from island to sandspit to island around the coral ring. Radiation was not to be found except over the target fleet and up on the islands to the northwest.

We did discover an area of rather intense radioactivity several miles to the north of the atoll. We found ourselves over an oil slick which, though miles from the island, must have come from the target fleet, having passed during the night over the reef between Amen Island and Bikini Island. Crisscrossing it several times, we found it to be well over a mile long and nearly as wide.

We also made several surveys at different altitudes over the target fleet. Some of the ships are beginning to show internal injuries. The hulking *Nagato* has developed a list, and the *New York* carries her stern half underwater. The radioactivity has died away remarkably during the night, so that low-altitude flying proved to be reasonably safe. This decline is to be expected; many of the fission products have short half-lives, fading away in a few moments or hours. The drop, precipitous at first, will probably level off just as rapidly and then we shall be stuck with the long actors.

Our air assignment is about over. The crude measurements of intensity are no longer necessary, and the next phase — making precise surveys of the ships, water, fish, coral, and so forth — begins.

SATURDAY, July 27. — At 2.30 this afternoon word came from Kwajalein: "Be ready to leave on U.S.S. *Flusser* by 3.00."

MONDAY, July 29. — Life aboard the U.S.S. *Haven*, in the hurricane center of this Task Force, is indescribable. The gangways swarm with the sweating, irate monitors of the Radiological Safety Section, heavily laden with gear; the laboratories are filled with queer stench and flickering lights; stacks of secret and dangerous information pile up in the corridors. We appear to have struck it rich. It is an interesting operation. I suppose this is the first major offensive ever conducted by a fleet while anchored snugly in a harbor. The main objective, of course, is to get the target ships underway once more as soon as possible. The Navy seems confident that this will not be long.

However, the danger is here. The bomb did not explode and vanish as did its four predecessors; it is here, everywhere. Only very limited operations can yet be conducted aboard the ships. Many are not safe for boarding at all. All sorties must be accompanied by a Geiger man, who decides whether an area, a ship, or a particular job is safe. He may allow only a few minutes before insisting that the spot be evacuated.

My particular sector on this changing front is most routine. It is in the "water-counting" laboratories. Here we receive hundreds and hundreds of samples of water taken from different parts of

the lagoon and from different depths. We run these into specially designed pigs of lead in which a Geiger chamber has been mounted. Counting the clicks per minute is done by means of an automatic "scaler" and the results are plotted on a map of the lagoon and target array. It gives a day-to-day picture of the movement of water and tells whether our live fleet is anchored in dangerous water.

Such indeed proved to be the case this afternoon. We had found by repeated measurements that the water was steadily increasing in radioactivity, due presumably to an upwelling of material from the bottom. By noon the intensity was such as to endanger our water intakes and evaporators; so, at the request of the Radiological Safety Section, the entire live fleet up-anchored and sailed to a point nearer Enyu Channel.

WEDNESDAY, July 31. — Last night the *Nagato* disappeared into its shallow grave. For days she had been listing and apparently leaking from numerous seams, although she was reported to be the most unsinkable ship in the fleet. For all her double hull and intricate compartmentation, she proved to be obsolete in close quarters with the bomb. She was close in to the bomb, which, having its force confined by water and the shallow bottom of the lagoon, must have developed a fantastically powerful upward thrust, against which modern hulls and compartmentation are of no avail. (This same effect of confining and concentrating the power of a bomb would occur were one to explode down some metropolitan slot like Wall Street.)

FRIDAY, August 2. — The work of the Task Force does not become easier with succeeding days. The skeleton crews of the target ships have been anxiously awaiting the signal to start the motors and get steam up. But so far most of the ships are still in quarantine because of radioactivity. Work in most instances is permissible below decks; but without the blowers on and the lights functioning, there is little to be done except to keep the ships pumped out. Some, like the *New York*, have to be pumped steadily. Topside these target ships, drenched by radioactive rain, are still so hot as to permit only short shifts of twenty minutes to an hour. Naturally the Navy has complete faith in the old ritual of "a clean sweep-down fore and aft," but to date little seems to be accomplished by repeated scrubblings. Fission products, having fallen like a coat of paint over these ships, cannot be washed off by salt water and suds.

SATURDAY, August 3. — Most of the radioactivity dispersed in the water seems to have settled out. At least it is no longer necessary to do samples of lagoon water. The water-counting lab has therefore nearly gone out of business in favor of the more strenuous ship-monitoring jobs. We continue to check the ships' evaporators and water lines so that faulty distillation will not be letting radioactive material through into our drinking water.

The evaporators aboard the U.S.S. *Haven* have become quite hot in themselves, the scale inside the evap tanks acting as a sponge for radioactive particles. Similarly the salt-water lines of the ship (fire lines, toilets) show the presence of radioactivity, and must be checked every day or two. A third area of radioactive infection aboard the ship is the green and brown algae which grow along the water lines. The algae especially have become hot from the fission products picked up during the first days following our return to Bikini. For some reason, the algae do not release their radioactivity, with the result that the water lines remain so hot that one may pick up a respectable radiation coming through the steel walls of the hull.

The presence of radioactive material on and within the ships of the live fleet suggests an interesting complication: what will happen when the ships are dry-docked for repairs? Will it be safe for workmen to remove the scale from the evaps and the barnacles from the hull? Will such tasks in the future have to be done with gas masks or oxygen rebreathers, and all the material collected and buried at sea?

To such questions theoretical answers are easy; practical ones are much harder. But in the end the Navy, in asking for this closer acquaintance with atomic energy, is going to feel a lot like Br'er Rabbit when he got mixed up with the Tar Baby; they may not know it yet, but they are stuck with it.

The whole business must be like a very bad dream to the regular Navy men: decks you can't stay on for more than a few minutes, though they seem like other decks; air you can't breathe without gas masks but which tastes like all other air; water you can't swim in, and good tuna and jacks you can't eat. It's a fouled-up world. And now the docs are measuring the evaporators and water mains, and saying that the ships will be too dangerous to haul out in dry dock! Damned Geigers and Geiger men!

5

FRIDAY, August 9. — This afternoon I was assigned to make a survey of the *New York*. This venerable old battlewagon, constructed about 1914, was pretty badly hit. Her superstructures aft are a jungle of steel, and she has been taking in water enough in the stern to require almost continuous pumping. There is no thought any more of getting steam up on her. Radioactive material has leaked into her after compartments and has come in through every portal and companionway above. Stores of food, hundreds of pounds of coffee, and even the drinking water have had to be condemned.

The work of the day, however, was in decontamination. All previous attempts have been notably unsuccessful. The decks have been sluiced down with water. When this caused no reduction in

radioactivity, buckets of soap were broken out. Still the same result.

Today a trial was being made of alkali. The main deck forward had not been touched as yet, and here we proposed to run the experiment. I made a careful survey of the deck, finding the intensity to vary a great deal in a matter of feet. One gets the impression that fission products have become most fixed in the tarry calking of the planking and in rusty spots in the metal plates.

When the survey was complete the Chief turned his booted, sweating, profane, and laughing crew loose with brushes, water, and a barrel of lye. Yet when the hydraulics were done and the deck was rinsed clean again, another survey showed the invisible emanations to be doing business as usual. The portly Chief stood watching the dial of my Geiger counter, completely bewildered. The deck was clean — anybody could see that — clean enough for the Admiral himself to eat his breakfast off of. So what was all this goddam radioactivity?

Finally he could stand it no longer: "Here, Doc, let me listen to that gadget, will you?"

I fitted the headphones over his ears. He stood moving the gadget over the deck as I had done, and listening intently. He shook his head: "Must be fouled up. I only get static now."

"That's all you ever get, Chief. What did you expect — Dorothy Lamour?"

He looked dubious: "Well, what are they, them clicks? Do they mean anything?"

"They sure do, Chief. Each of those clicks is a little bullet shooting through your body. You get enough of them and they will kill you. You don't know it, but this deck is a booby trap."

Still unconvinced, but taken with the gadget, he went off for a cruise around his deck. He'd seen two wars fought out from that deck. He wasn't particularly concerned about a stray bullet or two. Finally he hove to, beside a stanchion, where several of his men were resting. They grinned at him as he surveyed the area. Then suddenly he straightened up.

"Here, you guys," he said with gruff authority, "get the hell off that stanchion. Can't you see you're sittin' on a goddam booby trap?"

The sailors took off of that stanchion as though 440 volts had hit them, dusting off their jeans and feeling behind as if they expected to find something sticking there. Feeling nothing, they laughed.

"Ah, it don't matter, Chief," kidded one of them. "I got so many of them Geigers runnin' round inside me now that you can see me all lit up at night like the Statue of Liberty."

The Chief had been right. Where the stanchion was fastened to the deck there was a good deal of tar, and this had picked up quantities of the invisible stuff. When I showed this to the detail and let them listen to the earphones, it only convinced them either that I was just another old woman,

dressed up as a medical officer, asking them to wear their rubbers out in the rain, or that they were all doomed to complete and rapid dissolution. They were not quite sure which.

So I told them a little about radiation sickness in experimental animals and what I knew of the people of Hiroshima, what the dangerous levels of intensity were, and what we were trying to do to protect everybody connected with Operation Crossroads.

"Most of the fission products are quite insoluble," I said. "They won't be absorbed into your body even though you breathe them in or get them into your mouth. So from them you only have to worry about radiation coming in from the outside — and that we can control with a Geiger machine. But some of the material — plutonium remaining from the bomb — is dangerous; more dangerous than radium even. Like the rest of the stuff, it is spread around here like a thin coat of paint which can't be washed off. So, although we cannot detect it specifically, if we pick up other radiations on our Geiger counters we have fair warning that the more dangerous substances may be around too."

"And what happens when that little box gets snafued?" returned the boy that had recently been dusting off the stanchion.

"That is where the film badges come in. You all wear them in your pockets. The film is exposed just like X-ray film and we can tell how much you've been getting."

The fallacy of such a protective measure was obvious to them at once: "Sure, but that only tells you afterwards. A lot of good that is when you've been fried all day in X-rays."

"You're right. That's just it. And that is why we have been so conservative. The Task Force has accepted a certain limit of radiation as safe. But that limit is not the fatal one. It gives you almost a thousandfold safety factor. By that I mean you could probably take a thousand times that limit at one time and not be killed. And that is OK for peacetime maneuvers. It wouldn't work for war. If this ship had been hit by an atom bomb during a battle — or if this were some big city back home — we would all have to get in there and do what we could with the situation and take our chances on being killed now or later with Geigers, same as with fire and smoke and shells."

SATURDAY, August 10. — Operation Crossroads as an experiment is being abandoned. A skeleton Task Force will remain out here to keep the target vessels afloat, and a skeleton Radiological Safety Section will stay to carry on the public health work. Volunteers are being rounded up for the job. Most of the trained scientific personnel, being civilian and pressed with teaching and research engagements

stateside, will have to leave, and so of course will the higher echelon of Navy personnel.

Things have not gone according to plan. The target fleet, which was to have steamed triumphantly back to Pearl and the Golden Gate, invincible as ever, will remain here at anchor, blackened with flame and streaked with foamite and rust, until the ships can be safely disposed of. Some may eventually be towed to the West Coast; many will certainly be sunk in deep water.

A few ships, notably the submarines, have been given clearance to go to Pearl Harbor for repairs and further decontamination, but the rest remain. Some inkling of the danger which persists aboard these ships can be gleaned from the conditions imposed by the Admiral on all future operations: —

1. That all work will be done as before under the direct supervision of the Radiological Safety Section, with one tenth of a roentgen still the maximum daily dose permitted.

2. That all work henceforth will be confined to that necessary for closing up the ships.

This is a momentous decision, a momentous admission, and there are many reasons behind it. Among those which are no secret are: —

1. That these ships are fouled up with radioactivity to a degree far greater than was anticipated.

2. That this coat of radioactive paint cannot be scrubbed off or removed by any of the ordinary measures, short of chipping off all the paint and rust and uprooting all the planking from the out-sides of the ships.

3. That there is a real hazard from elements present which cannot be detected by the ordinary methods.

One of these is plutonium. We have to assume the presence of plutonium on these ships because it is impossible for a bomb to be 100 per cent efficient. In the instant of explosion not all atoms of plutonium can undergo fission. Some do. The rest are blown apart to a subcritical concentration and the chain reaction dies out.

The degree of efficiency of the bomb is top secret, but recent studies with the alpha counter have established the presence of alpha emitters, among them plutonium. These studies include samples of paint from ships' decks, samples of rust, and even air samples taken from within ships by means of a vacuum cleaner device and filter paper.

These are probably some of the reasons why the care of the target vessels has become ultraconservative, and why the time schedule for Operation Crossroads has had to be scrapped. From a military point of view the bomb which wreaked havoc in Hiroshima also knocked out Task Force One. We've just come to the count of ten.

(To be concluded)



CANON BERNARD IDDINGS BELL, *one of the most trenchant spokesmen in the Episcopal Church, is today representing his Church as Consultant on Higher Education and Religion at the University of Chicago. Dr. Bell is one of the many readers of the Atlantic who have risen to the challenge of W. T. Stace's article, "Man Against Darkness," in our September issue. He is the first of four writers to join in the following rebuttal.*

PURPOSE IN THE UNIVERSE

A Symposium

IS IT REALLY THAT DARK?

by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

FOR the *Atlantic* in September Professor W. T. Stace, who teaches philosophy at Princeton University, wrote a fearsome paper. His contention is that modern science has made it impossible for anyone who is intelligent and informed or who, unthinking, takes the color of his mind from those who are his intellectual betters (and therefore the proper directors of the social pattern) to believe that there is meaning and purpose in the universe or in anything or anybody within that universe — that it is overwhelmingly a certainty, realized by the few and subconsciously sensed by the many, that nothing whatever has significance.

He goes on to point out that this new destruction of enlightenment, unavoidable, relentless, makes life hardly worth the living, ensures in all foreseeable probability the destruction of society, dooms man to "sink back into the savagery and brutality from which he came, taking a humble place once more among the lower animals." Man who has lived and struggled, worked and sacrificed, through the long millennia under a now forever discredited illusion that somehow or other his hope of attaining to spiritual status could be realized must acknowledge that human life is only a tale told by an idiot, all sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Is what Dr. Stace says true?

Dr. Stace is correct when he says that science reveals purpose in nothing, not even in science itself; meaning in no one, not even in a scientist. When we submit ourselves to a scientific discipline we soon discover that the universe, which had seemed a beautiful stage for spiritual adventure, appears to be nothing but blind matter-force moving with changeless and relentless and aimless precision. We turn out to be one with the beasts, and the beasts to be physicochemical. Thought turns

out to be only nervous reaction to external stimuli; hopes are illusory. Our loves are not at all what they seem to be. Our dreams are evidence of mental maladjustments. Our destiny consists in an arrival at where we began; indeed "arrival" seems an unreal word, since there is no evidence of journey toward any end, only ceaseless minor changes within an inexorable and repetitious pattern.

There is nothing new in this. The truth of it is recognized by reputable theologians and by most philosophers; but it is truth not too well understood by the man in the street, in the pew, even in the laboratory. Most of the folks think that science begets cheerfulness and self-assurance and faith in progress, that it solves man's basic problems and promises Utopia not long delayed. We should be grateful to Dr. Stace for reminding us that this optimistic notion of science and its possibilities is contrary to fact.

But this undoubtable truth, put with a proper brutality by Dr. Stace, is not the whole truth. He assumes, without any proof and indeed against the evidence furnished by the history of thinking, that only by science does man learn.

Though science does insist that purpose is to be ignored, this is not because purpose is nonexistent or even unimportant, but only because purpose is irrelevant to science. Science is concerned with examination of "the what" and "the how," with that which can be perceived with the five senses. Purpose, "the why," never has been, is not now, cannot be, revealed through sensory observation. To ask "why" in a scientific investigation is to confuse the investigation and befuddle the investigator. Science reveals no purpose because science deliberately and necessarily refuses to consider purpose.

The scientist must, to be sure, because he is a man, go beyond science. As Professor Eddington has said, science cannot satisfy the scientist; "the scientific world of pointer readings would be an impos-

sible world to inhabit. It is a symbolic world and the only thing that could live in it would be a symbol — but I am not a symbol.” When the scientist asks “why” he ceases to act *qua* scientist. Every scientist does ask “why,” every philosopher, every human being, even Dr. Stace; and if there is recourse by them to nothing more than science, they get no answer to their query and soon arrive precisely where Dr. Stace has arrived, at grim despair.

The trouble is with Dr. Stace’s epistemology, his notion of what knowledge is. He seems to think that knowledge results from reason digesting what is revealed by only one sort of experience, the scientific. He ignores the other empirical disciplines that combine to reveal the purpose which science, because of its considered and unavoidable self-limitation, is unable to reveal. For facts, one goes to science; for meaning, there are other teachers. Dr. Stace would persuade us to ignore these other teachers. He would have us depend to such a sole degree on science that we overlook experiences more subtle than science, more elusive, the interpretative experiences.

The first of the extra-scientific experiences consists of a direct acceptance of that which is — of nature in its intricate variety, an acceptance which should precede analysis and codification. A tree or a mountain or a bird or a fish or an atom of plutonium or the starry heavens should be accepted gladly, humbly, gratefully, before it is approached scientifically. By such acceptance one safeguards against an attempt to reduce nature to the level of sense-bound intelligence.

Such a regard for nature bears much the same relationship to science that poetry bears to literary criticism or that religion bears to theology. One can be a competent analyst of poetry and yet by premature analysis drive a poem out the window. One may be acute in theology without coming within hailing distance of religion. One may be ever so good a scientist and yet not understand nature. A more than scientific approach to nature is indispensable if one would arrive at such a sense of unity with that which is as results in understanding, serenity, peace, freedom. Modern man is becoming less and less adept in making this sort of approach.

The second purpose-revealing experience is creative experience, the experience of the artist, the craftsman. It is an experience possible for anyone; to be an artist means simply to do what is in front of one to do as beautifully as one knows how to do it. We can manipulate mass, color, sound, words, until at least partly they embody insights into order and significance. So clearly can we incarnate such discernments that symbolically we convey those discernments to others, as well as find them intensified within ourselves.

In this sort of thing, too, contemporary man for the most part is but indifferently trained. Despite

some small improvement of late, most people nowadays think of the crafts as utilitarian rather than as opportunities for creativity and enlarged understanding, and of the arts as concerned with incidental, almost accidental, enjoyments. They are persuaded also that in respect to the arts all but a very few of us are properly spectators rather than participants. We listen to music rather than make music; we “appreciate” rather than paint or carve or build; we sit in the grandstand rather than play games. By this we are deprived of access to intention. To do anything for the joy of doing it well results in discovery of purpose — purpose in the thing done, purpose in the doer. The artist knows that there is more in heaven and earth than can be perceived with the five senses; he even knows what it is that his artistry reveals, although he rarely can put it into pedestrian prose, much less reduce it to an equation.

There is a third experience, also possible for everyone, which helps toward the realization of purpose. Man can discover other persons, evaluate, appreciate, considerably come to understand them. To describe love and friendship, aversion and enmity, is difficult; but we all know what they are and how revealing they are. They are only to a small degree dependent upon scientific analysis; they are another sort of thing than sensing nature; they have not much to do with creativity. One learns through them mystically, learns by loving or the reverse of loving.

Mystical experience is of two sub-varieties: the first, experience of contingent persons; the second, experience of an ultimate Person. Sometimes humanists are persuaded that the only contact of person with person or persons which is possible or necessary is contact between human beings. The long record of man’s striving to know and understand shows that in this humanists are mistaken. The humanist usually turns out to be either one who shrinks from commerce with the more than human because he finds it too emotionally demanding, or else one who has perceived the inadequacy of things but has not yet discovered that even the finest human companionships are in themselves also unsatisfactory. The humanist rarely stops at humanism, unless his career is cut off by early death. He either goes on from humanism into theism and so finds in God the meaning of things and people, including himself, or else he joins Dr. Stace and his non-mystical friends and shivers in hopelessness. Dr. Stace hates the humanist as thoroughly as he does the theist. Both to his mind are obscurantists and cowards.

In the Middle Ages people discovered purpose chiefly through theistic mysticism; in the Renaissance, for the most part through humanistic mysticism. We twentieth-century people increasingly neglect all mysticism, along with creativity and a glad acceptance of nature, and rely instead too

entirely on inductive science, which reveals no purpose. But the purpose is still there, discoverable. The trouble is that we refuse to use the techniques that reveal it.

That science is necessary, admirable, no one in his right mind will deny, or depreciate what it has done and is doing and will do. It has made possible for the masses possessions and freedoms beyond belief. It has devised sanitary arrangements and medical and surgical devices which have doubled the average span of life. It has accelerated communication until all nations live in neighborhood, even if not in peace. More significant still is the knowledge of the cosmos, of the nature of matter-force, which scientists have arrived at.

What is unfortunate about science is that it has developed not only quiet and effective scientists but also highly vocal scientificists who shout that scientific knowledge is the only knowledge which really is knowledge.

Our chief problem is how to rescue modern man from scientificism, to restore a realization that man is meant to be, always is unless self-warped, not only a scientific methodologist but also a poet, a mystic, a lover, an artist, a philosopher who erects the fabric of his thought out of every possible kind of empirical experience. Only if we can persuade man to exercise all his faculties will he again be sane and society secure. We are not helped toward this good end by despairing professors who, having boarded up the windows, cry out that the old light shines no more; who, when there come those who propose opening the shutters, insist that these benefactors are victims of "comforting illusions, within the warm glow of which the more tender-minded intellectuals [seek] to shelter themselves from the icy winds of the universe."

THE PRINCIPLE OF GOD

by CHARLES F. HIBBARD

DR. STACE contemplates with resolute sophistication the godless limbo through which mass man wastes his powers in the pursuit of illusion. Christ and His vicars appear momentarily in the whimsical discourse as purveyors of narcotics, whose insidious merchandise the unenlightened have consumed in an abortive effort to obtain surcease from the hideous truth. Stace, whose eyes have been opened to the traditional fallacies of "romanticism," enjoins mankind to put aside its dream-pipe and accept the fact that the universe is an aimless mechanism exploding into the void in accordance with the inverse proportions of Newton. The call is Spartan, the obligation of the intellectual unmistakable.

There remain a few questions on the part of those who for the next "few hundred years" will not have

attained the stature of Huxley, Hume, and John Stuart Mill — to name only a few who, in the view of Stace, tower above the deluded Christ in their appreciation of the cosmic truths.

First of all, in respect to the essential postulate of the paper, "the truth that there is, in the universe outside man, no spirituality, no regard for values, no friend in the sky, no help or comfort for man of any sort": has any man, in good logic, the *authority* to declare categorically that such a value does or does not exist? Is not this technique comparable to that of Chaucer's chancicleer?

If we regard mankind with proper objectivity, it would appear of little consequence to the constitution of divinity in the universe whether it enjoyed the ratification of human opinion. The observation to which the lay mind is drawn is elementary: In the opinion of Stace there is no Father in Heaven; in the opinion of Christ there is. Thence the lay mind moves to further conclusions according to its lights, though perhaps with "unconscious dishonesty."

On this argument, the question of the existence of God remains open, unaffected by the contradictory imperatives, and so does many a lay mind regard it. Is it then essential, as a standard of individual conduct, to say Aye, Aye with the bishops or Nay, Nay with Stace, to join a party and vote the ticket; or is there a more promising alternative?

It is upon the prodigies of modern scientific thought that the argument for a materialistic universe rests with such apparent security. In the flow of the evolutionary tide, it is difficult to support a relatively static conception based upon Scripture more than two thousand years old as against the ever increasing pressure of a young and dynamic science. On the face of it, the one is standing still while the other is keeping pace with man in his development.

Yet have we the certainty that the disclosures of science afford conclusive evidence of the purposelessness of the universe? The objective philosopher deplores the Victorian complacency of the Royal Academy, for he perceives therein a bigotry unsurpassed in the orthodox church. The modern physicist vindicates his distrust by establishing the fact that beyond certain limits the hitherto sacred mechanics of Newton are fallacious. So it was with the pragmatic science of Aristotle. Must not the lay mind, then, in forming its judgment upon the quarrel between Stace and the bishops, entertain the possibility that the science of the thirtieth century may repudiate many of the precepts of our own?

As we observe the conscientious physicist — he, that is, who is not preoccupied with purely technical objectives — in his rational struggle with the mystery of reality, we discern that he is beset with doubts. He is inventing and discarding concepts as man has invented and discarded gods: the electrical

fluid, the light *corpuscle*, the *ether* of space, the systemic *atom*. He is finding that reality is not altogether real, that as he endeavors with increasing vigor to perfect his delineation of its characteristics its outlines dissolve like a familiar face in a dream.

The field equations appear exceedingly nebulous as the basis of a materialistic conception of the universe. By contrast, man's discernment of his own inner promptings is almost adamant.

My second question, then, is this: Is science, for all its undoubted accomplishments, in a position to support Stace authoritatively in his contention that there is no "spirituality" in the universe outside of man?

Perhaps, after all, it is with his own *idea* of God rather than with the *principle* of God that modern man has become dissatisfied. If that be the case, then surely there remains more hope than Stace offers us in the conclusion to his article.

If the purpose to work good or evil be the key, as Stace suggests, it seems possible to admit his argument upon "ethical relativity" without annihilating our conception of God. Purpose in the universe need not be supposed to resemble purpose in man. Because man has rationalized *good* and *evil*, it is not essential to attribute to God an affinity for one or the other, nor a susceptibility to evaluation in terms of either. Upon God, the raiment of man is ill-fit and unbecoming, yet I cannot relinquish Him solely because He has not a flair for our ready-made philosophical haberdashery.

Purpose is discernible in man by man, a fact which Stace tacitly allows; therefore it is without dispute that there exists *some* purpose within the pattern of the universe. That there are no evidences of manly purpose outside of man should not prove disconcerting, for one would not expect to find a human face upon a tree. There are evidences of a kind of purpose in the lowest orders of animals and in plants, each conditioned upon the character of the individual which exhibits it. The latter are recognizable to man since they are kindred to his own sense of purpose, as the living things are kindred to him in contrast to the inorganic universe. It does not seem to me totally illogical to suppose that there may be a kind of purpose intrinsic to every object in the universe, its nature determined in each instance by the nature of the object. That such a purpose, however, would be comprehensible to man at the present stage of his intellectual evolution, or discernible to his most able scientists, is not to be imagined. I assert merely that its existence is a possibility the mind must recognize.

So far have our scientists brought us in the realization of the interplay among the forms of reality, the transmutation of elements, the interconvertibility of matter and energy and of the organic with the inorganic through photosynthesis and the carbon cycle, that we may no longer assume unreservedly that the fundamental attributes of man are peculiar

to him. The principles of conservation, though refined, remain inviolate.

The character of the third question is clear: Are we obligated in logic to conclude, with Stace, that outside of our kind there is no purpose in the order of the universe?

If these questions be open and the choice be free, it would seem that man might still, though encumbered by an intellectual vanity of the highest order, remain humble before his God without either "conscious" or "unconscious" dishonesty. Should he fail to accept entirely the interpretations which generations of human beings have placed upon Christ's conception of His Father, that is a matter for his own conscience. It does not appear inevitable that he bend either to the fiat of the Church or the fiat of Stace: there *is* an alternative.

Out of the warmth of his experience, the sweetness of his love, the nobility of his arts, the consummation of his labors, and the beauty of his days, he may strive to fashion for *himself* an appreciation of the principle—if not the outline—of God which will sustain him in his brief life and form his gift to the perfect understanding his issue may ultimately achieve.

HOW CAN WE DENY GOD?

by E. H. EDWARDS

IN ITS major premise that man should learn to dispense with the props and crutches of meaningless religious dogmas, W. T. Stace's argument makes sense. But I should like to know wherein I err in believing that if man has progressed from a jungle ape rooting under stones for his food, then there must—religious fantasies aside—be a rather marked purposefulness in the universe.

How can Mr. Stace be sure that man, having made such amazing progress from rooting ape to his present status, may not, in the course of centuries, advance from his nuclear-physics present to a point where he will have solved the very meaning of life itself? Further to develop my theme, I should think that the astounding fact that scientists foretell with an accuracy of minutes the many-faceted phenomena of the skies—eclipses, comets, and so forth—many years in the future would indicate some purpose to this universe—a physical and a moral purpose, at present unknown to us and entirely independent of man's puerile attempts to tie this in with his Pandora's Box of gods and dogmas.

As fast as may be, I wish to rid my mind of its cluttering of cobwebby notions. I hesitate to go the whole hog with Mr. Stace, however. Not through fear, but because, since no proof can be advanced either for or against a directing God, it seems presumptuous to make a forthright denial. I lean to the agnostic view that nothing of heaven

is known or ever can be known to mortal man. If I look around me and see all that man has made and I insist he has made it, then I feel equally bound, when faced with that which I know no man could have made, to decide forthrightly that it must have been made by a greater agency. Whence comes the breath of life — called, by most, the soul — and how account for death?

Because I grant the possibility of a Divine guiding power — while refusing to identify it or to believe that it would ever interfere in the affairs of this earth — I remain uninhibited by problems of religious dogma and prayer and ritual. And, because I grant this possibility of a Supreme Being or Knowledge, I am enabled to live in harmony with the millions who never will or can destroy their churches. I can attend all churches, understanding their main ambition, though not in hearty agreement with the forms.

It is the search for the ultimate truth that counts. What form men give it matters little to me. Man, in his extremities of pain, whether mental or physical, must and will everlastingly continue to search beyond himself for surcease. It is as sure as the mating instinct and as indestructible. Man handles his problems according to his need. Perhaps he takes them to his wife, or to his parents. A brother or sister may be the answer. The doctor often enough, or the lawyer. But, when all human means fail him; when, in the last desperate analysis, man is certain no human agency can help him, what is there left to him? When a loved one hovers between life and death, few can resign themselves to inaction mentally. Is it a sign of immaturity if men seek beyond mortal means for solace? If this be true, then why is the instinct as unbreakable as the mating impulse itself? When you defy the logic of one instinct, can you justify the sense of another equally strong? Where do you draw the line?

The reasonable attitude would appear to be to accept, like Mr. Stace, the inevitability of life and its quirks but, instead of adopting the barren philosophy of denying the purposefulness of the universe, take the more moderate view that your God, by whatever name, will not reveal His purpose until that Final Day. In so doing, you throw yourself entirely upon your own resources, expecting nothing, but comfortably supporting your illusion of a Supreme Being, however aloof.

None of the foregoing solves mankind's greatest problem, which is certainly not the matter of whether or not there is a purposefulness to this universe. Man's major troubles arise from his desperate attempts to individualize God. If only men would learn that it is not what *they* think of God that matters, but very definitely what *He* thinks of them. Being good is such a simple matter, but man, in his devilish perversity, has made the simple art of being good damnably complicated.

In conclusion, which is the better man? The man who is good according to an involved and predetermined religious formula, hoping for a future reward and fearing eternal damnation, or a man who, admitting neither the one nor the other and satisfied to be good, merely for the feeling of well-being it gives him to be so, rests content to take whatever may be his ultimate destiny?

THE QUEST FOR BASIC VALUES

by JAMES CROSWELL PERKINS

WHILE W. T. Stace professes to believe in no religion at all, his high-minded devotion to certain basic values is of the very essence of the religious spirit.

The attempt to read purpose entirely out of the universe raises some acute problems. Just how a wholly meaningless and purposeless universe could produce a person like Professor Stace with his earnest purposes of courage, honesty, and honor is hard to imagine. Man and his values are part and parcel of the universe, and to assume that goodness and kindness are foreign to the character of ultimate reality seems unwarranted. The thinking which divorces the world of nature from the realm of values can be just as wishful as that of the dogmatic religionist. To believe that the world was not created for the gratification of our undisciplined desires does not necessarily mean that the universe is completely indifferent to beauty, goodness, truth, and love.

Stace, like the Marxians and others, caricatures the Christian religion by his emphasis on its cruder and more naïve expressions. Thus, his allusion to the student who said he would commit crimes if he did not believe in heaven and hell, the notion that religion is a kind of crutch, and the remark that "those who talk of a new religion are merely hoping for a new opiate," disclose a somewhat superficial acquaintance with Christianity. (Should new ventures in philosophy, science, and the arts be dismissed on similar grounds?) Dr. Stace fails to do sufficient justice to the critical, prophetic, and revolutionary functions of the religious consciousness. High religion is not a quest for opiates and sedatives, but rather a disinterested attempt to discover and do the will of God.

The creed which affirms the "ultimate irrationality" of everything is not merely the product of the modern mind. "Everything is futile, all effort is in the end worthless" is an affirmation that is strikingly reminiscent of the Book of Ecclesiastes.

We are grateful to Dr. Stace for his lucid, cogent, and thought-provoking presentation of a philosophy whose basic principles are well over two thousand years old.

I Personally

An Englishman who was taught to drive by Charles Rolls of the Rolls-Royce, who owned his first car in 1898, and who built his first car, a "Simplex," in 1901, JOHN E. HUTTON was one of the pioneer motorists in Europe, a gentleman who drove for pleasure and who in road races hit sixty miles an hour years before Barney Oldfield. In over half a century Mr. Hutton has driven more than a million miles without an accident. This is the first of two wonderfully nostalgic articles: the second will follow in December.

GET OUT AND GET UNDER

Motoring Fifty Years Ago

by JOHN E. HUTTON

I

AS A BOY I used sometimes to drive what I believe was one of the two biggest steam traction engines ever built. It was named "Jumbo" after a famous circus elephant, and it was especially designed to operate the Fiskin plowing gear. By an ingenious arrangement of steel ropes and pulleys the engine would plow a field several hundred yards distant from it. I felt very proud to be in control of this huge machine, which, as it inched along the road, would be preceded by a man carrying a red flag.

That man with the red flag was prescribed in Great Britain by the "Red Flag Act" of 1865 — a law which naturally enough had the backing of the railroads seeking to stifle the early threat of competition from motor trucks. No vehicle propelled by technical means could use a public road unless preceded by a man carrying a red flag, and the speed must not exceed four miles per hour in the country and two miles per hour in the city. That was the gist of it. But in 1896 a new act was passed, enabling "mechanically propelled vehicles," within certain weight limits, to dispense with the courier and his flag; and at the same time the speed limit was raised to twelve miles an hour. At first this latter restriction worked no hardship, for while you might attain the giddy speed of twenty miles an hour while coasting downhill, no car could exceed the twelve-mile limit on the level, and the slightest uphill grade reduced the progress to a crawl. When we came to a real hill, the driver jumped out and, holding on to the steering wheel, pushed for all he was worth — and if lucky we just got over the brow.

Cars in those days had the nose of a setter dog and could smell an adverse grade long before it became apparent to the driver. Butchers' boys in their light dogcarts delighted to overtake, with the utmost ease, a car in labor on a grade. The badinage

that passed on those occasions was all one way and rather distressing — to the motorist.

My first experience with a car was in 1897 when, as an undergraduate at Cambridge, I accompanied the late Charles Rolls (of Rolls-Royce fame) in a Benz from Cambridge to London. It took us just ten hours to cover fifty-six miles and we stopped every ten miles to empty twenty gallons of boiling water and replace it with cold. It is an amusing commentary that at the very end of the run we were stopped by a policeman for exceeding the limit and were duly hauled into a police court. Fortunately, the magistrate treated it as a joke and dismissed the case. Of course in those days no driving licenses were required nor were cars numbered.

The following year — 1898 to be exact, just half a century ago — I bought my first car, a two-cylinder, four-horsepower Panhard dogcart — tube ignition, tiller steering, and so forth. Not having the slightest idea how to drive or how the creature worked, I persuaded Rolls to give me a lesson — which he did, in all places in the world, in Rotten Row at the height of the season. Now Rotten Row is where the elite display their elegance on "insanitary quadrupeds," many of which were spurred from their usual gentle gait to an exhibition of *haute école* with disastrous results. If telepathy were a real force I would have dropped dead instantly.

After an hour, Rolls said he thought I would be "all right" and left me to my own resources in making a perilous journey of some 225 miles to the North. I arrived there filthy and exhausted after a lapse of three days, much of which had been spent under the car or gazing into its entrails wondering what was wrong. My delay was caused by a slipping clutch: an entirely unprotected leather-faced cone, constantly lubricated where not needed by oily exudations from the engine. After much experiment I paradoxically enlisted the service of my

rival, the horse, by using handfuls of the droppings which liberally marked his progress, mixed with sand.

Another cause of delay was the odd method of ignition, which was effected by means of a Bunsen burner, fed by gasoline, under a platinum ignition tube. Sometimes when you incautiously went too fast over a bump — and believe me solid tires exaggerate every unevenness — the infernal burners went out and, of course, the engine stopped. Three years later when I was enough of an “expert” to be called on to write the chapter on ignition in the Badminton Library volume on motoring, I devoted several pages to “tube ignition.” It was several years before electric ignition was universally adopted, although a few makers such as Morse and de Dion were using it.

Shortly after I arrived home I had a letter from a friend — a keen hunter — solemnly warning me of the danger of driving my machine on the road at twelve miles per hour and prophesying that it could only be a short time before I killed myself. I have often wondered whether his concern was due to fear for my life or was caused by the extraordinary contortions of his steed whenever it met mine. Some years later, when I was racing, I had a somewhat similar warning from Charles Rolls. We were entering some mild competition when he learned I had made some alteration to my car which I hoped would beat his. I received a very friendly letter in which he reminded me that the speed I hoped for was in excess of that for which the car was designed and that I should very likely kill myself — “which would be too bad for the motor industry,” on which he was then embarking. It is funny how we contemplate other people’s misfortunes in relation to our own interests.

2

AT THIS time there were thousands of miles of roads in Europe with good macadamized surfaces, but no treatment was given them to overcome the raising of dust by passing cars. He who has never driven over dusty roads cannot imagine the misery and danger caused to drivers of vehicles and pedestrians. The passage of each car raised a solid wall of dust which, on calm days, remained suspended in the air for several minutes in an impenetrable fog. Passengers in horse-drawn vehicles, perhaps dressed up in their Sunday best, emerged from the dust fog looking as though they had visited a flour mill. On wet days pedestrians were inundated by a shower of mud and filth squirted at them by the car tires. It was not until several years later that anti-dust treatment became general. At first tar was used exclusively, and of course cars were liberally spattered with it and required arduous cleansing.

No one who has not experienced it can have any conception of the hatred and malice engendered by

the advent of the motorcar. As I lived in a noted fox-hunting country I had to endure the full blast. The whole population was divided into two camps: pro-motor and anti — the latter representing some 90 per cent of the whole. Masters of foxhounds were particularly acrimonious and offensive, and the luckless driver of a car was ostracized from “polite society.” Even the drivers of horse cabs and buses used to hurl epithets at us, of which the least indecent was “sparrow-starver,” to which we retorted by reflections on the anatomy of their “insanitary quadruped.”

The press overflowed with “letters to the Editor,” mostly advocating the banishment of the car. Amongst these protesters, W. S. Gilbert, the playwright of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was incisive and acid. Soon after a particularly vile letter from his pen appeared in the *Times*, I had the misfortune to cause a minor catastrophe. At that time, cars were exceedingly noisy. My father used to aver that he always knew when I was arriving, because he could hear my car leave the town three miles distant. Naturally the horses were scared of them. As I was laboriously mounting a hill, on the Great North Road, there suddenly appeared upon the crest a smart wagonette filled with people and drawn by a pair of horses which, as soon as they saw and heard my car, bolted and turned over the vehicle. Fortunately no passenger was hurt and I gave the driver my name and address and proceeded on my way.

Some weeks later, I received from the Marchioness of E. a letter — adorned with the insignia of a Marquis — which in most formal tones apprised me that the damage caused to the carriage and harness would cost 85 pounds to repair and she would appreciate my check. To this I replied regretting the occurrence, which was no fault of mine. To this she replied by enclosing a clipping of Gilbert’s latest letter from the *Times*. By great good luck, on the day I received her letter there appeared an amusing answer to Gilbert’s letter from — of all people — a M.F.H. of the Kilkenny Hunt, in which he said “every old woman that owns an ass-cart thinks she owns the road.” Gleefully I sent this to the Marchioness with my compliments, to have it returned to me with the laconic commentary: “Rubbish.” So ended that particular incident.

Prejudice was so extreme that it was sometimes impossible to get a meal at a roadside inn, or even in more pretentious establishments in country towns. It was a little embarrassing to be told by Boniface to “take yourself and your stinking machine to hell out of here.”

For the first ten years of motoring there were no service stations at all — not one. Nor could any mechanical help be obtained except from the local agricultural machine shops. One had to do most of the repairs oneself on the road. Nor were there any storage tanks or pumps for gasoline. I remember

that the first gas put on the market by a British firm was called "Petrol," a label which has survived to the present day. It was packed in two-gallon cans and had a specific gravity of .680. Petrol was followed by "Pratt's Spirit" (S.O.) in green cans and "Shell," which was sold in red. Incidentally, I was responsible for installing the first underground tanks in London — they had a capacity of ten thousand gallons and were run with Bowser pumps — but I got them down only after a year's negotiation with the civic authorities and the insurance firms.

3

THE early car had tiller steering, chain drive, solid rubber tires, ignition by a flame-heated platinum tube, no radiator — and I almost added, no brakes. The latter were simple external bands on drums for each wheel, and as they operated through the driving chains it was just too bad if one of those chains broke. What a messy business it was, replacing a chain thickly lubricated with oil and graphite!

The car body was modeled on those of the horse-drawn carriages. My first two cars were dogcarts. Unless the occupants of the rear seat were securely strapped in, they were likely to fall out into the road each time the car started. There were, of course, no windshields in the early models — in fact, not for several years was the motorist afforded any protection from the wind and weather. In self-defense the driver dressed himself up in a black leather suit with goggles while the ladies wore thick veils and dusters — all of which proved a godsend to the cartoonists.

When the bodies were not of wicker the cars were laboriously painted with "coach" paint. As many as twenty coats of filling, paint, and varnish would be applied by hand, each coat being meticulously "rubbed down" to ensure the smooth, glossy finish so dear to the old coach builders. So delicate was the varnish that it was imperative, if the luster was to be preserved, to wash cars immediately on the completion of a journey. Even a few drops of rain alighting on a dust-covered engine hood would leave unsightly spots which had to be removed with the aid of "revivers."

During these pioneering years we had to improvise and we had to improve wherever possible. We had wheel steering, radiators, and pneumatic tires. But those tires! Before the introduction of the cord tire, which came years later, the cover was built up of canvas like a bicycle tire. We had no detachable wheels or rims, and when a tire punctured or blew out, which was quite likely to happen every few miles, the tire had to be detached with levers and the tube patched. As likely as not, when the cover was replaced, the tube was pinched and the wretched contraption had to be removed again. The tires were provided with a very smooth, plain tread which skidded on the slightest provoca-

tion. It was common to see a car suddenly turn completely about in a city road, and the driver was lucky if he hit no other vehicle.

Early drivers often became expert at correcting skids except under extreme conditions. This risk prompted Parsons to invent the attachable chain which is still in world-wide use for snow-covered roads. The first step in tire construction intended to overcome skidding was the insertion of metal studs in the tread. These worked fairly well on wet roads, but were liable to skid badly on smooth dry asphalt. It was not until several years later that the molded rubber non-skid tread was introduced.

The tube was inflated by the aid of a hand pump which needed some two hundred strokes to generate the necessary wind. On a hot day it was a devastating experience. To make matters worse, some of the most rabid anti-motorists deliberately cast handfuls of horseshoe nails on the road, with disastrous results. The first detachable tire carrier was the "Stepney wheel," which was bolted onto the rim of a deflated tire. After this came the detachable rim, followed later by the detachable wheel. The "Stepney spare wheel" duly served its purpose with humorists wishing to describe a man's mistress!

There was, of course, no starter and the engine had to be cranked by hand. Headlights were lit by acetylene gas from carbide generators which stank abominably. The side and rear lights were of a simple wick and oil description, and they usually smoked so badly as to make the light invisible. The ignition on most cars was still of the heated tube type, although electric ignition was making headway and the magneto was taking shape.

One of the oddest gadgets fitted to all early cars was the sprag — an iron rod, spiked at the end, which could be lowered at the will of the driver to prevent the car from running backward down a hill when the motor stalled, as it frequently did, on a steep incline. One could never depend on the brake to hold a car on a hill. Sometimes the driver would forget to lower the sprag until the car had gathered a backward momentum, in which case it would "jump the sprag," which would then be pointing forward, requiring the driver to crawl under the car and unbolt it to permit the machine to go ahead. Jumping the sprag usually resulted in the car running backward into a wall or ditch or sometimes over a precipice. In the latter event the driver was in no condition to bother any more as to which way the sprag was pointing.

Not for many years was glass, fitted to front and side windows, to be of the non-splinterable type. Once when I was driving at over sixty miles an hour, a cock pheasant tried to cross the road and crashed through my front window, landing on my lap. I was nearly blinded with feathers and blood running from the scalp of my head, which I had instinctively lowered to take the force of the collision. Fortu-

nately the car stayed on the road. Since it was Sunday, I had difficulty in finding a doctor at home, and the horror and astonishment inspired by my bloody appearance made it difficult for me to get intelligent answers to my inquiries for a medical man.

The years 1901 and 1902 were to see a revolution in car design. The German Daimler firm introduced the Mercedes, which embodied so many innovations as to justify the statement that it was the prototype of the modern automobile. The car produced a first-class sensation when it appeared on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice.

4

NO ACCOUNT of the early days of motoring would be complete without reference to the electric carriage which was developed in the first years of this century. The French produced a beautiful little electric Victoria intended for town use by women drivers. Their artistic design and silence would have made these cars enduring favorites had it not been for their very limited radius of action. Paris Singer invested a substantial capital in supplying London with a large fleet of electric broughams and cabs which were much sought for dinner parties, dances, and the theatre. They survived for many years. But I suspect battery upkeep proved their undoing.

Although not strictly an electric car, the Austrian Daimler Company produced about 1902 a Mercedes car without gears. The engine was coupled to a dynamo which generated power to drive an electric motor built into each front wheel. This is probably the first example of electric transmission and of front-wheel drive in an automobile. The car was very silent in operation since the absence of gears, which in those days were abominably noisy, removed the cause of most of the din of early cars. In the absence of non-skid tires it suffered greatly from front-wheel skidding.

A French manufacturer produced a very light runabout car called the Decauville, with air-cooled engine and bicycle wire wheels, which ran quite fast until the engine overheated, and then the car had to have a rest for cooling. One day I was driving merrily in Hyde Park when I was startled by a strange noise and was astounded to see the flywheel

spinning at an incredible speed across the road. The crankshaft had broken. Fortunately the wheel hit nobody.

It was in 1901 that I made some cars: they were called the "Simplex." A single-cylinder, four horsepower engine, with battery ignition, drove a canvas belt onto three pulleys carried on the back axle. The center pulley was "idle," and by shifting the belt onto one or the other pulley one had the choice of two speeds forward. Reverse was effected by pushing the car backward. The chassis and wheels were of bicycle construction, and being very light the car went quite well. I sold the few I built, but it was not a profitable venture since they were hand-made. About this time I bought the first American car I had seen, a Stanley Steamer in which you sat right on top of the boiler, hoping it would not explode. You got adept at expanding the boiler tubes with a little gadget you carried for the purpose.

In those early days I took a car over to the west of Ireland on a fishing holiday and penetrated hundreds of miles of road on which no car had been seen. The reaction of the natives was startling. As soon as they saw what they took to be "the Divil himself" they would abandon their ass-carts on the narrow road and take to the bog. If I happened to drive at night, the acetylene headlights scared them still more, and it cost me many a good shilling to persuade them the Divil at least carried currency. Incidentally, when one is touring in Ireland the natural desire of the Irishman to answer a question in a way he thinks will please you may be embarrassing. The reply to an inquiry as to how far it is to the next village will invariably be "A mile and a bit." The "bit" may be five, ten, or twenty miles.

During the early days we organized little competitions of a mild sort, but road racing was entirely out of the question because of the speed restrictions and the prejudice of the pedestrians. True, more and more people who could afford it were using cars, and some hardy fox-hunters actually went to the meet in Panhards or Daimlers. In the meantime the Continental manufacturers were taking advantage of their more liberal laws, to organize serious road racing. So it was that in 1901 I engaged in my first Continental road race in the French Riviera, which I shall recount in my next article.

(Mr. Hutton's next article on Racing and Touring will appear in the Atlantic for December.)



THE LITTLE FARM

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

HERE ENDS DESIRE

THE furrow ends in the white birds,
There are no houses and no words
Any more beyond that blue
The little farm runs up into.

The rippling corn knows this is all,
The last sweet cascades of it fall
Over and touch the stars of salt,
The living ladders of wild vetch halt.

The thorny bronze wild-briar knows
And opens its last, its sweetest rose
On the azure otherwhere
Where no bush will ever bear.

The youngest, friskiest ram-lamb gazes
Into a silence that amazes
And sees life there is only wings,
Not running warm and woolly things.

The bronze small boy stares into the end,
There is no love, there is no friend
To follow farther into that bright
Conclusion more complete than night.

The old pines lean with turned-back boughs,
Here ends desire, peace and plows,
The late last house hangs on the hill,
The rest is sea and strange and still.

THE BEST CROP

THERE's one sad thing about the small
Farm: the finest crop of all
Will never keep, can never be
Saved in perpetuity.

The slender far-eyed, blue-eyed ones,
The little daughters and the sons
Of farms under the Northern Lights
Will not always be here nights.

Growing up for them means going,
After the apple crop, after the mowing,
Sooner or later, for worst or best,
They will be gone to the south or west.

There never will be room for ten
Straight-boned women, smart straight men
On a farm that has three cows,
Where one horse pulls the modest plows.

The homemade sled is put away
For a nephew, the tanned hay
Is housed for cows that will feed others,
Sisters bid good-bye to brothers.

The small room for a small boy will
Be a small boy's heaven still,
But not for the old one; he will grow
Where no firs glisten under snow.

Good-bye to lighthouse, harbor star,
It is the bronze old way things are,
The youngest boy will walk the hush
Of evening lonelier than the thrush.

Vigilance

With her Lutheran upbringing and her firm belief in the democratic institutions of this country, AGNES E. MEYER, a graduate of Barnard, has been alert to detect the unhealthy symptoms in our working philosophy. Her war studies of twenty-eight major industrial centers were published under the title Journey Through Chaos. Since the war she has continued to report on those acute social problems in education, health, welfare, and community reorganization, many of her articles appearing in the Washington Post, which her husband, Eugene Meyer, has published since 1933.

THE SCHOOL, THE STATE, AND THE CHURCH

by AGNES E. MEYER

1

ANYONE with what Henry James called "the imagination of disaster" can foresee that the dignity and freedom of organized religion will be imperiled in our country if the various sects continue to quarrel with each other and with the Supreme Court over the meaning of the First Amendment and the separation of Church and State.

On March 8 the Supreme Court ruled in the McCollum case that sectarian education in the public schools was unconstitutional use of the schools to help religions spread their faith. In reading the hostile reactions to the Supreme Court decision, the average American is apt to conclude that some of our Church leaders are engaging in unwise tactics. The tone and content of this clerical resentment arise from the conviction held by many a sect that it has a divine mission and an exclusive mission to indoctrinate other human beings. But to the American mind, which has questioned authoritarian religion as it has all other forms of absolutism, the accusations hurled at the Justices that they are encouraging atheism, are making the schools "Godless," and are in league with a newly invented devil called "secularism" sound like antisocial propaganda of a dangerous nature. Every citizen has the right to criticize the government, but in these attacks upon our highest court, religious leaders should bear in mind that contempt for our higher civil authority leads to contempt for authority in general, and that disrespect for the law is the road to anarchy.

Fortunately, not all the Churches have joined in this attack upon the character and purposes of the Supreme Court. Many of them, notably the Baptists, have long been ardent upholders of the separation of Church and State. Other Protestant groups have also defended the High Court's decision in the McCollum case. But their rational tones have been drowned out by the emotionalism of the fanatical clergy who declare that our courts, legislators, and

teachers are working with "communists, materialists, agnostics, and secularists bent on the frustration of freedom in education."

What was the issue in the McCollum case? Simply stated it was this: the Supreme Court was asked to decide the constitutionality of a released-time program for sectarian religious instruction within the public schools. In short, pupils were to be released from the regular curriculum in order to receive religious instruction of a sectarian nature in our public schools.

It was Protestant leadership which first suggested and developed the released-time program whereby public school children could be excused for an hour to receive religious instruction in the schools themselves, or in churches of the parents' selection. Until the end of the First World War the program made slight progress. The movement gained headway in the early twenties but it slowed down again during the thirties. Now we are going through another post-war religious revival and a new impetus has spread the released-time program throughout the nation.

The program was initiated with the best of intentions. Religious leaders were quite properly alarmed when the United States Office of Education found that only a small proportion of the nation's children had even brief contact with Church influence. To remedy the situation, which certainly needs correction, a number of religious denominations united to get in touch with the children where they can most easily be reached: within the public schools. In 1947 approximately 1,500,000 public school children in 1500 communities participated in released-time programs of varying types.

At the outset the leaders of the Catholic Church were opposed. But they soon changed their minds. Where they now participate in the program, from 80 to 100 per cent of the Catholic public school children are enrolled in the released-time program, whereas the percentage of Protestant and Jewish

children is much smaller. In New York City only 14 per cent of the Protestant and 5 per cent of the Jewish children participate.

At this point many of the Protestant leaders decided that they had made a mistake. They decided that it would be well to organize a combined Protestant service, agreeable to all sectarian tastes and offensive to none, which would be held right in the public school. Unconsciously, perhaps, they looked upon the public school system as a Protestant institution.

Many good Americans take the position: "Why not teach religion in the schools? What harm can it do?" They do not realize that this is the gambling attitude toward religion — "There may be something in it." Too often the people who talk in this fashion are serious neither about religion nor about the American principle of separation of Church and State. There are others who feel that the prevalence of delinquency and crime among children constitutes a moral crisis which justifies a temporary invasion of the public schools by the clergy, even though it may be illegal. But this marks the degradation of religion to the level of a policeman or a bogeyman. It destroys the idea of worship without creating an ethical basis for behavior.

The social effects of the released-time program are not happy. In many communities it has resulted in a new form of religious intolerance. The erstwhile friendly relations of our school children are destroyed and their parents are confused. Even in New York City, where the program is managed as efficiently as possible, the lining up of the different denominations makes for divisiveness. It is well to remember that the public school is the one place where the child is not primarily a Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, but an American among Americans.

There are practical difficulties in the way. Pupils leave school ostensibly bound for a religious center. But many of them do not arrive. Truancy is encouraged by this break in the regular curriculum and teachers are apprehensive that the trend may grow. Discipline is impossible when the Churches cannot enforce attendance and the teachers are forbidden to do so.

The teachers, moreover, are obliged to participate in a program which the law forbids to the school itself: in other words, it forces them to be dishonest. Some teachers become proselytizers for one sect or the other; others write me confidentially of the tragic effects upon the children, yet they dare not say these things publicly lest they lose their jobs. Unpleasant experiences of this kind made the released-time program a short-lived experiment in many a community where the principals had the courage to speak their minds. They declared that it disrupted the regular work and school discipline for results that did not justify the endeavor. They foresaw that if it was legal for the Churches to take

one hour a week, political pressure from powerful religious leaders could increase this invasion of the school session to a greater degree.

2

THE issue came before the Supreme Court when Mrs. Vashti McCollum, a citizen of Champaign, Illinois, a small community of 25,000 inhabitants, challenged the legality of a program which permitted Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish teachers to give sectarian religious instructions within the local public schools for one period a week. The pupils were marshaled into separate rooms according to the faith indicated by their parents, while children who did not participate pursued the regular school curriculum. The Court decided in favor of the plaintiff by a majority of eight to one.

Two quotations give the gist of the Court's opinion. Said Mr. Justice Black, speaking for the majority: —

The facts show the use of tax-supported property for religious instructions and the close coöperation between the school authorities and the religious council in promoting religious education. The operation of the State's compulsory education system thus assists and is integrated with the program of religious instruction carried on by separate religious sects. Pupils compelled by law to go to school for secular education are released in part from their legal duty upon the condition that they attend the religious classes. This is beyond all question a utilization of the tax-established and tax-supported public school system to aid religious groups to spread their faith. And it falls squarely under the ban of the First Amendment (made applicable to the States by the Fourteenth).

And again: —

Here not only are the State's tax-supported school buildings used for the dissemination of religious doctrines. The State also affords sectarian groups an invaluable aid in that it helps to provide pupils for their religious classes through use of the State's compulsory public school machinery. This is not separation of Church and State.

Mr. Justice Black's opinion makes it clear, and Mr. Justice Frankfurter states explicitly, that the decision invalidates "the commingling of *sectarian* with secular instruction in the public schools." In other words, what is invalidated is the close cooperation or contractual relationship between the public school authorities and those of sectarian religious groups. The Court forbids the use of the State's tax-supported public school buildings for the dissemination of religious doctrines, and the aid to sectarian groups of the State's compulsory public school machinery.

Supporting this decision, Mr. Justice Frankfurter demonstrates historically that it represents the law and the spirit of our American traditions: —

Long before the Fourteenth Amendment subjected the States to new limitations, the prohibition of furtherance by the State of religious instruction became the guiding principle, in law and feeling, of the American people. Separation in the field of education, then, was not imposed upon unwilling States by force of superior law.

By 1875 the separation of public education from Church entanglements, of the State from the teaching of religion, was firmly established in the consciousness of the nation. In that year President Grant made his famous remarks to the Convention of the Army of Tennessee: "Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated for the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child . . . a good common school education, unmingled with sectarian, pagan or atheistical dogmas. Keep Church and State forever separated."

The extent to which this principle was deemed a presupposition of our constitutional system is strikingly illustrated by the fact that every State admitted into the Union since 1876 was compelled by Congress to write into its constitution a requirement that it maintain a school system free from sectarian control.

What constitutes sectarian teaching? One court answered this question by saying: "The term sectarian instruction refers exclusively to religious doctrines and the [constitutional] prohibition is only aimed at such instruction as is sectarian — i.e. those doctrines which are believed by some religious sects and rejected by others." However, as our population became more varied in its religious complexion, the principle led to the progressive exclusion of forms of worship not previously excluded. During our period of Protestant domination, many religious school ceremonies were acceptable that were later abandoned out of consideration for a growing Catholic population. This process of elimination led to the inevitable conclusion that the school should center upon the induction of its pupils into the moral and cultural values of our society and avoid entanglements with specific religious doctrines.

The recent Supreme Court decision in no way interferes with broad religious exercises such as are still customary in many of our schools where such practice has not been banned by State court decision. Mrs. McCollum sought to eliminate all forms of religious instruction, including the Bible. But the Supreme Court completely ignored these extreme and more detailed aspects of her complaint. It confined its decision to the fact that sectarian instruction was given within the school buildings, with the support of the momentum, authority, and discipline of the public schools. This still leaves the local communities free to decide whether they can agree upon nonsectarian religious exercises. Though

legally still permissible under the Supreme Court decree, we know from experience that it is the eternal battle of the sects which has banned such exercises in most of our public school systems.

3

LET us glance for a moment at some of the more famous State Supreme Court decisions which give us an insight into the progressive secularization of our public schools. Until Horace Mann about one hundred years ago undertook his courageous campaign to exclude the religious sects from the public schools, most of the schools were dominated by one or another form of Protestantism. It was to keep the schools from being rent by these Protestant denominational conflicts that Horace Mann began a movement to exclude them. Yet the ethos of our nation was so dominantly Protestant that Protestant religious services continued to be the customary way of beginning the school day.

As Catholicism grew in strength, its leaders invoked the First Amendment, as reflected in the State constitutions, to protect Catholic children from enforced participation in religious exercises repugnant to their own faith. At the request of Catholic parents, the courts of Wisconsin, Nebraska, Illinois, Louisiana, to name but a few of the innumerable legal battles, went so far as to ban all Bible reading, prayers, and the singing of sacred hymns. Thus Mrs. McCollum, the atheist, found herself in a religious company when she made the same demands in the Champaign case.

A famous case took place in Illinois in 1910 (245 Ill. 334). A group of Catholic parents sued successfully to eliminate "reading the King James version of the Bible, offering up the Lord's Prayer as it is found in said version and the singing of sacred hymns in the public schools during school hours." Asserted the Court: —

Said exercises are devotional exercises and constitute religious worship. As such they do not come within the province of the public school. . . . Religion does not need an alliance with the State to encourage its growth. Where Christianity has depended upon the sword of the State, it has been weakest.

The severest sermon was read the clergy in the Ohio Supreme Court (as Ohio 211) as early as 1872, in a case which also eliminated Bible reading from the public schools of that State. The Court said:

When Christianity asks the aid of government beyond mere impartial protection, it denies itself. Its essential interests lie beyond the reach and range of human governments. United with government, religion never rises above the merest despotism; and all history shows us that the more widely and completely they are separated, the better it is for both.

The American tradition concerning the relationship of Church and State, which was until recently

accepted throughout our country without question, received admirable statement in the following extract from a decision of the Supreme Court of Iowa: —

If there is any one thing which is well settled in the policies and purposes of the American people as a whole, it is the fixed and unalterable determination that there shall be an absolute and unequivocal separation of church and state, and that our public school system, supported by the taxation of all alike — Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Gentile, believer and infidel — shall not be used, directly or indirectly, for religious instruction, and above all, that it shall not be made an instrumentality of proselyting influence in favor of any religious organization, sect, creed, or belief. (*Knowlton v. Baumhover*, 182 Ia. 691.)

But today the various religious groups seem to have forgotten that they themselves brought about the growing secularization of our public schools in the interests of their own freedom of worship.

4

IN HIS dissent in the *McCullum* case, Mr. Justice Reed states that “the decisions of the court forbid pupils of the public schools electing . . . courses in religious education.” This is inaccurate. They forbid not education *about* religion, but sectarian indoctrination and instruction *in* religion.

Next he quotes a paragraph from Thomas Jefferson’s Regulations of the University of Virginia, to the effect that “the students of the University, will be free and *expected* to attend religious worship at the establishment of their respective sects, in the morning and *in time to meet their school in the University at its stated hour.*” The word “expected” indicates that it was a commonplace in Jefferson’s day to control the out-of-school actions of the students, as well as their school life. Far from proving, as Mr. Justice Reed assumes, that Mr. Jefferson “did not exclude religious education from that school,” it proves that he refused to let it intrude upon the regular school hours of secular instruction. What is significant in Jefferson’s point of view for our day is what he stresses: namely, that the commingling of secular and religious instruction and the use of the school time for sectarian worship should be prevented. This is exactly the purpose of the majority opinion in the *McCullum* case.

Mr. Justice Reed’s argument that churches are tax-exempt, that the Congress of the United States has a chaplain, and that chaplains are assigned to the armed forces, are used by all people who are opposed to the separation of Church and State. But these arguments, too, are irrelevant. The fact that Church property is tax-exempt creates no relationship between Church and State. As to military chaplains, when the government removes a young man from his home and community and places him in an environment which it selects —

above all, if a man is asked to risk his life for his country — it is in duty bound to meet his spiritual and physical needs as he interprets them. This is an exception to the rule to which most people do not object.

If the Church leaders find sufficient mutual tolerance in their hearts to agree upon nonsectarian religious exercises, these can still be introduced in our public school system with the consent of the parents. But even if such programs could be devised, it will not answer the problem of religious education for American youth. Religious lessons learned at school or after school are useless unless they have the sanction of the home. Moreover, if many children receive religious instruction only through the school, indifference to the Church will increase since its role in our society would be minimized.

Because religion was free in America, it became a more dynamic force in our country than in many lands having an established Church. “Religion seems in the United States to stand all the firmer because, standing alone, she is seen to stand by her own strength,” said James Bryce in his *American Commonwealth*. The American Churches have abundant resources — material, spiritual, and intellectual — which should now be set in motion to meet in a constitutional way the noble purposes of the released-time programs. Instead of attacking the Supreme Court decision, religious leaders should accept it as a God-sent stimulus toward renewed endeavor by methods that will be all the more effective because they are consistent with the spirit of democracy.

But there are no signs as yet that the medieval-minded groups among our clergy have any respect for the function of the Supreme Court or for the unifying mission of our public schools in American society. What does it mean when the Catholic Bishops and several of the most influential Protestant theologians and clergy denounce the influence of secularism as the “exclusion of God from human living and thinking”? Secularism, these adversaries maintain, has wrought havoc in family relations and explains our economic disorder and the causes of international friction. But “in no field of activity has secularism done more harm than in education” say the Catholic Bishops specifically.

Now surely these attacks upon secularism by many Church dignitaries and clergy can only mean that they wish the American people to accept religious control of our secular activities and institutions, especially religious control of our public school system. Since neither the Protestants nor the Catholics would ever yield control of the secular realm to the other, their joint attacks upon secularism open the way to a prolonged battle between these rival claimants to the complete domination of our society.

As this ominous contemporary development is the real reason for the attacks upon the Supreme Court's reassertion of our American tradition on the separation of Church and State, we must ask ourselves: "What are the chances that the country would ever renounce its democratic faith in freedom of thought and in the values of free, creative, human relationships on the assumption that these moral values lack substance without the sanction of organized religion?"

Secularism, after all, was not invented recently by a "materialistic America." Secularism began when Duns Scotus in the late Middle Ages asserted that reason can operate in the realm of verifiable experience. This sharp distinction between the sphere of knowledge accessible to human reason and the sphere of faith posited on ecclesiastical authority left the way open for the progressive development of modern science. It made possible our Western civilization based upon free inquiry, the free use of reason, and belief in unlimited social progress, all of which are now under attack, since history and philosophy have lately come under the influence of reactionary minds, and all sorts of superstitions are once more raising their heads.

A development similar to the rise of modern science took place in our social, legal, and political institutions. This had its roots in St. Thomas Aquinas's insistence that the State had positive functions of perpetuating orderly social conditions in this world necessary for the attainment of salvation in the next. This belief gave the State its first pretext for interfering with Church autonomy.

The seventeenth century saw the firm establishment of secular government as a result of the elaboration by Grotius of natural law as the basis of social control. Thirty years of unprecedented atrocities committed in the name of religion brought home to Grotius the need for laws which Catholic and Protestant, Christian or Infidel, could accept as restraint upon barbarity. Out of the compromise of the fanatical antagonists arose the first legal and social provisions of the secular realm.

Few books have more powerfully affected the conduct of human affairs than his *De jure belli et pacis* (1625), in which Grotius declared that the law of nature, instead of being the law of God, was the product of reason and a principle of international morality. Thus emerged the conception of an independent sovereign state whose functions are determined by its own aims and characteristics. The spread of nationalism, the rise of the middle classes, and a new economic order brought about the replacement of theological values by values conceived wholly in terms of earthly objectives.

Locke and numerous followers expanded this agreement upon a universally operative law of nature which made for genuine toleration between antagonistic religions and helped them to live together peaceably in the common body politic. It

was Locke who laid the foundation for the completion of the secular State, especially through his influence upon our Constitution and our Bill of Rights.

Jefferson borrowed from him the essential thesis of liberalism that no government can be justified unless it draws its strength from the free consent of the governed, that all sovereignty resides in the will of the people, and that government is merely the trustee of the ends they wish to achieve. Locke also inspired the concept which has always been taken for granted in our nation: that a Church is merely a voluntary body with no power except over its own members. His work, which has been called the "Gospel of Protestantism," destroyed the dependence of the State upon the Church and created a secular ethic with which alone it seemed legitimate for the State to concern itself. It remained for our Founding Fathers, under the influence of this long European development, to make absolute the separation of Church and State as a by-product of the First Amendment.

Thus the recent Supreme Court decision banning sectarian groups from our public schools simply adds another chapter to the historical evolution of secularism which made possible the freedom of religion and laid the foundations of our modern democratic civilization.

5

OUR secular institutions are no mere accident but the finest product of five centuries of thoughtful statesmanship. They emerged out of the necessity to create harmony among diverse economic, philosophic, social, and religious beliefs. Freedom in each one of these areas is only possible because the secular world creates an equilibrium of complementary forces. Its outstanding characteristic is its humane attitude of the happy mean. The secular ethic asks itself how conflict can be solved with the least damage to all concerned. The ethic of religious organizations asks itself who is right or wrong according to their various forms of absolutes. Since these absolutes are not subject to analysis, the Churches create an impasse when they try to force their absolutes on our secular society. They become intransigent propagandists in a democratic world that can function successfully only when all the clashing elements are willing and able to compromise.

It is the secular tolerance of religious diversity which alone makes brotherhood possible in our country. This spiritual unity is the saving grace of democracy and its real defense against totalitarianism or against the divisive influence of sectarianism. Therefore, what can justly be called the unifying mission of secularism has a sanctity all its own. Rightly understood and valued, secularism will accelerate its Christian democratic mission to

make us all brothers of one another. When we realize, moreover, that the public school is the chief vehicle for mutual love, forgiveness, and tolerance between all races, classes, and creeds, it becomes an act of vandalism to attack it and an act of piety to work toward its improvement. To be sure, our secular world has defects. So have the Churches. It behooves both, therefore, to work together with becoming humility toward mutual improvement.

Secularism in America, shaped as it was by a Protestant ethic, has never been as anticlerical and antireligious as it became in Catholic countries. Ecclesiastical government in Protestant churches is determined by the people. But the Catholic layman was denied an active role in the shaping of Church dogma, and therefore revenged himself by keeping all theological influences out of politics and other secular affairs. The Protestant layman, who believes that every man is his own priest, found no difficulty in carrying his religious beliefs into the sociopolitical field in a form that could not offend the other sects. That is why our American secular institutions, including the public schools, are by no means as "Godless" as contemporary ecclesiastical critics would have us believe.

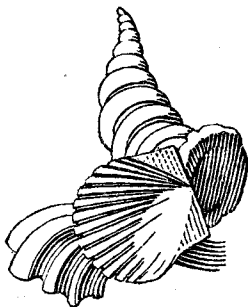
The American Constitution preserves and carries over into the secular realm much of the idealism which had been identified with religion. There is a strong tendency among our people and our schools to do likewise. The positive views on the subject of religion which are reflected in our Constitution are ignored by sectarian leaders who call our secular world "Godless" and strive to force upon it the acceptance of their particular doctrines and their organized authority.

Repellent to these leaders is the clear implication in our Constitution that religious truth is an in-

dividual quest, that authoritarianism and religion are contradictory terms, and that one man's faith is just as sacred as that of organized millions. Thus the Constitution is anything but irreligious. A specifically Christian philosophy that can never be lost is closely interwoven with its principles, and with our democratic thought and action. And amongst their noblest manifestations is that unique institution, our American public school.

The Catholic attacks on secularism have at least the merit of consistency. It is understandable that Catholics who cling to the medieval doctrine of the antithetical nature of the two spheres, the material and the spiritual, should envisage the secular world as a "Godless" domain to be conquered by the one true Church. That is why they encounter difficulty in resolving the problem of the relationship of Church and State in the American way. But the Protestant clergy who take the Catholic position that the First Amendment does not imply the absolute separation of Church and State, but merely forbids the preferential treatment of any one Church, have forgotten the history of secularism, its contribution to civic and religious freedom, and the important role of Protestantism in its development.

Both groups should recognize that the civil liberties of the secular realm grew out of compromise between irreconcilable religious beliefs and established an area of resolution for their competitive zeal and for their accommodation to one another in a broader American unity. Civil liberty, in other words, is the *sine qua non* of religious liberty. The attempts of religious organizations to dominate our secular world at this late date are futile. Five hundred years of European and American history cannot be uprooted.





An Atlantic Story



Storyteller and linguist, eager to observe the world, GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD after graduation from Oxford worked in Rumania and Spain, then in New York City where for a year he wrote radio programs. He returned to a business life in Europe and Latin America, and in 1935 sent us some stories founded on his own experience. We encouraged him to give full time to writing, and as a result came his two striking novels, The Third Hour and Rogue Male, and recently, after five years of service in the Army of the Middle East, his new book, Arabesque.

HEART IN THE MOUTH

by GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

THE death of General Covadillas? Yes, of course there was something that didn't come out in the papers. He died of a fit of laughter. When five of his political opponents escaped from jail and forced a pilot to fly them out of the country and then shot him by mistake just as he had taken off, Covadillas was so amused that he had a stroke. That was the only fact which wasn't public knowledge.

Assassination? Now look here, old man — I know who you are and all that, but I earn my living in this country and I don't want to be expelled for offending the national dignity. If they like to say the general was murdered, it has nothing to do with us. The general was a cattleman, and he didn't approve of the oil interests. And there's the motive, and who am I to contradict the voice of the people? When North, South, or Central Americans decide that a myth is worth believing, you just have to let them believe it.

Good Lord, no! I don't believe it! I know most of the oil executives out here, and in fact they rather admired the general. As dictators go, he was a gentleman. A trifle ruthless, of course. But most of his competitors turned up at his funeral, still alive, and dropped tears. One of thankfulness to one of sorrow. And that's as much as any of us can expect.

The funeral was a wonderful show. There was the old boy laid out on ice in the cathedral — oldest Christian building on the American continent, they say — with eight tall lancers, all plumes and pen-

nons, round the bier, like weeping willows providing shade for a horticultural exhibit.

I'm the resident correspondent for a group of British newspapers. It's hard to get anything at all printed about this happy country, but just to please my friends here I have to try. I was wandering round the cathedral after visiting hours, hoping to get a touch of atmosphere, when in came a newspaperman from New York insisting that he must take a few shots for the world.

It was the word "world" that flattered them — though it may have been the name of his paper. We feel a bit out of the world down here and, instead of thanking God for it, we take it as a reproach. So they propped Covadillas up for his photo and shoveled away some flowers and moved the candles. The dean told the lancers to look sorrowful, and preached them such an impromptu sermon on the nation's loss that they wept buckets. Then the reporter flashed his shots and strolled out — whipping off his hat again when he suddenly remembered where he was — and the old boy was eased back to a more comfortable position on the ice. It takes an American to understand Americans.

Well, I couldn't compete with that. A quarter inch of space was the utmost my papers would give to Covadillas's funeral. It wasn't news. After all, nobody can plant a statesman as magnificently as we can ourselves — as you'll know very well if you're ever buried in Westminster Abbey and have any bit of you left that isn't too bewildered to be impressed.

So I decided that my only chance of persuading the Republic that we too knew it existed was to describe the quiet country ceremony. Editors would at least be interested. It's a queer thing about the English — like the general, they all want to be planted in two different places, and one of them is usually in the country.

Covadillas had asked, you'll remember, that whatever the politicians did with his body, his heart should be buried on the *estancia* at Manzanares where he was born. He had no illusions about all the pomposities of Church and State. That was why the people who loved him really did love him.

Manzanares is eight hours from the capital on a line that goes wandering up over the savanna to nowhere in particular. It has one train a day, and that I took, the morning before the ceremony, in order to avoid the crowd on the funeral special, which was traveling up that night with a load of bigwigs and personal friends, and leaving again in the afternoon.

Now that I've got as far as this, I'd better tell you the rest. After all, you're sailing tomorrow. My dear fellow, the evidence for assassination was overwhelming! It's a revolting story. Ha! Ha! Ha! Just plain revolting!

2

WHEN I got to Manzanares, I found that there was no village at all. There was a patch of dust on the plain, where stood the station, two iron huts, and the *fonda*, and no landmark but the railway which cut the visible world into two exact semi-circles. It was obvious that no one could lose his heart to that station, so I made some inquiries. The *estancia* and its chapel turned out to be over that featureless horizon, and seven miles away. There must have been other *estancias* over other bits of horizon, for dirt tracks radiated away from the station into the purple haze of the evening.

The *fonda* was the usual drinkshop-cum-general-store-cum-hotel. It was owned by the stationmaster, an old Hungarian immigrant called Timoteo who had been there for the last thirty years and made himself pretty comfortable. He had sunk an artesian well and installed some very classy pale-green sanitary ware — which must have been left on his hands when one of the local cattlemen went bust. In spite of the blowing dust and corrugated iron and the feeling of being all alone at the center of an invisible world, the *fonda* was an oasis of civilization. I gladly took a room for the night.

Timoteo was overpleased to see me. There was no doubt that he was harassed and in need of help, like those chaps in ghost stories who have been all alone till the stranger pulls the doorbell. At the time, I put down his manner to alarmed anticipation of the next day. The guests were to have a light breakfast on the train and start straightaway

for the *estancia*, but Timoteo was sure to be overwhelmed by politicians demanding drinks in a pious whisper.

Well, I had a bath and an excellent meal, cooked and served by the *mestiza* staff, and shared by Timoteo's tomcat: a great, friendly, short-haired beast who stood much higher on his forelegs than his hind, and looked like an amiable hyena. In a joint of that sort you'd have expected nothing but canned goods, but there were fresh fruit and vegetables and meat in plenty — good evidence that somewhere across the savanna was rich country which Covadillas could well have chosen as a resting place for his spare parts.

There was no one in the drinkshop. It was between paydays. So Timoteo and I took our glasses and settled down on the terrace. It was a night of black velvet, and there wasn't a sound in the soft heat but the muffled thump of the electric power plant.

Timoteo felt he should apologize for making his home at the center of an empty circle. I asked who lived in the two iron huts. His staff. Two men in each hut. A stationmaster, he explained with patient dignity, could not be expected to load and unload trucks. I protested that such a thought had never occurred to me, that my question was mere idle curiosity, that I had noticed there was no sign of life in the huts — no light, no guitar, no woman complaining of the universe. Oh, the four had gone off to collect the cars and buses from the neighborhood and see that they got to the station in good time. A stationmaster was a public servant; there could be no hitch in his arrangements. It was obvious that Timoteo, as a former subject of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, still considered he should set an example to the weaker Latin brother.

After a while the thump of the power plant seemed to me to have developed a disturbing echo. I was about to suggest that we go and see if the big end had broken, when the thump became a gallop — a real gallop, though still very distant. Timoteo listened and cheered up at once. He put his glass under his chair and took out a comb and swept the drooping gray hairs out of his mouth until his mustache looked decently stationmasterish.

Four cavalrymen charged up into the light of the doorway, covered with dust and sweat and all in full-dress uniform, as if they'd just finished an old-fashioned battle. There were a captain, a sergeant, and two troopers, themselves and their horses bristling with firearms. So much lethal modernity was incongruous with all that pale blue and gold.

Timoteo trotted happily down the steps to meet them, and got a reception that startled him. The captain jumped off his horse and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Are you mad?" he yelled. "Is it all right? I hold you responsible. You are responsible towards the State."

The captain feared he was going to be blamed for something, and was taking the initiative in shifting the blame onto Timoteo. Anyone who knows these people like I do could see that.

"Of course it's all right," Timoteo answered solidly. "You come a little late, Captain."

"Late? By God, we knew nothing till a telegram two hours ago! How long have you had it?"

"Since the day before yesterday," said Timoteo. "They sent it straight from the hospital."

The captain delivered a really eloquent speech on surgeons and hospitals and the Ministry of Internal Affairs. He finished with a classic peroration on the virtues of General Covadillas — which gave me plenty of time to work out what had happened.

The hospital, told to send Covadillas's heart to Manzanares, had simply and sensibly sent it there. Meanwhile the Ministers had been so intent on preparations for the cathedral ceremony, and on keeping their successors out of the treasury till the accounts had been cooked, that they forgot all about the heart; and when some wretched little clerk, probably, with a salary of forty bob a week, remembered the blessed thing and went round to the hospital to inquire, he found it had been sent off by the daily train to Manzanares like any other parcel. No guards of honor. No fuss and bother. I repeat, it seemed to me remarkably sensible. But governments never like to do anything the obvious way.

I said so to the captain when Timoteo introduced me — as representative of all the chief papers of Europe — and the captain seemed to think my point of view fresh and delightful. "Governments never like to do anything the obvious way," he kept on declaring and slapping his breeches. He changed over to the most complete geniality. That's one reason why I love this country so much. They dramatize whatever they think they ought to feel; and then if you puncture the grand attitude — of course with the politest lace ruffles and the most delicate touch of the point — their Spanish horse sense gets the better of them and they roar with laughter. I don't want my anatomy distributed. They can plant the lot right here where it has enjoyed itself, and good luck to it!

3

THERE we were, surrounded by nothingness and with a secret of our own. It was an excuse for a party. The captain, once he had cooled down, was a delightful chap, and turned out to be a great-nephew of Covadillas. He was full of yarns about the old boy, and they rang true. The general's character was simply incrustated with stories — generally of his unusual punishments. That accounted for his power. Not the cruelty, I mean, but his perverted sense of humor. Be an original, and

you can do anything with the Spanish-American!

The captain was patting Timoteo's shoulder and telling him what a fine public official he was. And Timoteo liked it, and kept filling up their glasses. After thirty years in the country he still hadn't got rid of his Central European conviction that a stationmaster is a long way below a cavalry officer. Then they decided all of a sudden that the world would be improved by imported lager, and went out to the refrigerator to collect bottles. The sergeant, the troopers, and I stuck to wine.

When the two came rolling back with their lager, their conversation was fragmentary. The captain asked if that was the way they had sent it up; and Timoteo replied that it was, and he had thought it best, the weather being warm, to keep it in the refrigerator. The captain said he didn't think the surgeons had been complimentary to his great-uncle in using a plain wooden box, and Timoteo said a wooden box was all we got anyway, and no absorbent packing in it at that.

This aroused my curiosity, and when I went out to attend to the needs of nature I had a look at Timoteo's refrigerator. The happy pair had left the door open. As I say, we were having quite a party. There was the wooden box, all right, just as it came from the hospital — except that Timoteo had wisely forced off the lid so that the cold could circulate round the contents. But what surprised me was that there were no contents.

On my return I told Timoteo I had shut the refrigerator door — just in case he had left it open for any particular reason — and asked him where was the object of his lonely vigil. I had a feeling that the captain might have taken it out in order to hold it in one hand for appropriate gestures while he made a speech to the empty kitchen.

"*Hombre!* In the box," Timoteo replied.

"It isn't," I said.

The five men were on their feet in an instant, and all jammed in the doorway. Then they tumbled over their spurs into the kitchen and stared over each other's shoulders into the refrigerator and swore that the heart *must* be in the box. But it wasn't.

The captain called his sergeant to attention, and asked him why he had been sitting at drink when he should have been guarding the most precious possession of the nation. The sergeant saluted and turned to the troopers and insisted that they should repeat their orders — which, in loud military voices, they did. Timoteo, yielding to the Latin atmosphere, prophesied for us that he would no longer be stationmaster at Manzanares, but begging his bread and lifting loads among Negroes in intolerable swamps. He was still developing the intolerable swamps, when he suddenly shut up and went pale yellow.

He dropped on all fours, looking under the stove and the dressers, and calling: "Tsiu, Tsiu, Tsiu!"

We stared at each other. I could feel the cold sweat outside and the wine inside trickling down, as it were, to my feet, and leaving me as sober as — as a man in a nightmare.

We swooped on the yard outside the kitchen window, and Timoteo snapped on the lights. The yard was empty; but in that tenth of a second before we realized its emptiness we were overtaken by infinity, by a vision of cause and complicated effect that could endure, I tell you, timelessly. We saw Timoteo's tomcat vanish, quick as the movement of the switch itself, from light into darkness with a shadow in his mouth.

He had all the Americas before him, and night on his side. On the other hand, fine cat though he was, he couldn't go very far with such a burden to carry.

You'll understand that it was absolutely essential that Tsiu should not be allowed to settle down for a moment. We fanned out and advanced across the plain. We had four torches between us. They were good enough within friendly walls, but in a blank outdoors their beams were just pool after pool of dust and stones and waving grass. They merely limited our fantastic world.

Timoteo managed to contact reality. His torch picked up a long tail, held straight and gripping the ground. Tsiu had crouched down and was about to get to business. Timoteo cautiously approached, offering a piece of prime liver that he had grabbed from the refrigerator as we dashed out. Tsiu was interested. There was no doubt he was interested. We stood still, waiting for our daily life to return.

Tsiu let his master come near enough to reach out a hand. Then he skipped out of the circle of light with a little kittenish wriggle and dance, and the nation's most precious possession still in his mouth, saying as plainly as grace and muscle could put it: —

What I have stolen, I have stolen.

4

THE captain called us together to give a few swift orders, in a hoarse voice which kept choking on the word "desecration." It was his duty to speak, and by speech he was able to relieve himself and us. He detailed the two troopers and the sergeant to keep Tsiu on the move, while the rest of us went back to the *fonda* for weapons. Action restored us to sanity. I could even feel sorry for Tsiu, but he should not have taken upon himself the mischievousness of the immortals.

The captain chose two rifles for the troopers and one for himself. He murmured savagely that the only army equipment his sergeant could understand was the typewriter. He was whispering to himself all the time. Myself, I borrowed a .45 automatic — in an experienced fist there's no more accurate

weapon at close quarters — and Timoteo stuffed his pockets with fresh fish.

When we returned to the distant flicker of the torches, we found that the soldiery had successfully prevented Tsiu from breaking off the engagement. I think he didn't want to. This was a new and entertaining game, so he kept bobbing about just at the extreme range of vision.

At last the captain got him in the full, fair light of the sergeant's torch, and let him have it. Tsiu sacrificed one of his nine lives then and there, and the bullet kicked up a spurt of dust exactly where he had been standing when the captain squeezed the trigger. He streaked for the Southern Cross, with nothing in his mouth, and we all ran forward to recover our trust. The beams of the torches were wavering, of course, all over the sky and then over segments of savanna that were quite indistinguishable one from the other, and we arrived at six different positions.

The captain — as is, after all, the right of captains — insisted that his position was correct; so we joined him and began to search. The sergeant, who should have known, had brandished his torch in excitement, and then directed it heaven knows where. Timoteo was the only one of us who had any sense. As soon as he saw that some of the party were wandering off, eyes on the ground, quarter of a mile of nothingness from the proper area, he sat down where he was, right or wrong, and told us whenever we got impossibly far away from him.

We went over that ground for two frantic hours. I must have picked up and put down at least fifty stones, and when the battery began to run low I tried to pick up one of my own footprints. The only landmark was a little ditch or hollow that we all agreed was very near the right spot; but when the sergeant found a similar hollow two hundred yards away, and Timoteo was sitting right between the two, we were no longer sure which was the original.

Outside our own circle Tsiu was roaming about in one of his own. Every now and then, plaintively, as much as to say that he would like to call it all off and go home, he sung out "*Morow!*" And his master would answer invitingly "Tsiu, Tsiu, Tsiu!"

At last Timoteo suggested that Tsiu was in the mood — if we all lay down and stayed quiet — to come back and find the Possession for us.

Patience was a lot to ask of desperate men, for we had little time. Dawn was not far away, and the special train from the capital would arrive soon after the sun. The captain, exhausted, lay down by my side. He asked me what I proposed to do in case we should not recover anything presentable. I replied that I was going to hire at any price one of the cars that would be waiting for the guests, and drive straight for the nearest frontier. I meant it, too. Americans have a lamentable habit of blaming

the first available foreigner for anything that goes wrong.

His voice moaned in the darkness: "What can you be thinking of us?"

I said heartily that it might have happened anywhere, and then, more cautiously, that there was a certain element of comedy of which only our late and revered leader could be trusted to appreciate the full flavor—though possibly he would appreciate it more if the object of our search had belonged to someone else.

"That is unjust!" answered the captain severely, and stopped for thought. "Unjust!" he exclaimed. "My great-uncle was very much a man! My great-uncle, if he could but see us from purgatory,"—the captain began to make peculiar noises into a tuft of grass, and I feared I should never reach that frontier—"if he could see us at grips upon the empty savanna with a cat, if he could read the agony in our hearts, my great-uncle would—he would—O *amigo mio*, in all hell there never would have been heard such a shout of laughter!"

And the captain imitated it upon earth. Well, well, they all have a lot of Indian blood.

After that we lay still for about half an hour. The captain moved off somewhere along the line, and I was alone, with one of the two hollows to my immediate front. We formed more or less of a semi-circle, Timoteo being out on the left wing. The sky hadn't noticeably got any lighter, but I realized that at last I could distinguish, ten yards away, one piece of blackness from another piece of blackness.

Tsiu, too, lay still, wondering what we were up to. Occasionally he asked "*Morow?*" to let us know he was still about and ready to join the party if invited for any really practical purpose. Timoteo would answer "Tsiu, Tsiu, Tsiu!" but he didn't use his fish—for we wanted Tsiu, I remind you, to show us what he had done with the most precious possession of the nation. On the other hand he could not be allowed to pick it up. Any determined move of his was certain to draw fire.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"By God, look out!" yelled Timoteo. "I am over here. Me, Timoteo!"

Bang!

I felt sure that the last shot was the captain's. There was a certain drillbook deliberation about it. It was an exhibition of the right way to shoot cats in the darkness. I don't know how near the bullet went to Tsiu, but it continued through the grass about one foot from my ear. I took refuge in the ditch, calling "Tsiu, Tsiu!" very loudly to show that I was on the move.

After a bit something told me—as the big-game hunters say—that I was being stalked. The two troopers were in no mood for trifling. They didn't care whether they killed or were killed. If the essential part were not in fit condition for the

family ceremony, the captain and the sergeant would pass the blame downwards through the usual channels, and the troopers, I expect, were praying that half the party, including themselves, would be safe in hospital. So before they started to shoot imaginary cats in my hollow I chucked my hat up the bank and over as far as I could. Sure enough, the results were startling.

As soon as I heard them reloading with fresh clips, I cleared out to the left wing, well behind the present battle front. When I had settled down, I saw Tsiu's head peering out from behind a tuft of grass. I was very careful. I had had enough of irresponsible firing. I rested my elbows fairly on the ground, and clasped my right wrist in my left hand. I could just see the foresight of the automatic, and I took my time.

Bang!

Old Timoteo jumped up cursing. I had shot the heel off his boot at seven yards.

Then we all heard the cat purring and growling behind us. As we turned round, the names addressed to him and his mother showed that we had taken up a pretty straight line. Unconscious self-preservation, I suppose.

"Don't shoot!" Timoteo appealed. "I'll get him! I'll get him!"

And he crawled forward, murmuring "Tsiu, Tsiu, Tsiu!"

It was a gallant deed. He was fond of that cat. Up to now he had accepted insistent necessity, but at last there was a chance of recovering the stolen goods without slaughtering the thief.

Tsiu still didn't understand that this was a serious crisis. He laughed. At least that's the only way I can explain a soft, merry sound like *eeyo, eeyo*. Then he jumped into the air with the nation's most precious possession in his mouth.

Timoteo had the sense to fall flat. The army were all round and all over the target. I got a clear shot and heard the bullet strike—though I'm never admitting that officially, mind you. Up to then Tsiu hadn't realized that these noisy flying things were intended to hit him. People didn't shoot when he stole; they said "Tsiu, Tsiu." You never saw such a surprised cat in your life. He bolted in the general direction of the railway. I wouldn't put it past him to think of boarding the first familiar train that came along.

5

WE PICKED up what Tsiu had left us. It was in fairly good condition, except that it had a bullet hole slap through the middle. It also needed a wash.

There was much to do before that special train arrived, and the light was already gray as we hurried back to the *fonda*. The *mestiza* cook and her maids were weeping and praying in the yard. The captain shoved the Possession under his tunic,

and passionately explained that for the greater glory of the nation's army, so dear to the heart of their late and revered leader, he had employed, while others rested, the idle hours of the night in giving his men some battle practice. You couldn't have failed to believe him. Stern duty and military science shone through every word.

Timoteo again became the solid functionary. He told the captain to leave all arrangements to him, and surreptitiously took over the essential object. Then he provided the cavalry with rooms, clothes brushes, petrol, hot water, and polishes, and he and I retired to my bedroom. He was solemnity itself, just as if he'd been trained as an undertaker.

Tsiu had left some dainty marks along the outer edges; but they might have been caused by anything, and a little crushed ice did wonders. The bullet hole was another matter. We couldn't sew it up in case the stitches were noticed.

Manzanares station was beginning to fill with limousines, and the drivers were flicking the dust of the rough tracks off the coachwork and examining their springs. Timoteo summoned his two underlings, and called to them from the window to cut the flowers off every plant in the garden and every creeper in the patio, and to pile the lot in the dining room. Then, desperately against time, we set to work on carpentry. We took the hospital's box to pieces, made it two inches narrower, and put it together again, so that it fitted tightly round the contents. The lips of that unfortunate wound disappeared in the crush.

Timoteo propped up two legs of a table in the dining room, covered it with a beautiful lace cloth, and tacked on a batten to prevent the box slipping down the slope. While I dealt with the ice and the flowers, he stuck up candles and all the religious emblems that he could find in the servants' bedrooms. We heard the train in the distance, and he just had time to leap into his best uniform and lumber over to the station like a dignified butler a bit late with the drinks.

I stayed on guard, for the military were still before their mirrors. It was as well that I did, for who should drop in (through the window) but our old friend Tsiu. He was none the worse for his night's adventure, and explained to me, with a great show of affection, that he was hungry. I shoved him through the service hatch and locked it.

The cortege of generals, family friends, politicians, and dear old boys from the Jockey Club was already at the front door when the cavalry, damning and blasting away, dashed into the dining room. They had taken the big black cloaks off their

saddles and put them on. You could see just enough pale blue and gold underneath, but not too much. The captain drew his sword, took a swipe at the nearest trooper with it, and then, as the door opened, fell into an attitude of profound mourning.

I skipped out by the door into the kitchen, and watched through the glass panel. The old boys were immensely impressed by the reverence and foresight of Timoteo and the glorious army.

"*Qué espectáculo dignísimo! Qué hermoso! Qué noble!*" they exclaimed, and all began to file past.

The guard of honor stood motionless. They were putting on a very good show indeed for scratch troops from provincial barracks, and they knew it. I felt that great-uncle, if he had stopped laughing, would approve.

The Jockey Club had provided a handsome little chest of gold and mahogany. When the time came for the transfer, Timoteo, who had been respectfully hovering in the foreground and had been accepted without question (since, as you've gathered, official organization was rather overlooked) as master of ceremonies, took the initiative, and tried to pop the hospital box, all complete, into the chest.

They weren't having any. There was an aged cousin who had been detailed for that job. He leaned his ebony stick against the table, the starch of his linen creaking and scraping at every movement, and fluttered his hands. At the last moment he didn't like the actual touch, and beckoned to Timoteo to act as his proxy.

Timoteo used the most firm and solemn care, but as soon as he laid the heart in its permanent home, it expanded a little. The captain, watching out of his downcast eyes, jumped in front of the table and saluted, and his chaps presented arms. It was an inspiration. All those cloaks, swirling in bull-ring *verónicas*, distracted attention just long enough for Timoteo to slap the lid on — but I'd seen the antique cousin adjusting his glasses as if he couldn't believe his eyes; and the reporter from the *Noticias de la Tarde*, who was out at the side of the room and hadn't got the captain between him and the table, started a little drawing in his notebook to refresh his memory. There may have been others who saw. I don't think there were. But those two were the biggest gossips in the capital.

Timoteo and the captain both received minor decorations from the President of the Republic — for Devotion to the National Honor. They aren't likely to mention the refrigerator door. And, as for me, who am I that I should deny the assassination of Covadillas? Especially since I'm almost certain the bullet through his heart was mine.

New Frontier

"Today the New Frontier in agricultural land of the South," writes LOUIS BROMFIELD, "offers as great opportunities as the First Frontier of virgin soil," and in this article which follows he gives challenging evidence of the fight which the Southern states have been making to revitalize their farms. A novelist with a keen zest for life, Mr. Bromfield in 1939 threw himself wholeheartedly into the fight for Conservation. The son and grandson of Ohio farmers, it came as a shock to him to realize how far the rich acreage of his home state had deteriorated: using every modern method, he has turned his own place, Malabar Farm, into a thriving model farm.

GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN!

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

I

IN the course of a year a great many young men and women drive into Malabar Farm to look around. Most of them are about to start out in life and most of them have very little money and few possessions outside of the clothes on their backs. Usually they are intelligent, energetic, and ambitious. Some have college educations, and a good many have a deep interest in agriculture. They are this generation's crop of young men and women ready and aching to make their own way, and in doing so to build up the nation as a whole.

Until a couple of generations ago they could have gone out and claimed a section of land or a tract of forest, or gone prospecting for fabulous mineral wealth. Today the Old Frontier has gone forever but a New Frontier has taken its place and that New Frontier is, paradoxically, in one of the oldest parts of the nation — the Deep South.

Usually after we have talked awhile, I finish up by saying, "If you want opportunities, go south! The whole of the South is waking up. There are opportunities there which no longer exist in the overcrowded North and Northeast or even in the great plains or the mountains. There is a whole country in the process of being made over. Why go to Alaska or Brazil when there is a pioneering job to be done right under your nose?"

First of all, it would be well to identify what I mean by the South. Secondly, it would be well to state a few simple home truths. It seems to me that the *real* South includes Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, and East Texas. It cannot be said, I think, that Florida, with its resort attractions and the general Coney Island atmosphere, could be called the South. Central and West Texas and Oklahoma are really the Southwest, from which the First Frontier, on which a man could build a fortune out of a two-bit piece, has not wholly disap-

peared. Arkansas is border country which has never seemed able to make up its mind; and Kentucky and West Virginia are definitely border states. Missouri, despite the pretensions of some sentimental inhabitants, never was and is not today the real South.

Among the truths the first unpleasant one is that the South would very likely have reached the depths of economic depression even if there had never been a War Between the States. This is so because in the world since 1800 any purely agricultural nation or area has been at a great economic disadvantage. This in turn is so because, with the passing of cottage industries during the Industrial Revolution, virtually the whole income of such areas or nations has been spent in purchasing nails, machinery, clothing, kerosene lanterns, coffins, and what you will, elsewhere. Henry Grady, the South's first progressive after Appomattox and the forerunner of the new pioneer of today, once wrote an epitaph on the funeral of a Georgia farmer which pointed out that the only thing concerned with the burial and almost the only thing concerned with the whole life of the dead man which came from the South was the earth in which he was being buried. All else was manufactured and shipped in from the North. The dead man had lived a wretched life because all and sometimes more than his agricultural income had been drained away from him and out of the South to the industrial areas of the North.

Not only did the South suffer from the economic hardship of a pure agricultural society but the situation was made worse by the fact that it suffered as well from one of the most destructive agricultures in the history of the world. It was an agriculture supported by so-called "cheap" slave labor which grew constantly more expensive as agricultural income declined; it was a careless one-crop "cotton" and, in small areas, one-crop "tobacco" agriculture

which permitted millions of tons of rich topsoil to be washed away each year and which created constantly declining yields per acre and constantly augmenting costs per bale or per pound of production. The War Between the States in reality contributed only incidentally to the economic decline of the South. It merely hastened by a couple of generations what was already inevitable.

Over vast areas of the Deep South today the blight of a wretched agriculture still remains. In other considerable areas hundreds of thousands of miles of terracing have been created to prevent soil erosion and the depletion of the bare cotton fields by winter rains; and here and there in the midst of the worn-out, blighted areas one finds communities, areas, and individual plantations where the landlords are prosperous, the houses are painted, and new tractors and automobiles stand in the plantation yards. In relation to the New Frontier these prosperous establishments are like the original great plantations built long ago in the savannas and the forests of the First Frontier. One was the symbol of man's conquest of wild undisciplined nature; the other (the prosperous modern farm or plantation) is the symbol of man's conquest over his own carelessness, ignorance, and greed.

2

BUT the New Frontier is not merely an agricultural one, although that represents the fundamental solution to the Southern problem. It is a frontier where there are new opportunities in business, small and large, in industry, processing, servicing, and many other fields.

Industry has spread through the South at a phenomenal rate in the last ten years. This has occurred partly through the wise policy of government during the war in dispersing new war plants throughout the country rather than increasing concentration of them in the already overcrowded industrial Northeast. Some of the increase has come about because many great corporations and workingmen themselves realize that crowded cities mean poorer working conditions, augmented labor difficulties, higher living costs, and declining standards of living. Some of it, of course, you can attribute to the incentive of cheaper wages, but this advantage will, as industry spreads through the South, largely disappear, and has indeed already begun to do so. Whatever the reasons, the money of the South is beginning to stick where it belongs.

The balance between industry and agriculture has a bearing on many of the economic problems of the South. One of these problems — that of higher shipping rates for freight into and out of the Deep South — has been a source of continual Congressional wrangling and dispute for nearly two generations and is at present the subject of a suit brought by the State of Georgia still awaiting a hearing

before the Supreme Court. The "discriminatory" rates have been a definite handicap to the development of the South and in particular of the more remote areas.

The variance in Southern freight rates from those of the rest of the country has indisputable economic causes. Few, if any, railroads show a profit for passenger traffic alone; their profits come from freight. During the long poverty of the Deep South, freight was light and in a one-crop cotton area very often largely seasonal. The South produced cotton and some timber to be shipped, and in most areas cotton production per acre has been declining steadily since before 1860, so that for a considerable period the railroads carried less and less. In the exact ratio to the declining yields, purchasing power decreased and the amount of goods shipped for sale *into* many areas declined. The passenger traffic, owing to the poverty of the Southern areas, was at the same time both light and cheap.

These conditions have long been recognized by the government agencies which granted the railroads operating in the Southern areas higher rates on freight shipments than those operating in other parts of the United States and in particular in the Northeast, where both freight and passenger traffic was and is so great as actually to tax at times the capacity of the carriers.

The achievement of a better balance between agriculture and industry, plus a better and more productive agriculture and livestock enterprise and steadily increasing purchasing power, will greatly increase the need for shipping. This in turn should correct the "discriminatory" shipping rates on a basis of economics alone, regardless of any action by government agencies or Supreme Court decisions, for the simple truth is that the railroads are able to operate at reasonably low rates in and throughout any area which is highly productive and which possesses considerable purchasing power.

Of all the Southern states, and for that matter all the forty-eight, no state has shown more progress within the past generation than North Carolina. The progress is not alone economic. Few states have made so rapid an industrial development, and no Southern state has advanced with such speed toward the achievement of the vital industrial-agricultural balance so important to the stabilized prosperity of any region. It was not long ago that the same poverty and shabbiness which has largely characterized the Deep South since defeat was almost everywhere in evidence in North Carolina. Today the shabby look has largely gone. The farms appear prosperous and well cared for in most areas, and the shabby cabin slums on the fringes of the towns are on their way out. The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill has become one of the most vigorous cultural centers of the nation.

It is, I think, indisputably true that culture, social advance, and civilization in general are to a large

extent tied to economics, to living standards, and to productivity. So are ignorance, prejudice, and intolerance. Education plays its role, beyond question, but education too is dependent on a stable, fairly prosperous, and balanced economy. North Carolina is a case in proof, for as a state it has made remarkable progress away from the old superstitions and the prejudices which in the past handicapped and at times paralyzed the Deep South.

The bitterest racial feeling in the South has never existed between the Negro and the more prosperous elements of Southern society, but between the handicapped Negro and the unfortunate and poverty-stricken elements of the white race, who found in the different color of their skins their only dubious claim to superiority, and in the Negro the scapegoat for their own failures and miseries.

The so-called "liberal" elements have long railed at the Rankins and the Bilbos, and have even called for their impeachment and conducted political campaigns against them within the State of Mississippi. The fault lies not in the men themselves, and the cure lies not in their impeachment; the fundamental weakness is the low economic level of the State of Mississippi. One could do away with the Bilbos and the Rankins but the chances are that men like them would bob up again, for the simple reason that under the representative form of government, they represent Mississippi. They cannot be replaced until Mississippi itself is cured, and cured by strong doses of economic prosperity, which in turn bring better living standards, better education, and more tolerance, and which abate the need for scapegoats and the hatreds based largely on poverty. A better agriculture, a more dispersed industry, and a balance between the two can bring about this prosperity with its attendant benefits and in many areas has already done so. In the Deep South, North Carolina stands today at one end of the scale and Mississippi at the other. The reasons for both are largely economic.

3

DESPITE the influx of industry, the economic backbone of the South is still largely agricultural and the gains in this field have been progressively important. In five years the agricultural income of North Carolina has increased from about 200 million dollars to about 800 million. Even if we should write off 40 per cent of this gain as arising from inflated prices, the increase would still be remarkable. It has been achieved largely through better and more balanced agriculture, through increases in technology, mechanization, the growth of the dairy and livestock industries, and most of all through soil conservation, good land use, and the gradual abandonment or reform of the old vicious system of single-crop tobacco and cotton agriculture.

Countless contributions have been made to the improvement of Southern agriculture by the Soil Conservation Service, by agricultural engineers, agronomists, the breeders or discoverers of new or improved agricultural products and forage plants, by new methods of processing and new uses for cotton, peanuts, sweet potatoes, and other typical Southern crops. See what the livestock industry has contributed to the rising economy of the South. Cattle mean grass and legumes, and grass and legumes mean the end to soil erosion, the end to that constant destruction of organic material by open-row crops which has, more than any other factor, contributed in the past to the destruction of once rich and productive Southern soils. More and more the South is supplying its own milk, beef, and pork and even shipping them to other areas. This is a revolution, for with the exception of the razor-back hog and the skinny tough steer the South at one period imported *all* its meat from the outside. Many Southern cities still import large quantities of milk in tank cars from as far away as Wisconsin, and some cities like Atlanta import their vegetables in winter from Florida and in summer from the North — a process which still represents a drain of dollars, many millions of dollars, out of the area.

The truth is that the South can produce milk and beef on its own ground far more cheaply than these things can be produced in the Middle West, which is largely the center of the dairy and beef-feeding industry. In virtually all of the Deep South the mild climate makes unnecessary a heavy capital investment in great barns. Neither must one spend most of the summer months putting up feed and forage for the six to seven months of indoor winter feeding. In the South a rough shed is the maximum requirement for winter protection, and in some areas even that is unnecessary.

The discovery and development of winter-growing grasses and legumes has made it possible to keep cattle and hogs on pasture throughout the year or in the extreme northern areas of the South for at least ten or eleven months of the year. The Austrian pea, the Caley or Singletary pea, the blue lupine, Ladino clover, the lespedezas, and Kentucky fescue No. 31, a winter-growing grass, have made this year-round-pasture feeding plan not only feasible but exceedingly profitable. The addition of certain trace elements to the soil has made possible the growing of that green-gold crop alfalfa in areas where hitherto it was impossible. Add to these both the Korean and the perennial *Sericea lespedeza* and crimson clover, and the total cost of milk or of cattle and hog production in the Deep South declines to 50 per cent or less of the cost of production in the rich Midwestern areas. Moreover the benefits and the profits are not simply seasonal. They are both permanent and cumulative, for the grass-livestock program puts an end to soil erosion, saves the run-off water so badly needed on the spot during the sum-

mer months, and increases organic material and crop production at an astonishing rate.

Why did the South not discover this gold mine long ago? There are valid reasons — poverty, lack of capital, inertia, psychological depression. But most important of all is the fact that until a short time ago these miraculously profitable salvaging crops — Ladino clover, the lespedezas, the Caley and Austrian peas, Kentucky fescue and all the rest — were unknown. Most of these have been known or have come into more or less common use in America only within the past ten years. Some of them were brought in from remote parts of the earth; some were growing all the time beneath the very noses of the Southern plantation owners.

Kudzu, a coarse, rapidly growing legume of incredible efficiency in checking gullies, restoring drainage, and storing nitrogen, came from Japan, Ladino clover from North Italy. The lespedezas came from Manchuria and Korea. The Caley or Singletary pea is a native of the Deep South. Since before the first settlers came into the Deep South it had been growing there right through the winter and it had been growing there for a century and a half along the roadsides and in fence corners until its great virtues were discovered more or less simultaneously by A. F. Caley, an Ohio farmer settled in Alabama, and by Professor B. Henry Singletary of Louisiana State College. Kentucky fescue No. 31 was noticed by a county agent growing green and lush throughout the winter as far north as Kentucky.

4

It is probable that we have learned more about the care of soils in the last generation than in all the history of the world before, and it is certainly true that we still know less than a quarter of what there is to be learned. This factor offers tremendous vistas of prosperity for the depleted agriculture of the South and for the general good of a world in which half of the population lives perpetually at a starvation level. In the past most eroded, abandoned, "worn-out" land was considered only fit to return to forests or wilderness. The South, more than any other region, has shown that this is neither necessary nor true. The South, more than any other region of the nation, has suffered from erosion, depletion of the organic material, and a general decline in yields per acre. While cotton has been perhaps the largest single factor, other elements beyond the direct control of man have done their part in the destruction — such elements as heavy seasonal rains, and high temperatures, and mild winters which contribute to the burning up of organic materials. However, until very recently, Southern agriculture took few steps to combat these disadvantages.

There are more miles of terracing in Georgia and Alabama today than in any other states of the

Union, but the terracing (to prevent erosion) came about largely through desperation. It was a question of checking the erosion or abandoning the fields altogether to scrub pine and wilderness. We know now that terracing is by no means the final answer to the destruction of agricultural land, but only the first step which, unless followed by a better agriculture and land use, is meaningless and in some cases can be merely destructive. The real answer to soil erosion and better yields lies in rotated crops, livestock, and the restoration of organic materials through green or barnyard manures and the use of grass and legumes.

Millions of acres of so called "worn-out" soils both in the South and in the rest of the country are really not worn out at all; they have merely been farmed so badly and so ignorantly that the native mineral fertility, often very great, has become unavailable to the plants, animals, and people through lack of lime, of organic materials, of moisture, of bacteria, and of many other elements necessary to a living, productive soil and a sound and profitable agriculture. This is particularly true of the South.

We know now that most of the soils of the South are fundamentally good soils and can be restored to a high degree of fertility at an expense which is by no means prohibitive. This holds true of most of the red soils and certainly of the eroded, marl-based soils of the Black Belt of Alabama and Eastern Mississippi. It is certainly true of the almost inexhaustibly rich alluvial soils of the great Delta region. The problem is one of building up those soils and of making available to plants through moisture, organic material, and other means the native fertility of the soils and subsoils and even of the commercial fertilizer used on those lands.

Today thousands of Southern farms established on "worn-out" cotton lands are showing through diversification, livestock, and legumes that this can be done; and as they prove the point the income, economic status, and purchasing power of the farmer and the other residents of the region rise magically. They are proving a point of utmost economic value not only to the South but to the nation — that millions of acres of low production or even of abandoned land can be transformed from a tragic economic and social liability into a great national asset.

It is a simple rule applying alike to industry and to agriculture that the more one produces per unit, per man-hour, per dollar invested in taxes and interest, the lower the cost of production and the wider the margin of potential profit. The South, agriculturally speaking, has been a perfect example of this rule in the past. From the middle of the nineteenth century until very recently the production per acre of cotton steadily declined. Many farms which on virgin soils once produced as much as 2000 to 2500 pounds of cotton per acre sank to a point where they were producing as little as 200

to 300 pounds per acre. The result was of course disastrous since the cost of plowing, fitting, planting, cultivating, and harvesting the cotton remained the same or even increased while the production per acre steadily declined. While land values declined almost to a vanishing point, the same disastrous ratio of decline applied to taxes and interest. But in the very areas where the disaster overtook the agricultural economy, the graph of production per acre has now begun to mount sharply. There are farms which are producing by an improved agriculture as much cotton on ten acres under cultivation as they produced on fifty or sixty acres only a few years ago. The remaining forty or fifty acres have been put to profitable use in raising livestock, sweet potatoes, or other crops.

The gross figures tell their own story. Today the South is producing more cotton than it produced twenty-five years ago on approximately one half the acreage, and this efficient production is still mounting. As against a total agricultural income in fourteen Southern states of \$2,437,487,000 in 1940, the total agricultural income of 1947 was \$7,818,968,000. Higher prices accounted for perhaps as much as 40 per cent of this increase. The remaining income is legitimate and was brought about by a greater production per acre at cheaper costs and by the rapid diversification and improvement of an agriculture which now includes livestock, dairy products, poultry, peanuts, sweet potatoes — in short many products other than cotton!

5

THE dethroning of King Cotton or at least his reduction to the status of a constitutional monarch is perhaps the most fortunate single economic happening in the history of the South. No tyrant ever did more damage to a people.

Of the income dollars of Southern agriculture in 1925, 53 cents came from cotton. In 1946 only 20 cents came from cotton. Implicit in this comparison is the fact that the number of *income dollars* was more than three times greater in 1946 and that most of this increase in dollars is the result of the dethronement of King Cotton and the profitable increase in grass, livestock, poultry, and other non-cotton production.

At the same time the purchasing power of agriculture has been going up by leaps and bounds. The number of tractors in use on Southern farms shows an increase of 155 per cent, compared with an average increase of about 100 per cent elsewhere. Today the electrified farms in the South represent 40 per cent of the nation's total. These are tremendous gains which affect not only the economy of the South but that of the whole nation.

In West Texas, cotton is being produced on soils under rainfall conditions which are adverse in comparison with most of the Deep South. It is being

produced at a greater profit than on many a rich Delta cotton farm, and the reason lies in mechanization and technology. In the past, cotton was always grown the hard way — indeed the hardest way possible — by slow hand labor, on soils which became each year more difficult to work and less productive, with an endless amount of hauling and handling. The field was plowed and fitted by mule-power, the excess cotton plants “chopped out” by hand, the rows weeded and hoed by hand, the cotton picked by hand. But the process did not end there. The cotton was then hauled miles to an old-fashioned inefficient gin, then back again to the plantation, and finally perhaps miles in another direction to the compress which baled it. It was small wonder that all this, coupled with an ever lowering production per acre, made it impossible to grow cotton profitably. The net result was that all of us were saddled with millions of dollars a year in taxes to support the inefficient cotton agriculture and industry.

Today it is possible to chop cotton by machinery; weed it by flame throwers; pick it by pickers or strippers; and finally to gin, clean, and bale it all in one spot within a few minutes. These mechanical developments plus a good agriculture and a high production per acre at low cost should make any support price or subsidy of cotton wholly unnecessary, and indeed make it possible for the American cotton growers not only to compete with but undersell the cheap labor of Egypt, India, or China.

It might be suggested that such technological and mechanical developments would cause great unemployment, but that is where spreading industry can take up the slack and is doing so. Actually in West Texas and in some other Southern and Southwestern areas, a high degree of mechanization has been brought about largely by the ever increasing cost of hand labor as the hand labor quit the fields for the factories in quest of the higher wages of industry. What is more, mechanization has tended to provide year-round employment instead of merely seasonal employment, and at higher wages than in the past, thus raising living standards, and purchasing power and creating a new economic dignity for the individual worker.

Until comparatively recent times a great curse of Southern agriculture has been the absentee landlord or the great plantation owner operating on the shiftless and planless one-crop system with labor provided on the tenant or sharecropper basis. This created a hopelessly inefficient agriculture of steadily declining production and income as well as one of the worst social and economic systems civilization has evolved. Both the inefficiency and the social system have been preserved by the cotton support prices which amount in reality to subsidization both of a poor agriculture and a wretched social system. In far too many instances the support price or subsidy has permitted landlords and occasionally small independent farmers to continue

in their old ways since, so long as the government and the taxpayers of the rest of the nation guaranteed them a profit however small, there was no reason to improve their agriculture.

The so-called Cotton Bloc of Southern Democratic Congressmen, operating under the logrolling system of "I'll vote for your bill if you'll vote for mine," has been able to maintain this paralyzing subsidy long past the period when it served its purpose as an economic cushion to tide the South over a period of wretched and bankrupt agriculture. Actually the subsidy has served to retard rather than advance the economic progress of the cotton areas of the South.

During the past year, the support price measure came within a narrow margin of being voted out. Only a last-minute summoning of Southern Senators and a delayed vote saved the subsidy and perpetuated this needless and indeed corrupting burden on the taxpayers of the whole of the nation. Until subsidies in this form of price supports are abolished, cotton agriculture will never stand wholly or honestly on its own, or show the enterprise and improvement which can greatly benefit the South by eliminating the careless absentee landowner and the stupid, inefficient farmer. It serves to tie up much potentially good agricultural land which might otherwise become an economic asset, and to preserve the medieval Southern system of sharecropping and tenantry.

6

BUT the South is outgrowing these medieval habits. Today the New Frontier in agricultural land offers as great opportunities as the First Frontier of virgin soil ever offered, at less economic cost and infinitely fewer hardships than the earlier frontiersmen knew. I know of no better example than the southernmost area of the Tennessee Valley Authority near and surrounding Athens, Alabama. Driving from Birmingham to Athens one passes for miles through acres of worn-out land, badly farmed land, with only here and there a passably good farm and decent buildings. As one begins to approach Athens there are signs of an economic improvement and prosperity which rises to a crescendo as one crosses the line into the TVA area immediately surrounding Athens. Here and there are fields of legumes, livestock, good pastures, and big yields. The farmers own shiny new automobiles and the houses look prosperous and well painted. Athens itself has long since lost the look of a run-down shabby Southern town. The difference within a few miles is very nearly unbelievable. It is simply the difference between good land use and bad, the difference between an agriculture of erosion and depletion and that of legumes, livestock, lime, phosphorus, and soil conservation established under the guidance and coöperation of the TVA.

But the gains of the new South are not entirely economic and social. They are cultural as well. In the rising vitality of the literature in the South, one has again the evidence of the close relationship between the economic status of a region or a nation and its own contributions to civilization. The new literature out of the South is based neither upon the overheated romantic tradition employed as a justification for failure nor upon an inferiority complex justifying itself in excuses or in futile talk about the "damn Yankee." If it pictures poverty, ignorance, and degeneration, it does not drape these things in pathos and romance but treats them satirically or in a fiercely condemnatory fashion. This fact is in itself of immense significance.

One of the tragedies of the whole great region is that the agricultural decline affected the people of considerable areas not only socially and economically but physically as well. As Dr. Hugh Bennett of the Soil Conservation Service has so often said, "poor land makes poor people," a fact which the medical profession is beginning to realize and understand to an increasing degree. The "poor white," the "redneck," the "peckerwood," are not alone the victims of the War Between the States, of a declining economy and of an evil sharecropping tenant system. They are also the victims of the poor, monotonous, and unbalanced diets induced by poverty and still more profoundly by the deficiencies of food grown upon originally poor soils or soils depleted by a poor agriculture which fails to make available to plants, animals, and people the residual mineral elements absolutely vital in a sound nutrition. An improved agriculture means not only higher economic status and less ignorance, prejudice, and intolerance, but better physical specimens endowed with energy and active brains.

Despite the great handicaps and the tragedies of the South, something has begun to stir mightily within the past decade or two. There is a whole new world opening up which manifests itself in a changed point of view, in a new liberalism born of Southern soil itself and represented by such men as former Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia, Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, Representative Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, and many others in state and national government.

There are millions of acres of potentially high production agricultural land waiting to be put back into circulation, whole vast and orderly forests to be developed, and great opportunities to be found in the burgeoning industries. In the judgment of at least one observer the South is the greatest area of opportunity open to young Americans, perhaps the last great area that will ever be open to pioneering in this country. A beginning has been made, a solid beginning on sound foundations, but the opportunities are still enormous. To go South and grow up with the New Frontier can be and will be an exciting experience and a profitable one as well.



An educator intent on reaching the adult as well as the undergraduate, a classicist who draws his understanding from the Greek as closely as from the modern man, SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE is President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. At the end of his term as Vice Chancellor of Oxford University, Sir Richard delivered this War Memorial Address at Milton Academy, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the school.

THE ROAD AHEAD

by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

I

IT is our lot to live in one of the most important and difficult epochs of the world. This will seem good or bad fortune according to our temperament. We cannot expect to have easy, untroubled minds; we cannot count on enjoying the comfort which so many of us have always been accustomed to expect; though it should be remembered that such comfort has never been, and is not now, the lot of the mass of mankind. But there are compensations.

Dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might.

They give opportunities for the great virtues, which easy ages do not give — for courage, public spirit, endurance, a tenacious hold on worthy aims, a persistent pursuit of them in spite of disappointment, frustration, and even defeat. We all profess to believe in these virtues and do, no doubt, honestly believe in them. Certainly both Britain and the United States showed them during the late war. But now we are called to show them in far more difficult times than war, in times of peace, when we tire of a strain which is less violent but more prolonged, when there are no trumpet calls or instant challenges to keep our temper at its keenest, when the imagination flags.

Our difficulties arise in part from gifts of science — the internal-combustion engine, the atom bomb and other weapons of widespread and catastrophic destruction. Virgil's phrase *scelerata insania belli*, "the criminal madness of war," has always been true, but since 1920, and still more since 1945, war has taken on a new aspect. We are children into whose hands kind Aunt Science almost unconsciously, while she was thinking of other things, has put much more dangerous weapons than razors; and our tempers are not always in control and our heads not always clear. That perhaps is the immediate cause of our difficulties, an incidental and

accidental result of our knowing more, of what we call the advance of science.

And then science has affected the world in another and more serious way by upsetting people's minds. It is not the first time in history that this has happened. There is a close parallel in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., when science was born and the speculations of Ionian Greeks and their successors first destroyed existing views of the physical universe, and then, spreading to politics, religion, and morals, there too caused confusion and doubt, which pervaded the intellectual atmosphere till Plato brought order into the spiritual chaos of his day, and laid a firm basis for a philosophy of life which, in various forms and with many modifications, served the ancient world for eight hundred years and then was taken up into the framework of Christian theology. The same thing has happened to us, since in the seventeenth century science came out of a long eclipse, and, as its light fell on one province of life after another, traditional ways of thought and accepted beliefs were troubled. But our Plato has not yet appeared.

There are other causes of our difficulties. This is one of the great ages of social change — perhaps the greatest of all. It might have come, as it has long been coming in England, gradually and peacefully. But it broke out in Russia with the violence of a volcanic eruption and every country felt the tremors of the shock. The Russian Revolution of 1917 and the French Revolution of 1789 have much in common. Both overthrew a corrupt tyranny. Both began with noble aims and drew strength from them — in the older revolution, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality; in the later one, Social Justice and the Rights of the Common Man. In both the radiant sun of their dawn set in storm. But both revolutions left on the world a mark that nothing will efface, and were the heralds of social changes.

None of these difficulties need discourage us. Our

problems are not insoluble. Social change is nothing new, and it should be a peaceful evolution. We can learn to use the discoveries of science wisely. As for the spiritual confusion caused by its impact on our ways of thinking, there are signs that we are absorbing this potent and disturbing force into our system. What used to be called the conflict between religion and science is dying down and, as in wars of a different kind, a quarrel that reasonable men might have avoided seems likely to end in a readjustment of territory, and in agreement between the two parties not to interfere with each other's private concerns.

Still it is not an easy age. How thankful we should be if a leader appeared to show the path to the Promised Land of our hopes! The world needs such a man today. He is certain to come sooner or later. But his coming may be deferred, and we can't sit idle in the hope of his appearing. Besides, his advent depends partly on us. The mere fact that a leader is needed does not guarantee his appearance. People must be ready for him and in their modest way prepare for him. Roosevelt and Churchill could have done nothing if they had not found in America and Britain nations ready to follow them. If the British people in 1939 had all been pacifists or communists, a hundred Churchills would have been powerless. So now, in the present emergency and need, it is our duty to meet it so far as we can, to the best of our powers, and to push hard with our individual strengths at the door we wish to open.

What do I mean by pushing? Different people will answer that difficult question in different ways and we cannot expect agreement in detail. But there is one thing on which we can all agree. If you are pushing at a door, the first thing is to get into the attitude in which you can make the best use of your strength, whatever that may be.

That is true of all problems. If you find yourself facing anything, you must take up the right attitude to it in order to face it effectively. If a man loses a fortune — or gets one; if he goes blind or gets paralyzed, or has a leg amputated; if he marries, if he has children, he finds himself in a new position, and he ought to think about it, adjust himself to it, prepare to deal with it.

How shall we adjust ourselves to the world in which we have to live? And what is the right attitude to it? My first suggestion is that we have clear in our minds what life is like; and one means to this end is to read history, which is a record of life. But history is one of the most misleading things in the world if we read it in textbooks that cover large periods in a few hundred pages. Textbooks, small-scale histories, give the results but not the long, tedious, and doubtful struggles that produced the results. We see the last scene of the play but miss all the scenes that led up to the happy marriages or tragic disaster at the end. Everything

seems easy in them; the difficulties are smoothed out; one wonders what all the bother was about, why so many mistakes were made, why the statesmen were such fools.

But read history on a large scale, following the events month by month and sometimes day by day, and a very different picture appears. The actors in history can't foresee the future; unlike the historian, who knows the result of the game, they merely see the cards in their hands at the moment and are not at all sure about them. Can they carry the public with them? If they take a certain step, will they alienate their supporters? Some of their friends are wavering, some untrustworthy; what risks can they afford? What will be the long-term results of a certain line of policy?

That is the atmosphere in which history is made. That is the atmosphere in which statesmen have to work — President Truman and Mr. Marshall, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin. That is the atmosphere in which statesmen have always worked. Put yourself back into Lincoln's position before the Civil War when it was a question whether to compromise with the South, or again in 1862 when he had to decide whether he should remove McClellan or not. To us, knowing what happened, it seems fairly plain sailing. To Lincoln through those weary years it was a voyage over a stormy sea, with land never in sight, and shipwreck possible at any moment. That is what the world is like. One lesson of history is that, in great and important ages, things are never easy for those in responsible positions; and in a democracy all are, in some degree, responsible.

Then, when one problem is solved, another appears. There are no final solutions in human affairs, no Armageddon, no decisive battle which settles everything. There is only a long campaign for a better world, lasting centuries and indeed millennia; and for such campaigns we ought to have short-term objectives, but very, very long-term views.

I don't say that it is what we should wish. But my point is that this is one of the conditions on which life is given us and which, unless we wish, and are able, to slink out of it, we have to accept. We must not expect things to be easy, or deceive ourselves with the glib phrases which politicians and others love. Even in a warless world new difficulties, new problems, will arise. Original sin, or if you prefer Emerson's phrase for it, the drop of black blood in man, will see to that.

2

YOU may feel that I am being rather gloomy. Now let me turn to the bright side of things, and look at another lesson of history, equally true — that there is such a thing as good and that good survives and triumphs, whereas evil fails and perishes. One can believe this without sharing the illusions of the nineteenth century that under the guidance of

science mankind was about to enter the Promised Land and live there happily evermore. We can even believe it without believing in progress. I will not argue whether men are better than they were two thousand years ago. Personally I think they are. But whether this is so or not, one thing seems to me certain: good survives and like a slow leaven works in the heavy dough. As an English mystic put it, "Righteousness may be overborne but it is not overcome," and one of the unmistakable lessons of history is its survival.

Let me give two instances, one from religious and one from secular history. When Christ died on the cross, leaving eleven followers who had all deserted him in the hour of trial, what prospect was there of any future for Him or His teaching? If someone had offered then to bet a million to one against, would we have taken the bet? Perhaps — for amusement. Or think of Socrates four hundred years earlier put to death amid the approval of the majority of his countrymen, and the indifference of the rest, and only regretted by his disciples. Would anyone have thought then that he would be one of the great intellectual and moral forces in history? It would be easy to multiply instances: there is no more familiar phenomenon than the man whose teaching, rejected by his own generation, later becomes a permanent light of the world. No doubt the leaven of good works slowly, very slowly, but nothing destroys it. That is one of the fundamental facts about life, and it is important to have a firm hold on it.

I spoke of the importance of adjusting ourselves to the world and taking the right attitude toward it, and here seem to be the attitudes which history suggests. First, though life has of course many pleasant and easy and light moments, we should abandon any easy optimism about it and realize that we are engaged in a business where we must expect often to fail and to be baffled and disappointed, gaining ground foot by foot. And second, we should refresh and strengthen and fortify ourselves by the vision of good.

If we take this double attitude, if we realize that progress is a slow, difficult business, and if we dwell on the vision of good, we shall be less likely to make the mistakes we made after the First World War. I remember its end well. The omens for the future seemed fair. It had been, we were told, a war to end war, and Shelley's words described the public's hopes: —

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.

But the years between 1918 and 1939 were not a great age. Disappointment, disillusionment, set in. The chief weakness was at the top, in the educated classes and the writers. There was a loss of belief —

not only of religious belief but of belief in general. It is a mark of the contemporary literature, and though the importance of novelists and poets ought not to be exaggerated, they do express and shape the outlook of an age. In the literature of 1918–1939 the world did not appear as the scene of "a great age," but rather as a dusty room, and

Men the flies of latter spring
That lay their eggs and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

We had hoped too much; we believed too little.

Now let me return to the right attitude to life. I suggested that one element in it was the vision of good, and you may have wondered what I meant. Let me try to explain and develop my point.

The English statesman, John Morley, once said that an educated man knew when a thing was proved, and an uneducated man did not know. A notable definition — clearly it is very important to know when a thing is proved — but an inadequate one. Should we not rather say that an educated man knows what is first-rate and an uneducated man does not, and that the main question to be asked about any system of education is, Does it teach people to discern the first-rate and to get a firm hold on it?

Isn't that obvious? Doesn't one want and need to know what is first-rate in as many fields as possible: in art and music and literature; in ways of life — the minister's, the teacher's, the doctor's, the banker's; in the various fields of industry and commerce; in sport and dress? Are we to be satisfied with the second- and third-rate in any of them? And is it not still more important to have this knowledge in the field of human nature and conduct and there, too, to know what is first-rate? What the world most wants today is to recapture a clear sense of the first-rate, of the difference of good and evil. I had almost said that we need a new Puritanism, but a Puritanism without unlovely features, one which is not negative or self-righteous or censorious — the Puritanism of the young Milton who wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* and *Comus*.

One sees the difficulties; to know good is not the same thing as doing it; as Pascal said, "How far it is from the knowledge to the love of God." Yet unless one knows what is good, what hope is there of doing it? For not only is the search for the first-rate a natural instinct in man, but it is also practically necessary. We are trying to make a better world. Can it be done unless we have before our eyes a pattern or design of good, after which to remake it?

3

How does one get this pattern of good? As one gets the knowledge of good in everything. There is only one way to distinguish the first-rate from the

inferior, whether in music or art, in banking or engineering, in dress or home decoration or baseball, or anything else: by living with the best, by hearing the best music, seeing the best art, being in a first-rate bank or a first-rate engineering firm, and so on. In that way a feeling for the first-rate is unconsciously developed, an instinctive dislike of the inferior grows up. Equally, the knowledge of good in life comes from living, so far as possible, with what is good in human nature and conduct. Conversely, if we live with the second-rate in music or art our taste will get spoiled. Is not the same true of life?

Contemporary civilization does not help us much. There is of course a great deal of good in it, but the modern world is like a store in which first-rate articles are so jumbled up with shoddy ones (think of our newspapers, films, novels, drama, and all the other ingredients of our current existence) that it is dangerous to shop there, unless one enters the store knowing well how to distinguish the good from the bad. And education does not always help. We expect it to develop mind and body, to teach us to think, to give us the aptitudes and knowledge which will make us at home in the world — all very necessary objects, but, unless interpreted in a much wider sense than is usual, quite inadequate for the deepest purposes of life. We are too apt to think that we are fully equipped if we have sufficient science and economics and sociology and some acquaintance with the forms of our political order. It is not so. These things are not enough. There is something still more indispensable: a sense and grasp of good.

A weakness of Western civilization in the last age was the absence of any vivid sense of the good. It is apparent in the literature of the period. Literature has many uses. It entertains us; it reflects and interprets the moods of the time, and it shapes its thought for good or evil. I cannot feel that the writers of the last forty years gave their age much help here. They did not do for it what Shelley or Wordsworth, Dickens or Meredith, Carlyle, Ruskin, or Matthew Arnold did for their times. They criticized, derided, denounced, wept; and no doubt there was abundant material for criticism and derision and tears. What they did not do was to show us for our encouragement and inspiration a vision of better things. Of course there are exceptions, such as the last great work of Robert Bridges, *The Testament of Beauty*, and much of the work of another great poet, T. S. Eliot; in more recent novelists, there is a different attitude, which I believe marks a turn of the tide from a negative spirit to a positive creative one. And again in Professor Toynbee's work there is a new spirit — a sense that our task is not to undergo history, but to make it.

But I think that my criticism of the literature of the last generation, taking it as a whole, is not unjust. Review the works of the novelists and dramatists of the day who were best known and most read in my country — of Wells and Shaw and Bennett

and Aldous Huxley and Galsworthy (strangely supposed by foreigners to give a faithful portrait of English society) — how many heroes have they created? Compare, for instance, Wells with Dickens, with whom he has so much in common. Both were molded out of the ordinary homely English earth and owed nothing to formal education; both had genius; both were savage critics of their times. But how many visions of goodness can you find in Wells to set by those with which the pages of Dickens are bright, and who could say of Wells what Gissing said of Dickens — or anything like it: "He gave form and substance to the ideal of goodness and purity, of honour, justice, mercy, whereby the dim multitudes falteringly seek to direct their steps"?

In this, Wells was characteristic of the writers of his time. Is it an unjust criticism of them to say that they gave us many things but very few visions of good? It was not for want of goodness in the world; but they did not see it or were interested in something else. As the proverb says, Many men meet the gods but few salute them. To the most important thing they were indifferent; the greatest reality they saw dimly, if at all. How strange that this should have been the weakness of an age which prided itself on its realism, on its determination to see life as it is!

In *The Prelude* Wordsworth describes the despondency into which he was thrown by the later developments of the French Revolution, and how his recovery began when he became

studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.

Might it not be said that exactly the opposite is true of most of the writers of the inter-war years, that they were studious more to touch and handle little truths than to see great ones? It is a trait in all human nature against which we should do well to be on our guard.

4

I AM not of course suggesting that we should be blind to what is petty or absurd or tragic or evil in life (or in ourselves), that we should take Dr. Pangloss as our model, or say with Pope "Whatever is, is right." That insipid optimism is the opposite extreme, though perhaps the less disastrous one, and it is not found in great writers or in those who have helped their age. There is none in the Bible, or in Homer or Dante or Shakespeare, or in Dickens and the other Victorians whom I mentioned. They have no illusions about the existence of evil and suffering. But you find in them a balanced view, the sense of evil but also the sense of good, and the conviction that though evil is real, good is the ultimate reality in life, and stronger than its failures, disasters, and tragedies.

In the second part of *Faust*, Goethe has described the poet under the figure of a man in a tower: —

“I was born to observe,
To keep watch from a boy;
I am sworn to the tower
And the world is my joy.
I gaze on the distant,
I look on the near,
On the moon and the starlight,
The wood and the deer.
In all things beholding
The beauty divine,
I have joy in the world
And this old heart of mine.”

That is the poet: from his tower he scans the world, and is known not only by the range of his vision, but by his power in all things to discern “the beauty divine.” We too, though without the poet’s range of sight or his power to translate what he sees into words, look out from our lesser watch-towers and see the world. It is indeed a checkered landscape with dull and ugly stretches of country, but if we fail to see the wealth and beauty in it, is not something wrong with our eyes?

So I would suggest that we should fit ourselves for living by the vision of good in all its many forms and fields — in religion, in literature, thought, art, music, and above all in men; and in this last category I include not only the resounding heroisms of history but also the unmarked and unobtrusive good, of which there is so much in the ordinary beings about us. Then we shall know the heights which men reach in thought and action, as well as the depths to which they sink and the humdrum levels on which inevitably most of our existence moves. Then we shall have as the background of our minds great exemplars to point the way of advance and to refresh and strengthen us in the hours of doubt and discouragement, disappointment and failure, which come to all. Your nation is called — who can doubt it? — to a great mission in history. Will it be equipped for that mission if the vision of good is not clear and fixed in its mind?

And that vision will be the basis of another element in the mood in which, I suggest, we should face the world of today and tomorrow. It is described and illustrated from history in the chapter on faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews. That chapter seems to me to give the right attitude to life, the one which we need. The author begins by defining faith. He doesn’t mean by it belief in any theological dogmas — not that he would have wished to deny their importance — but a temper and habit of mind. He calls faith “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” That sounds obscure. I think he means that you begin by hoping something, and that when you see it as something more than a hope, as something real, and begin to act on it, hope turns into faith. Hope is indefinite, unsubstantial:

act on it and it becomes solid, substantial; it begins to be effective. That is faith.

Imagine a man who wishes to climb a virgin snow peak. He studies it through binoculars and decides that he will cross that glacier and strike that ridge and follow it and so reach the summit. This planning is hope. It turns to faith when he acts on his plan and sets out on his journey. Then his plans, which have hitherto been hopes, dreams of his mind, acquire solidity and become “the substance of things hoped for.” There is still no certainty that he will reach the top, but his climb as it proceeds illustrates the other aspect of faith, “the evidence of things not seen”: action tests and reveals the truth of his plan. Of course he may be wrong. There is no absolute certainty in life. But if he never turns hope into faith, the mountain will never be climbed; and if his first plan turns out wrong, the experience he gets by trying it brings nearer the ultimate conquest of the peak.

We see more clearly what the writer of the Epistle meant by faith when we turn to his instances of it. The men whom he gives as examples of faith had no certainty of success. They were venturers who acted on conviction against probability. Abraham, the Epistle says, when he left his home in Mesopotamia to find the Promised Land, “went out, not knowing whither he went.” He thought that he was ordered to sacrifice his only son, his one hope of founding a family, and he was prepared to do it.

Many of these venturers achieved great results. Through faith they “subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.” But many never saw the reward of their efforts, the result of their venture. “These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

Without faith nothing is done or ever can be done. Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, to take a few famous names, are perfect examples of it. Could you not use the very words of the Epistle about each of them, and say that “when he was called, he went out, not knowing whither he went”? And could you not say of many thousands in our two countries who fell before victory was won, “These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar”?

It is for us to take their examples to heart and live by their spirit. “Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before us.”



STORM WARNING

LONG before signals, up and down
From Highland Light to Provincetown,
Whipped out storm warnings — long before
By radio, from door to door,
By teletype and telephone
The word was flashed, the news was known,
The path the hurricane would choose
Blazoned in the headline news,
Dark spare-limbed men with leather faces
Had sauntered out to likely places
And scanned with speculative eye
The too calm air, the breathless sky —
In one shrewd glance had skillfully
Taken the pulse of the sullen sea —
Observed the heavier note in each
Wave that pounded the shaken beach,
And noted how, in flocks that covered
The inland wharves, the sea gulls hovered.

Then you might see the port begin
Like rock-pool creature, to draw in
Its tentacles, on first alarm
Shutting its shell at threat of harm.
Along the narrow length of town
Storm doors went up and anchors down,
Dories were beached, two men together
Hauling, one eye on the weather.
There was a lull before the dark,
A waiting pause that seemed to mark
Something more ominous; and then
The sea sprang at the throats of men.
Over the flats, the turning tide
On screaming winds brought in the wide
White combers, and there rose the sound
Of great seas breaking all around. . . .
Tense, to such struggle dedicated,
The sieged town braced itself and waited.

FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD



A native of Chicago, DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE came East to study botany at Harvard in 1919. Following his graduation he worked for three years as Assistant Plant Introducer in the Department of Agriculture. Then he began the writing which was to make him one of the most widely read naturalists of our day. His books, An Almanac for Moderns, Singing in the Wilderness (the life of John James Audubon), Green Laurels, and his autobiography, The Road of a Naturalist, have made him many friends. This, the third chapter to appear in the Atlantic, is taken from his forthcoming book on the Trees of the Northern States.

SASSAFRAS AND WITCH HAZEL

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

A GAINST the Indian-summer sky, a tree lifts up its hands and testifies to glory, the glory of a blue October day. Yellow or orange, or blood-orange, or sometimes softest salmon pink, or blotched with bright vermilion, the leaves of the Sassafras prove that not all autumnal splendor is confined to the Northern forests. Deep into the South, along the snake rail fences, beside the soft wood roads, in old fields where the rusty broom sedge is giving way to the return of forests, the Sassafras carries its splendid banners to vie with the scarlet Black Gum and the yellow Sweet Gum and other trees of which the New Englander may hardly have heard. The deep blue fruits on thick bright red stalks complete a color effect in fall which few trees anywhere surpass.

In spring the leafing out is late — later at least than the inconspicuous pale gold flowers that bloom on the naked wood. But once they burst their buds, the heavy glossy leaves form swiftly. On old boughs they are simple in outline — boat-shaped and rather small; but on young trees and vigorous new growth they grow large and take on their characteristic mitten shape — with one “thumb” lobe and a larger terminal lobe. These Sassafras leaves, when chewed, at once set up a mucilaginous slime in the mouth, like that of Slippery Elm twigs, which country children love to taste; the hot and thirsty botanist, as well, has been known to resort to chewing Sassafras to promote salivation, when no water was to be found on his dusty tramps.

The role of Sassafras in American folklore and early exploration is unique. About it have clung fantastic hopes and promises of gain, and superstitions that have not yet wholly departed. The wood, which has less shrinkage in drying than any other hardwood (10 per cent), not only is durable,

so that it appealed to the pioneer for fences (and still is esteemed for small boats), but its odor was reputed to drive away bedbugs; hence many bedsteads were made of it, in a more innocent age and in the more innocent states of Arkansas and Mississippi. Negro cabin floors in Louisiana were often laid in Sassafras for the same reason. In Kentucky, where soap is still sometimes a home product, it is often believed that the kettle must be stirred with a Sassafras stick to make good-quality soap. In West Virginia it is believed that Sassafras hen roosts keep out chicken lice.

But it was the roots of the tree, yielding an oil once prized beyond all reason, that gave the Sassafras its fame. As a demulcent and emollient, oil of Sassafras has never completely ceased to be of some importance in the manufacture of soaps and perfumes; it disguises the bad taste of some medicines and may perhaps still be employed in the flavoring of candy. At one time, however, especially in Virginia, roots were grubbed out by the ton for the production of this essence, thereby clearing cutover land for the farmer and at the same time yielding a paying harvest. But the old credulity in Sassafras as a tonic that would prolong life has yielded place to acceptance of radio advertisers' claims for vitamins to do the same, and it is probable that Sassafras at the moment is at an all-time low.

Yet no other American tree was ever exalted by such imaginary virtues, in expectation, as Sassafras, or has fallen so far in esteem. Its reputation was launched upon the world in 1574 by Nicholas Monardes, “physician of Seville,” in his work on the resources of the West Indies (translated into English by Frampton), with the delightful title *Joyfull Newes Out of the Newe Founde Worlde*. And these are some of his glad tidings: —

From the Florida, whiche is the firme Lande of our Occidentall Indias, lying in xxv degrees, thei bryng a woodd and roote of a tree that groweth in those partes, of greate vertues, and great excellencies, that thei heale there with greevous and variable deseases.

It may be three yeres paste, that I had knowledge of this Tree, and a French manne whiche had been in those partes, shewed me a peece of it, and told me merveilles of its vertues. . . .

After that the French menne were destroyed,¹ our Spaniards did beginne to waxe sicke, as the Frenche menne had dooen, and some whiche did remaine of them, did shew it to our Spaniardes, and how thei had cured them selves with the water of this merveilous Tree, and the manner which thei had of usyng of it, shewed to them by the Indians, who used to cur them selves therewith, when thei were sicke of any grief . . . and it did in them greate effectes, that it is almoste incredible. . . .

The name of this Tree, as the Indians dooeth name it, is called *Pauame*, and the Frenche menne dooeth call it Sassafras.

Monardes goes on to say that Sassafras is a sovereign remedy for "Quotidian Agewes [malaria], large importunate fevers . . . it comforteth the liver and the Stomacke . . . it dooeth make fatte . . . dooeth cause lust to meate." It is also good for "Tertian Agewes, griefes of the breast caused of cold humours, griefes of the head," for "them that bee lame and creepelles and them that are not able to goe."

Such a panacea as this was certain to raise high hopes in the Europe of that day, when almost no disease was correctly understood in either its origin or its treatment, so that credulity might mount untrammelled. It was the easier to believe in a cure-all that came from the New World and had never failed — because it had never been tried except by the Indians. Indeed, the early Spanish, French, Portuguese, Dutch, and English were as gullible about "Indian medicine" as the Americans of a later date. The great value of Sassafras to the red men (aside from the undoubtedly soothing effect that the mucilaginous properties of its sap would have on raw mucous membranes) was doubtless in its aromatic nature. A plant with a strong pleasant smell was supposed to ward off evil; and evil, rather than bacteria, is believed still, among the Chinese, Indians, and certain American sects, to be the real cause of sickness.

This conception of the curative, since evil-dispelling, nature of an odor is very ancient; it goes back to Egyptian and Druidical ceremonies, and was strongly believed in by Europeans during the bubonic plague, when doctors wore great nose beaks filled with spices; indeed, it survived to our own times in the only recently abandoned theory of

¹ A reference to the attack by the Spanish of St. Augustine, Florida, upon the French Huguenot colony at Port Royal, South Carolina, when the French, after surrendering, were coldly butchered by the Spanish.

fumigation. The American Indians believed, above all, in the efficacy of tobacco smoke, and it was as a curative that tobacco was first introduced into Europe; Catherine de' Medici took tobacco for a cold in the head! Such, then, is the background, the psychological preparation, which greeted the first arrivals of Sassafras in Europe. It rated with the spices of Ormuz and Araby as a precious substance.

Impatient to secure adequate supplies of it, the English charged their early explorers to search for it. Thus when Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe dropped anchor in Pamlico Sound, North Carolina, in 1584, they immediately began the search for Sassafras. In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold was sent out to explore what is now the coast of New England for the marvelous tree, for the price of Sassafras in Britain had risen to 336 pounds sterling the ton.

In 1603 the merchants of Bristol, urged thereto by Richard Hakluyt, the celebrated historian and anthologist of early exploration, formed a company to send to Virginia for the sole purpose of gathering Sassafras. They sailed in two vessels "plentifully victualled for eight monethes, and furnished with slight Merchandizes thought fit to trade with the people of the Countrey, as Hats of divers colours, greene, blue and yellow, apparell of coarse Kersie and Canvasse readie made, Stockings and Shooes, Axes, Hatchets, Hookes, Knives, Sizzers, Hammers, Nailles, Chissels, Fishhookes, Bels, Beades, Bugles, Looking-glasses, Thimbles, Pinnes, Needles, Thread and such like."

After a very long voyage they reached the coast of the present United States in the neighborhood of what is now Old Orchard, Maine. Meeting with no Sassafras there, they continued southward, always hunting for it, and first encountered it on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. Here they spent a month filling the hold of the bark with Sassafras, and then sent her home to England "to give some contentment to the Adventurers," that is, satisfy the stockholders.

The remaining company continued to cut Sassafras and load it into the larger ship, but either this aroused the jealousy of the Indians or the redskins decided the foreigners had stayed long enough. Several surprise attacks were made, ambushes were laid and treachery attempted, but the stout banging of a brass "Peece" (cannon) and the fear inspired in them by two mastiffs belonging to the Bristol men drove off the Indians. A fair wind brought the Sassafras cutters away at last in safety to Bristol, and the expedition, we hope, returned great profit to the gentlemen "Adventurers."

Sassafras was one of the first exports sent by Captain John Smith from the Jamestown colony, and as late as 1610 it was still demanded from Virginia, like tribute, as a condition of the charter of the colony. But soon it began to share the fate of other panaceas. It wasn't curing all the ailments it

was claimed to cure. A disillusioned public lost its faith in Sassafras — but not in panaceas! So, through the years, Sassafras as a medicament sank to the position of a tonic to “purify the blood” — a continuation, of course, of the notion that our ailments originate in some inner evil. Thus for generations it was administered, in connection with black cherry and various other unpleasant ingredients, to pioneer children as the dreaded “spring tonic.” Older people left out the unpleasant ingredients and simply sipped Sassafras tea. Even that placid custom is becoming a part of the past — that long American past in which the Sassafras tree shone boldly forth, just as today when it is only a bright reminder of the time when everything here was wonderful and new.

Growing in much the same roadside or woodland setting is another tree which has become clothed in supposedly magical properties. A strange little understory tree is the Witch Hazel, whose flowers venture forth only when the dull yellow leaves have dropped and the late autumn airs are beginning to grow chill. They have twisted, crinkled petals of pale greenish gold, and the fruits are stranger still, for those of last year are just ripening at the time that this year’s flowers appear. More, they eject their seeds with nothing less than violence; the tree, which seldom grows more than twenty feet high, can send its seeds much farther. Reliable observers, who have kept the pods in the house and could measure the distance of the ejection precisely, report twenty-five and thirty feet. The viability of these vital little missiles is high, and thus the winter-blooming Witch Hazel, of ancient geologic lineage, is still today well able to maintain itself.

The extraction of the essence began with the Indians, who probably had the same mystical faith in it — as an aromatic plant — that they put in Sassafras. High hopes were once entertained of

Witch Hazel extract as a curative for all sorts of diseases. But modern chemistry has found that Witch Hazel is quite inert, and any value the extract may have as an astringent and antiseptic may well reside in the alcohol in which the aromatic essence is embodied. The southern Appalachians are the chief source of the dried leaves which supply the material for the extract; in New England, however, the bark, twigs, and sometimes the entire plant are often used.

Witch Hazel is usually said to take its name from a confusion in the minds of the early settlers between this plant and the true Hazel of Europe, which was famous for its magical properties. Some legends say that one can find witches by means of it, and others that with its help witches can find water, or gold, or other desirable subterranean things. Philologists like to dispute this source of the name, saying that it comes from the word *wych*, which has nothing to do with witches but is related, according to various and sundry authorities, to Anglo-Saxon *wican*, meaning to bend, or *wice*, meaning quick or living, or possibly even to the modern word, *switch*.

However all that may be, it is certain that in early days in America Witch Hazel was used in local witchery, to find water or even mineral deposits. You took a forked branch, one whose points grew north and south so that they had felt the influence of the sun at its rising and setting, and you carried it with a point in each hand, the stem pointing forward. Any downward tug of the stem was caused by the flow of hidden water or the gleam of buried gold. And if there are people still who believe in water-witching, theirs is one of the most harmless and pleasing of fallacies. We in modern America are not too rich in folklore, and there is a place in our national memory for the innocent old magic that once grew green and promising in the Sassafras tree and the cryptic Witch Hazel.





An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



JOSEPH PETRACCA was born in Brooklyn thirty-four years ago; worked for ten years at the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a machinist; studied in the evening sessions at St. John's University, from which he graduated with a major in Social Sciences; and is now employed as a salesman in Los Angeles. For years the nights have been his time for intellectual pursuits, and in the evening he settles down to the writing of his short stories (this is his first in print) and his plays, one of which is in rehearsal for the California Theatre '48.

SANTA LUCIA

by JOSEPH PETRACCA

I DIDN'T get to see my first miracle until I was nearly ten years old. Anyway, that's what Mama always calls it whenever she talks about it. Any little favor from Upstairs or any little wish that's granted, in whole or in part, right off becomes a miracle to Mama; but in all fairness to her, this one really was.

It was one of those hot August days, and I was playing shinneger stick with Dominick Bianchi, a kid my age who lived underneath us. I had just belted the tapered wooden cat two sewers when Mama stuck her head out of the window and started screaming. Dominick and I began to run, figuring she was yelling at us for sawing off the broomstick handle, when all of a sudden she started to moan, one of those crying moans, like when Natale, my kid brother, was born. Halfway up the street we stopped and looked up. Mama was bent double over the window ledge, wailing and pulling her hair and entreating all the saints in heaven to help her. She cried so loud that pretty soon all the women in the neighborhood came running out of their houses and gathered under the window.

"What's a matter?" asked Mrs. Simonelli, the iceman's wife. Mama didn't answer, just kept on wailing, and the women downstairs began to buzz-buzz among themselves, all of them trying to guess what could have happened. Mrs. Bianchi, Dominick's mother, appeared in the window and put her arm around Mama to console her.

"What's a matter?" Mrs. Simonelli asked again. "He had a stroke," said Mrs. Bianchi.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Quattrocchi, the barber's wife.

"Nonno," said Mrs. Bianchi, meaning my grandfather.

"Ooooooh!" Mama screeched, rocking back and forth on the window ledge as if she were going to throw herself off.

"Poverella," said Mrs. Petito, the street cleaner's wife, shaking her head from side to side and clucking sympathetically.

"He's a blind — blind!" Mama shouted to the tops of the roofs across the street, and all the women in the street crossed themselves and kissed their thumbnails.

"Poverello," said Mrs. Petito, biting her knuckle.

"Do you want me to get La Zingara?" asked Mrs. Ferrante, whose husband was out of work and playing Brische in the Café. Mrs. Ferrante and Mama never called in a doctor when anybody got sick; they always called La Zingara, a bent-over old woman who mixed herbs and leaves, and mumbled dark Sicilian prayers over you. No matter what you had, her treatment was always the same.

"Sì, sì — right away!" Mama said, looking down at Mrs. Ferrante and wringing her hands at her. Mrs. Ferrante elbowed her way through the crowd of women, and Mama looked after her pleadingly, speeding her on her merciful journey. Then Mama began to cry again, distractedly. I couldn't stand it.

"Mama — " I said.

"Joey," Mama said, looking down at me.

"Can I do something?"

"Call Papa."

"Sure."

"Tell him to come home."

"Which dock is he working?"

"I no know. Look, look."

"Sure, Mama."

As Dominick and I left to find Papa, Mrs. Bianchi was leading Mama into the front room.

Papa was stevedoring at the Wallabout Basin, a big tub of dirty water with a lot of cat-sized rats in it. Every time a breeze blew in from Manhattan or a scow pulled out from the scummy piles, a sour stink blanketed the entire neighborhood. There was nothing to do about it except, perhaps, to move to Manhattan, but Papa wanted to be near his job, and so we stayed in Williamsburg.

Dominick and I tried a couple of docks before we found Papa, but by then it was nearly time for the twelve o'clock whistle to blow, so we sat on a crate and watched him work. And Papa was something to watch. If the other longshoremen carried one sack of sugar, Papa carried two; if it took two of them to carry down a box, Papa carried it down by himself. It was the same way with everything he did; he always had to give it that extra something. Even when he played *Brische* at the Café, he had to rap his knuckles on the card table harder than the others. It didn't make any difference to Papa if it was a deuce or a four, or some other unimportant card, he'd bang the table just the same as if it were a trey or an ace.

Now Papa was using the gaff, the longshoreman's hook, and dancing a heavy crate, like a tarantella partner, to the loading platform. Papa loved that hook. Every morning when he left the house to shape up for the day's work, he stuck it in his shirt pocket, wearing it like a badge, which announced to all the neighbors that this man was no *zappatore*, common laborer, or ditchdigger. No sir! See that hook? This man is a longshoreman!

When the noon whistle blew, Papa walked to the far end of the pier, wiping his face and neck with a polka-dot bandanna. Before he sat down, he blew his nose into the ground, a nostril at a time, and then put his bandanna away and began to eat.

"Papa," I said, walking toward him.

Papa looked up from his sandwich, startled, his cheeks bulging with salami and *provolone*. The only time any of us went down to call him was when there was trouble, or when he forgot to take his lunch. He was eating his lunch, so it must be trouble. He jumped to his feet and began to shake me. "What's a matter? Who it is? Concetta? Amelia? Natale?"

"No," I managed through all his shaking.

"Mama?" he demanded. "Talk! Talk!"

Dominick came to my rescue. "It's Nonno," he said.

"Nonno," Papa said, dismissing me and the news contemptuously. Nonno was the economic albatross

around Papa's neck, a quiet old man who just sat around the house, smoking his pipe and looking out of the window.

"What's a matter f' him?" Papa asked, like a man asks about his father-in-law.

"Mama says he's blind," I said.

"He's a fake," Papa said.

"No, Papa. He had a stroke," I said.

"Stroga!" Papa scoffed. "He's a fake! Now go home. *Vatinel!*"

"But Mama told me to tell you to come home."

"You tell you mothe' I go home when I fineesh the job. *Capisci?*" he said, twisting my ear.

"But —"

"No but. Go home."

"But Mama said —"

"But, but!" Papa said. "Go home, *se* no I take offa my strap!" And Papa started to undo the buckle on his belt, but Dominick and I were already streaking it up the pier.

2

WHEN I got upstairs, La Zingara was in the kitchen mixing her herbs and leaves in the big macaroni pot, the same as she did for me the year I had the measles. Seeing her, I was glad Papa didn't come home. The year I had the measles, she wrapped a hot herb poultice around my head, like a turban. Then, fingering a string of amulets like a rosary, she beseeched the ceiling with some ancient Sicilian sorcery, while Mama knelt on the other side of the bed, babbling like a terrified Greek chorus.

When Papa came home and saw me sitting up in bed with the spinach bandage, as he called it, around my head, and La Zingara with her hands clasped to heaven, he grabbed his hook and made a headlong dive for her. La Zingara screeched bloody murder and ran around and around the bed, Papa cursing her and menacing her with his hook, and Mama pummeling Papa on the back with her little fists, imploring him to stop or the whole family would come down with the Evil Eye. But Papa kept right after La Zingara, Evil Eye or no Evil Eye, and chased her clear out of the house, down the stairs, and up the street, swinging his hook and calling her a gypsy and a witch at the top of his lungs. When he got back upstairs, Mama was praying before a picture of St. Joseph she had borrowed from Sister Carmela that afternoon. Papa snarled an atheist snarl at Mama, and came over to me and asked, "What's a matter?"

"I got measles," I said, and began to cry.

"Shutupa," he said, and went out to get Dr. Capolongo.

Well, here was La Zingara again, mixing the herbs for Nonno and bent over the macaroni pot, stirring and sniffing, mumbling something to the brew. She was such a skinny old woman, and so

well-intentioned, that even though I was sure she could turn me to stone if she wanted to, I still felt a little sorry for her. She was a poor woman and nobody ever gave her money for her services, everybody figuring she got her herbs, leaves, and roots for nothing in Fort Greene Park. Once in a while Mama gave her a hard piece of *mozzarella* that was left over from the *lasagna*, or now and then a saucer of wine with a piece of stale bread to dip into it, but never any money.

Nobody knew how she lived because nobody was brave enough to step inside her house to find out. Whenever Mrs. Ferrante or Mama went to call her, they knocked on her door with a crucifix clutched in their hands and then stepped back quickly, making the sign of the cross and kissing the crucifix. When she came out, you could be sure she would be wearing the same peasant clothes she wore all year round, a lot of long flouncy skirts and a dark woolen shawl, which she wrapped around her head in the winter and dropped to her shoulders in the summer.

She was really a pathetic figure, and I was thinking to myself it's a good thing Papa didn't come home, when, at that moment, I heard his voice in the hallway, downstairs. He was talking to Mrs. Bianchi. "What's a matter f' the old man?" he said.

"He's blind," Mrs. Bianchi said with that cluck in her voice.

"Ah, he's a fake," Papa said, starting to clump up the stairs. With Papa coming up the stairs, I felt more sorry for La Zingara than ever, because I knew that if he got his hands on her this time, he would surely kill her. I walked over to her and tapped her lightly on the shoulder. "Papa's coming," I said. "He musta finished early."

"Oh!"

And with that she threw all her uncooked herbs into the macaroni pot and started to run around the kitchen, opening closet doors and bedroom doors, looking for the quickest exit. The back-yard window was open, and before I could warn her about Mama's trays of tomato conserve that were blocking the fire escape, her skirts were swishing through the air and she was rolling out of the room. A fiendish shriek greeted Papa as he opened the door, and it wasn't hard to guess why: La Zingara had landed smack into the sticky tomatoes.

Papa rushed to the open window, but La Zingara was already scampcring down the fire escape, cursing Papa from one end of Italy to the other and inviting all the demons of hell to visit him that very night. But Papa cursed her right back and shook his hook at her. By this time the neighbors were all at their windows, and when they saw La Zingara running across the yard, her backside a dripping red mass and Papa wildly waving his hook, they nodded their heads with grim understanding: "So he finally got her."

Papa looked at the neighbors and then began to laugh, a slow swelling laugh. He was still laughing

when Mama came rushing out of Nonno's room, her dark eyes sparking and the muscles in her jaw quivering. She walked right up to Papa and demanded, "Where's La Zingara?"

"Who?" Papa said, still laughing.

"La Zingara, La Zingara," Mama said impatiently.

"She's a here? I no see here," Papa said, laughing at his little technicality.

"She's a was here," Mama said, clenching her little fists on her hips. Even though Papa was a squat mound of muscle, with hands like big *cacio-cavalli*, and Mama was built like a spaghetti, he was afraid of her when she got mad. He turned his back to her and twirled the hook around his finger.

"I no know what you talk."

"Joey," Mama said, bringing me into it, "where's La Zingara?"

"She went down the fire escape," I said, looking at Papa and wondering if I was a snitcher.

"You chase him out," Mama said to Papa.

"I'm a?" Papa said.

"Yes you," Mama said.

Papa smiled like when he makes a good shot in Boccie. "Joey, I'm a chase La Zingara? Go 'head, tell you mothe'."

"No, Mama," I said, glad to get back on Papa's side.

"There," Papa said, "what I tell you?"

"Then she's a hear you come and run away."

"What you wanna f' me? I canna come my own house?"

"But Patsy," Mama said, "La Zingara gonna cure Nonno."

"Pah!" Papa said.

"No pah, is true," Mama said. "When Mingucci gotta the stroga, he no walk. Then in one weeks La Zingara make walk. No?"

"No," Papa said.

"Yes," Mama said.

"Was Nature," Papa said.

"No Nature," Mama said.

"You know what is Nature?" Papa said.

"Patsy, I no wanna hear," Mama said, pressing her hands tight against her ears while Papa expounded his borrowed philosophy of Nature. To Mama, Nature was synonymous with Bruno Cardinale, the self-styled atheist who owned the *capozzeria* and *pizzeria* where Papa went every Saturday night to eat a snack and play Three Sevens. Once or twice a year Papa took me along. I enjoyed eating the *pizza*, its rubbery cheese stretching to arm's length and then snapping, but the *capozzella*, lamb's head, was something else. I couldn't even look at the halved head in the plate, let alone eat it. I used to watch with a sickening fascination as Papa ate the whole thing — meat, brains, and eyes — right down to the dry bone, sucking with such gusto and relish that it turned my stomach.

After two servings of *capozzella* and a large

pizza, washed down with a soda bottle filled with wine, Papa and Bruno settled down to their card game. Between hands, while Papa shuffled, Bruno indoctrinated him with his eclectic and mixed-up interpretations of Roberto Ingersolle, Carlo Marze, and Nature. Bruno had two children, and he used to boast to everyone who came into the store that they were not baptized. One afternoon I heard Mrs. Cardinale tell Mama that she had had them secretly baptized, and that if Bruno ever found out, he would kill her, or what was much worse, divorce her. Mrs. Cardinale sympathized with Mama; she had lived with "Nature" for fifteen years.

"Nature, Nature, Nature!" Papa was saying, winding up his case.

Mama turned with her hands still pressed tight against her ears, and ran into Nonno's bedroom. Papa followed her, yelling, "Nature, Nature, Nature!"

When I got to Nonno's room, Nonno was lying in bed with his eyes open, staring vacantly ahead, while Papa passed his hand back and forth before his eyes. Nonno didn't flinch or bat an eyelash.

"Nonno," Mama said, "you want something?"

"Where's a my pipe?" Nonno said.

"On the rocka chair," Mama said. "Joey, get."

I got. When I returned with the pipe and tobacco, Papa took them from me and began to pack the bowl with the dry, crumbled shreds of Italian cigars.

"I'ma hear blind men no like smoke," Papa said.

"*È possibile*," Nonno said.

Papa put the pipe stem into Nonno's mouth and struck a match to the tobacco, which crackled like burning twigs and smelled like burning garbage. Papa watched the expression on Nonno's face with a curious interest. "Well," he said, after Nonno was settled back and puffing away contentedly.

"Grazie," Nonno said.

"You like?" Papa said.

"Sì," Nonno said, and blew a cloud of smoke to the ceiling.

"Doctors," Papa said, strengthening his argument, "say blind men no like smoke."

"I like," said Nonno.

"If you canna see the smoke, what's the use to smoke?"

"I like," Nonno said.

"If you blind," Papa said, bending down close to him, "why you no call Dr. Capolongo?"

Nonno shrugged his shoulders and puffed his pipe.

Papa turned on Mama. "If he's a blind, why you no call Dr. Capolongo?"

"Oh, Patsy," Mama said. She regarded Dr. Capolongo as another irreverent tinkerer who, like Bruno Cardinale, was sure to wind up Downstairs.

"No oh Patsy!" Papa yelled. "Why you no call Dr. Capolongo?"

Mama walked to the other side of the bed and

adjusted the dusty yellow palms that were arranged in bows around the crucifix. Papa pursued her, the question still burning in his eyes. "Why?"

Mama turned to face Papa, defiantly. "Because is a waste money, that's why!"

"Waste money!" Papa shrieked, throwing his hands wildly in the air. "To go movapitch two times a week, you no waste money! To put a quarter the collecsh every Sunday, you no waste money! To lighta the candles f' you mothe' who's a dead twenny years and canna even see the candles burn — that's no waste money!"

"Patsy, no talk about my mothe'," Mama said, crossing herself quickly.

"Candles! She no could see if the whole church wasa burn!"

Mama crossed herself twice.

"Well, I'ma go get Dr. Capolongo," Papa said, and stormed out of the room, sneering on the way out at Nonno, who just lay there smoking, and maybe wishing he were deaf besides.

3

AFTER supper we all waited in the kitchen for Dr. Capolongo to come, except Mama, who was inside with Nonno. Papa was in his undershirt, sitting at the table and drinking wine, scowling after every glass in the direction of the bedroom. Concetta and Amelia were arguing about whose night it was to dry the dishes, and Natale and I were playing marbles with the wooden beads, Mama's homework from Mr. Greenberg's dress house on Myrtle Avenue. Mama was supposed to crochet covers for the wooden beads, and was to be paid so much a dozen, but there were so many interruptions, so many meals to cook, so many clothes to wash, so many neighbors to visit, and so many movies to see, that Mama never got past the first dozen. It was the same thing with the sewing machine Papa bought for her; the only thing that ever came out of it was a pair of bloomers for Amelia, but it was a godsend to Mrs. Bianchi, who made shirts, dresses, and even suits for her family.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Dr. Capolongo knocked on the door. Papa jumped up from his chair, pulled his pants over his belly, and opened the door. He greeted the doctor effusively.

"Ah! Dr. Capolongo! Come in, come in! Give me you hat."

"My wife tells me you called this afternoon," Dr. Capolongo said, looking around the room. "Who is it this time?"

"Nonno," Papa said.

"What seems to be the matter?"

"Ah! You see."

Papa was hanging the doctor's hat on the closet door when Mama came in, wearing her black Sunday dress and carrying the picture of St. Joseph rolled up under her arm.

"How are you, Mrs. Esposito?" Dr. Capolongo said, smiling at Mama.

"Good, thanga you," Mama said without looking at him. To Papa she said, "I'ma take the pitch San Giuseppe back to Sister Carmela," and went out, stomping angrily down the stairs.

"What's the matter with her?" Dr. Capolongo asked, looking after her with a puzzled expression on his face.

"*Niente, niente*," Papa said, and led Dr. Capolongo into Nonno's bedroom.

Natale and I resumed our game with the wooden marbles, while Concetta and Amelia sat at the table, cutting out pictures of their favorite stars. About fifteen minutes later, when I was knuckling down to a tough shot behind the drain pipe of the washtub, Papa and Dr. Capolongo came in again.

"It's a very unusual case. The stroke seems to have impaired the optic nerve only —"

Papa couldn't understand any of this, and asked impatiently, "But he's a blind?"

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Capolongo.

"You sure?" said Papa.

"Well, of course."

"How long is gonna be?"

"It's hard to say. It may be a week, a month, a year. But he must have absolute rest. Keep him propped up so that the pressure on the brain is drawn away, and" — Dr. Capolongo hung up his sentence while he wrote on his pad — "give him this before each meal." Papa took the prescription, looked at it as though he knew what he was reading, and then gave the doctor three dollars.

"Call me in a couple of days and let me know how he's doing," Dr. Capolongo said.

"Dr. Capolongo," Papa said, with the tone of a man who is still bothered by something. "Blind men smoke?"

"What makes you ask?" Dr. Capolongo asked.

"Blind men smoke?" Papa repeated, trying to look wise and mysterious.

"Well, offhand I'm not familiar with the statistics," Dr. Capolongo began.

"You no know," Papa interrupted.

"No, I don't," Dr. Capolongo said.

"I know." Papa looked at the doctor levelly.

"Well, that's fine," said Dr. Capolongo, putting on his hat.

"I tell you, Dr. Capolongo," Papa said.

"Some other time. I've got a very urgent call to make. Well, good night, Mr. Esposito," he said, and he waved his black bag into the room and went out. Papa closed the door after him and muttered, "Fake! Everybody's fake!"

4

IT WAS nearly ten o'clock when Mama got back. She had a big package under her arm, and without saying a word to Papa, she went right into Nonno's

bedroom. Papa, who was sitting on the window ledge, fanning himself with a copy of the *Progresso*, announced angrily, "Everybody go to bed!"

"Aw gee," Natale whined, but Papa cut him off with a quick motion for his strap.

There was no light in our room, but the moon was bright, so Natale and I wrestled until he got so tired from being pinned down that he went to sleep. I tried to sleep, but it was too hot. I tossed and turned and finally gave it up and folded my hands under my head and looked up at the ceiling. It was so hot that even the water pipe was sweating.

I was beginning to get hungry, and had just about decided to look in the icebox for some *capocollo* or *prosciutto*, when I heard Mama get up and go to Nonno's room. I jumped out of bed and stood in the open doorway, looking down the dark corridor.

"Joey," Mama called in a whisper.

I went towards Nonno's room, where Mama's voice came from, and when I got closer I saw her standing outside the door, waiting to go in.

"Joey," Mama said, "me and you pray f' Nonno."

Mama felt that since I was an altar boy, and that since next month I would receive *la cresima*, Confirmation, my prayers might carry some extra weight. It was sound reasoning, but I was hungry.

"Can't I get something to eat first?"

"After," Mama said, and opened the door.

When we stepped inside, the first thing I saw was a two-foot statue on the table next to the bed with a two-foot candle burning on each side of it. It was a statue of a woman saint, the eyes closed and looking down at a plate she held in her hand. In the center of the plate were two eyeballs. The eyes in the plate reminded me of Papa eating *capozella*, and I began to get sick.

"That's the statue of Santa Lucia," Mama explained in Italian. "She's the patron saint of the eyes. Sister Carmela gave it to me."

"That's Saint Lucy?" I asked horror-stricken, pointing at the statue.

"No point!" Mama said, slapping down my finger. "You give us bad luck."

Nonno groaned and turned over, pulling the bed sheet over his shoulder, so that we could only see the back of his head. Mama shushed me and knelt down quietly in front of the statue. I knelt down beside her. It was hot enough as it was, but with two candles burning right next to us it was intolerable. I fidgeted and sweated and tugged at my union suit, which clung to me intimately and wetly.

"*Commenze*," Mama said, clasping her hands and closing her eyes. I did the same thing, only every so often I peeked up at Mama, whose lips were moving in prayer. I don't know what prayers she used, but I alternated an "Our Father" with a "Hail Mary." They might not have been the most appropriate prayers, having nothing to do with blindness, but they were the only prayers I

knew, except for the Act of Contrition, which was out of the question.

Along about the tenth or twentieth "Our Father," Nonno suddenly groaned again. Mama opened her eyes. She looked at Nonno first, and then at the statue. Then she froze, her eyes staring fixedly ahead. I followed her eyes, turning my head slowly and fearfully. Then I froze. *There on Saint Lucy's cheek was a big tear.* Open-mouthed, Mama and I watched as the tear started to roll slowly down past her lips, past her chin, stopped there for a second, and then fell, making a tiny splash in the plate containing the two eyes.

"Joey," Mama said in an awed whisper, as though she had just seen God. I wanted to say something but the words stuck in my throat. I started to get up, but Mama forced me down. "We pray some more. *Commenze.*"

Just then Nonno sat up in bed. "Whatch you two do?"

"Oh, Nonno!" Mama said.

"I wanna sleep," Nonno said, slumping back into bed.

"Santa Lucia!" Mama screamed.

Nonno jumped in the bed and Mama seized him by his nightshirt. "Nonno, how you know is two of us?"

"Because I'ma see two, that'sa how."

"You see, Nonno?" Mama cried.

"I joosta say," Nonno said. "What Joey's do in underwear?"

"A miracle! A miracle!" Mama shouted, running into the hall, through the house, pounding on every door and waking everybody up. I could hear Papa grumbling and cursing, and the children following Mama with questioning, terrified squeals. When Mama came back she was followed by Papa, barefooted and pulling his strap around his pants, and by Concetta, Amelia, and Natale, who stood in the doorway, rubbing their eyes.

"What the hell'sa matter?" Papa said.

"A miracle! A miracle!" Mama kept shouting, hugging and kissing first Saint Lucy and then Nonno, who was trying to go back to sleep. This was Mama's victory celebration, her answer to the Cardinales and Capolongos, the supremacy of faith over fact, the triumph of the prayer over the pill.

"You craze?" Papa said, shaking her by the shoulders.

"Patsy, Nonno can see!"

"What?"

"Nonno can see! He's no blind!"

"Ah!" Papa shouted, like the time he sneaked up on me and caught me smoking. "So Nonno can see! I told you he'sa fake!"

"No fake," Mama said. "It's Santa Lucia."

"Santa Lucia!" Papa scoffed. "He'sa fake all along."

"Patsy, me and Joey pray —"

"Pray, no pray! What'sa *differenza?*" Papa

said, walking around Nonno. "So you wanna stay the bed?" Papa said to Nonno, who was already beginning to snore. "You wanna waita f' you hands and foots? But you canna fool Patsy, eh Nonno?"

"Patsy, you craze," Mama said.

"Sure I'ma craze," Papa said.

"Even Dr. Capolongo," Mama said, quoting the devil, "say he'sa blind. Patsy, you craze."

"You even foola the doctor, eh Nonno?" Papa said.

Nonno answered Papa with a loud snore.

"Fake!" Papa said. "You no foola me! Now you wanna fake you sleep," he scoffed, shaking Nonno violently. Nonno woke up for an instant, shook Papa's hands off, and went back to sleep.

"Sleep, sleep!" Papa said, hitching up his strap.

"You no foola me."

"Patsy, was a miracle! I swear my dead mothe'!" Mama said, making a spit cross on her neck.

"Shutupa miracle," Papa said, raising the back of his hand. "Everything is miracle with you!"

"Was a miracle!" Mama shouted. "Me and Joey pray, and joosta when the tear come outta Santa Lucia and fall ona the plate, Nonno ope' his eyes — and no more blind."

Papa just looked at her, that sorry look he reserves for raving lunatics.

"Ask Joey," Mama said.

"Mama's right, Papa. It was a miracle," I said.

From the way he looked at me, you'd think I had told him that the earth was flat. From then on, Papa gave up any hope that I would be a doctor like he wanted me to be; I was too much like Mama.

"*Farfallone* — Snotnose!" he called me. "Go to sleep, everybody. Go on, go on," he said, shoos us all out of the room.

"*Farfallone!*" he shouted after me.

After pushing Natale to his side of the bed, I got in and pulled the cover over my head, afraid that if I looked at anything, another miracle would happen, that the natural laws would be suspended, and that I would go flying off into space. Under the sheet, sweating and panic-stricken, I recited my entire repertoire of prayers to ward off the impending disaster. The Act of Contrition seemed the most appropriate this time, so I said it over and over again. "O my God, I am heartily sorry. . . ."

It was getting hotter and hotter under the sheet, but I counted twenty-five Acts of Contrition before I finally kicked the cover off. I breathed deeply a few times and looked up at the ceiling. The water pipe was still sweating.

Far away I could hear Mama and Papa still arguing, and the last thing I remember, before dozing off, was Mama shouting to Papa, "A miracle! A miracle!" and Papa shouting to Mama, "Fake! Fake!"

But Mama was right, because I saw it myself.



The Atlantic Serial



English artist and writer, OSBERT LANCASTER came down from Oxford in the early thirties and studied at the Slade School. Later he became the art critic of the Observer and a cartoonist for the Daily Express, and so embarked on the writing and drawing which have earned him a delightful reputation on the other side. During the war he lived in Greece for eighteen months in a semiofficial capacity, and the notes and sketches which he made at that time have recently appeared in his new book, Classical Landscape with Figures. Now, in a wholly different vein, he devotes himself to the adventures of William de Littlehampton, the reluctant Crusader — a chronicle which the Atlantic is happy to publish in three installments.

THE SARACEN'S HEAD

by OSBERT LANCASTER

1

ONCE upon a time, in the reign of King Richard Coeur de Lion to be precise, there lived in Sussex a certain landowner known as William de Littlehampton. He was exceedingly rich, the lord of five manors with the rights of socage, corkage, and drainage between Chanctonbury Ring and Bognor-supra-Mare, and in addition he enjoyed the rare privilege of fishing for sturgeon in the river Arun. (In fact there are no sturgeon in the river Arun but this was nevertheless regarded as a very rare distinction.)

His principal residence was the castle of Courants-dair, a large, prominently situated building completely equipped with drawbridge, moat, bailey, keep, posterns, dungeons, and all the usual twelfth-century fittings, and enjoying a magnificent view of the South Downs and the English Channel. Though immensely strong it was already over a hundred years old, and unfortunately even by twelfth-century standards was considered more than a little uncomfortable. The fire smoked without stopping, the wind whistled round the great hall through a dozen cracks, and none of the window shutters fitted properly — which was all the more noticeable as none of the windows had any glass.

William, who every year from the beginning of November to the end of May had a constant succession of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and influenzas, was fully aware of these defects and had made several attempts to make his home a little more up to date, but he had never yet succeeded in over-

coming the resistance of his mother, a remarkably tough old lady of sixty-eight. Whenever he suggested putting a screen across the entrance to the kitchen or hanging some arras on the walls of his bedroom, his mother promptly reminded him that his dear father had never had any such sissy fittings in his day, and what was good enough for old Sir Dagobert should certainly be quite good enough for his son. William invariably agreed, apologized deeply, and tried hard to suppress his sneezes for the rest of the evening in case his mother should think he was playing for sympathy.

Sir Dagobert de Littlehampton, who had died as the result of a most unfortunate accident very shortly after the birth of William, his only son, had been renowned throughout Christendom for his bravery, powers of endurance, exceptional strength, and outstanding skill in all manly sports and exercises. At the age of six he was taken on his first wild boar hunt and, his horse having the ill-luck to catch its foot in a rabbit hole, was thrown heavily. Just at that moment the boar, of quite extraordinary size and ferocity, turned round in his tracks and, bellowing horribly, made straight for the prostrate lad. Without a moment's hesitation and with complete presence of mind, little Dagobert drew out his pocketknife and just as the infuriated beast, which was straddling its prey, was lowering its head to rip the fearless child with its vast tusks, he plunged it into the boar's stomach, which with one decisive gesture he slit from end to end.

The news of this exploit came to the ears of the King, who chanced to be passing through the neighborhood at the time. As a token of his admiration, he granted Dagobert the right to bear as his crest a severed boar's head proper, which was why this device was embroidered on the great standard which ever flapped above the keep of Courantsdair. The skull of the animal, complete with tusks and tastefully mounted, hung on the wall of the great hall, where it had frequently given William the fright of his life as he came upon it unexpectedly in the dim torchlight on a winter's evening.

By the time Sir Dagobert had reached the age of his son at the opening of our story — twenty years and two months — his fame had spread far and wide. Five times Junior Tilting Champion of the Southern Counties (winning the cup outright in 1138), winner of the All-England Archery Competition on two separate occasions, and runner-up in the finals of the Mercian Battle-axe Contest in the following year, he had already taken part in two pitched battles, five forays, eleven skirmishes, and three sieges. In addition he had killed two knights in single combat and unhorsed several more. Of the men-at-arms, archers, and common foot soldiers that he had dispatched he had already long since lost count. But with all these triumphs, which increased as the years passed by, his joy remained incomplete for he had no son and heir. Year after year his wife, a woman of like temper to himself, gave birth to a strapping girl until, at long last, in his sixtieth year his only son was welcomed into the world by eleven sisters. (Six more had died of colds, croop, or bronchitis during the various hard winters.)

Unfortunately Sir Dagobert did not long survive hearing the good news — he never saw little William at all — as just at this time he met his death as the result of the most exceptional ill-luck at the siege of an obscure town near Limoges. It so happened that in the view of the King of England, who was besieging the place, the hour had come to make a final assault and so bring to an end an operation which had already gone on far too long, and, in order to ensure the success of this attack, various siege engines of the latest design and enormous power had been brought up. Now Sir Dagobert disapproved on principle of all such newfangled devices, considering them ungentlemanly and, in so far as they were not completely useless, likely to discourage a healthy enthusiasm for hand-to-hand fighting and cold steel. The skilled engineers who operated these fearsome and complicated machines he habitually referred to as "those ruddy plumbers."

Now it so chanced that on the first morning that a gigantic catapult had been set up Sir Dagobert passed by in the company of some other like-minded warriors to whom he was expressing his customary contempt for long-range weapons in general and catapults in particular, when in order to emphasize

his distaste he delivered a scornful kick with his mailed foot at a small lever projecting from the framework of the machine. Unfortunately the mechanism was already wound up and the projection was in fact the lever which set the whole thing in motion. The next second the gallant old knight, the pride of Christendom, was hurtling through the air in a wide arc in the general direction of the besieged town. It was some minutes after he had made a dramatic landing head first into the principal square that he realized exactly what had happened; and when at last the full ridiculousness of his mishap became apparent, he was so furious that



he burst a blood vessel and died on the spot. However, as in life so in death, success crowned his every exploit, for the townspeople were fully convinced that his unexpected arrival was but the first indication of a large-scale airborne attack and promptly threw open their gates and surrendered.

The King, when he heard the news, gave Sir Dagobert a full military funeral and shipped his body back to England at the taxpayers' expense. The fine old warrior was deeply and sincerely mourned by his disconsolate widow, eleven daughters, and numerous friends and relations, and was buried in the village church beneath a magnificent monument which exists to this day. If you ever chance to visit it, pause and reflect for a moment on the virtues and character of the deceased and, bearing in mind his untimely end, remember that it seldom pays to be scornful of Science.

2

In the years that followed, the Dame de Littlehampton had devoted herself to the upbringing and education of her only son with the fond intent that

he should grow to resemble his beloved father as closely as possible and in every way. With this purpose in view she subjected little William from his earliest years to the strictest discipline. The best instructors in such manly pursuits as wrestling, singlestick, boxing, archery, and above all tilting, were engaged regardless of expense; three times a week in all weathers the little lad was made to follow the boar hounds, stag hounds, fox hounds or basset hounds according to the season; and no matter how cold the day, even in blackest January, he was forced to swim once round the moat before breakfast.

Sad to relate, this carefully designed and regularly practiced regime had proved a sad failure, for the older William grew, the less he resembled his famous parent. Even at a tender age the likeness had never been very marked, for so far was William from overcoming wild boars when he was six that he was still mortally afraid of the domestic cat at the age of ten, and the sole result of his regular appearance in the hunting field had only been to instill into him just sufficient knowledge and skill to enable him on most occasions to keep as far away from the dangerous quarry as possible.

But of all the fields in which William failed to emulate his father, in none were his shortcomings so noticeable as in the tiltyard. In this useful and, indeed, in his station in life, essential accomplishment, he made no progress whatever. Finding it sufficiently difficult to retain his seat on a horse at all, he proved quite incapable of aiming his lance at a target at the same time. All was well so long as the horse was proceeding at walking pace — even when it started to trot he retained some control over his weapon — but the moment it broke into a canter all was lost. And so, William de Littlehampton had grown up, despite the careful instruction of innumerable riding masters, the glorious example of his revered parent, the reproaches and sound wallopings of his disappointed mother, and the mockery of his contemporaries, quite unable to keep a straight lance.

One fine autumn evening shortly after William had reached his twentieth birthday he was sitting with his mother after dinner in an alcove in the great hall. The Dame had just firmly announced that she had long been wanting a serious talk with her only son and, as they were now quite alone, she proposed to take the opportunity. (The great hall at this hour was completely deserted save for the presence of William's seven unmarried sisters, his cousins Leofric and Gertrude, half a dozen varlets clearing away the dinner, two men-at-arms sharpening battle-axes in a corner, a wandering minstrel tuning his harp, and about a dozen wolfhounds doing nothing in particular.)

"William," she said, raising her naturally powerful voice in order to be heard above the customary hush, "you have now reached an age when it is

essential that you should without delay accomplish some notable feat of arms in order to gain your position as a knight and bring honor to our house. If indeed," she added in a nasty tone of voice, "you have not already passed it. I will not waste time by once more pointing out to you how gravely you have disappointed my fondest hopes, or remarking how thankful I am that your poor father did not live to witness the inglorious career of his only son. I will only say that while we have done our best to conceal from the outside world the graver faults in your character, public opinion now demands that you should vindicate your claim to be the son of the great Sir Dagobert. Moreover, may I point out that even if you are dead to all sense of shame and unmoved by any other decent feelings, you cannot possibly expect to marry your cousin Gertrude until you have made some small effort to win for yourself a reputation?"

In point of fact William had not the slightest desire to marry his cousin Gertrude, a bad-tempered girl with a face like a boot, but as both she and his mother had long ago decided that the match was a highly suitable one, he knew better than to attempt to protest.

3

How long the Dame would have continued to lecture her unfortunate son will never be known, for just as she was about to resume her list of his personal failings, the sound of a long blast upon the horn which hung on a post opposite the drawbridge fell upon their ears. It was a late hour for visitors and instantly there arose within the hall a great bustle and shouting of orders and hurrying to and fro. At last word came from the gatehouse that a solitary monk sought admittance; whereupon the Dame gave orders that, provided the sentry was sure the visitor was really alone, the drawbridge should be lowered.

A few moments later there strode into the hall none other than Abbot Slapjack, a robust and hearty clergyman who had been the dear friend of the late Sir Dagobert and had long been held in high esteem by the Dame. From his unusual air of self-importance, greater even than his habitual smugness, it was at once obvious that he was the bearer of important news, and as soon as the usual greetings had been exchanged, he took up a commanding position in front of the brazier and, rubbing his hands, launched into an account of his recent travels.

He had, it appeared, been visiting another monastery of his order in Canterbury and on his way home to his own abbey, some half-dozen miles from the castle, had passed through Rye. There he had noticed alongside the quay a large vessel which, upon inquiry, he discovered was due to sail in two days' time for the Holy Land.

"As soon as I heard its destination," he boomed, "I made all speed to tell you the great news and did not draw rein until I reached your gates. What a chance! How I envy you, dear boy!" he added, slapping William on the back.

Poor William was quite at a loss to know exactly where his good fortune lay or why this information should be thought so exciting. He did not remain long in ignorance. His mother, after barely a second's pause, suddenly clapped her hands and exclaimed with an enthusiasm fully equal to the Abbot's:—

"Of course, the Crusade! Why," she continued, "we were only discussing this very moment what could be found for William to do. This is exactly the thing. William, my son, what an opportunity!"

"Aha!" said the Abbot. "I thought you would be pleased. 'Pon my word, if I were only twenty years younger I'd have gone straight off myself. This young rascal here" — slapping William again harder than ever — "has all the luck. However, there's no time to lose. The Master has consented to delay his sailing for forty-eight hours, but not a moment longer, so you will all have to set to and start packing right away."

Poor William's heart sank. He knew very little about the Holy Land or about Crusades, but enough to be sure he was quite unsuited to such an enterprise. He would have first to cross the sea, which would certainly make him ill, and then there would be a great deal of hard riding, and it would undoubtedly be more important than ever to keep a straight lance. What little he had heard of the Saracens had been most unfavorable and there would probably be a lot of snakes, scorpions, and possibly dragons. The only thing which gave him any pleasure was the fact that he understood the Holy Land to be very hot, and after nineteen winters in Castle Courantsdair he felt he could stand a lot of heat.

However, he did not long have leisure for such gloomy brooding, as the Dame, acting with her usual promptitude on the Abbot's last words, had soon turned the whole castle into a hive of unaccustomed industry.

"Send me the Seneschal, the Head Groom, the Armorer, the Farrier, the Fletcher, and the Wardrobe Mistress," she roared; and as soon as these officials were lined up nervously before her chair she started issuing her orders.

"Seneschal," she said, "select at once two trusty men-at-arms to accompany your master on the Crusade, a personal servant and a groom. You, Master of the Horse, pick out the best charger in the stables, two good war horses, and half a dozen pack animals; the

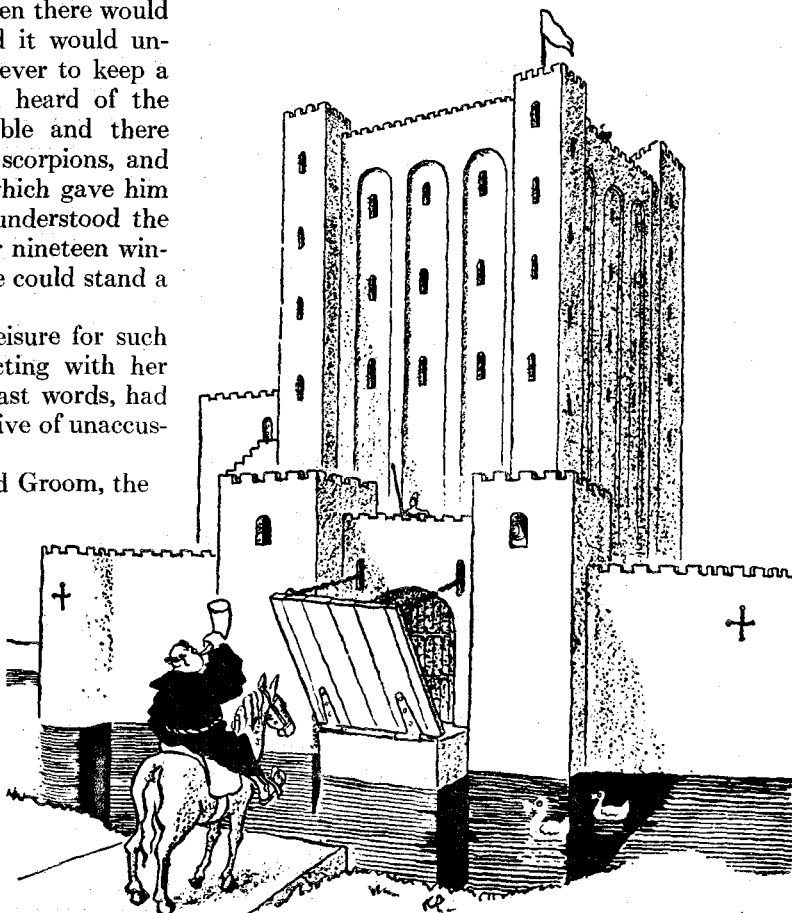
Farrier here will see that they are all properly shod and will get ready a sufficient supply of extra horse-shoes to last six months. Armorer, it will be your task carefully to examine your master's chain mail, patch all holes, and clean off any rust. Select and sharpen three swords, six lances, and a battle-axe; pick out the best helmet in the armory and polish it well; and look to the shields, touching up the paint work on the crest where necessary. Having done that, you will get ready complete equipment for two men-at-arms. Meanwhile the Fletcher will prepare six gross of the best arrows, taking care to see that all the heads are properly pointed and that the moth has not got at the feathers."

Having dismissed the parade, the Dame then turned her attention to her seven daughters giggling with excitement in the corner.

"Now, girls," she roared, "stop all that tom-foolery and get out your needles and go at once to the sewing room. The Wardrobe Mistress will provide a set of white surcoats on which it will be your proud privilege to sew the red cross of the Crusader. See to it that the stitches are small and you get the crosses on straight."

"Well, well, that's capital," said Abbot Slapjack. "There's only one thing you have forgotten, dear lady."

"What's that?" asked the Dame.



"Our gallant Crusader here will need a page and I think I know who will want to volunteer."

"Why of course — little Leofric."

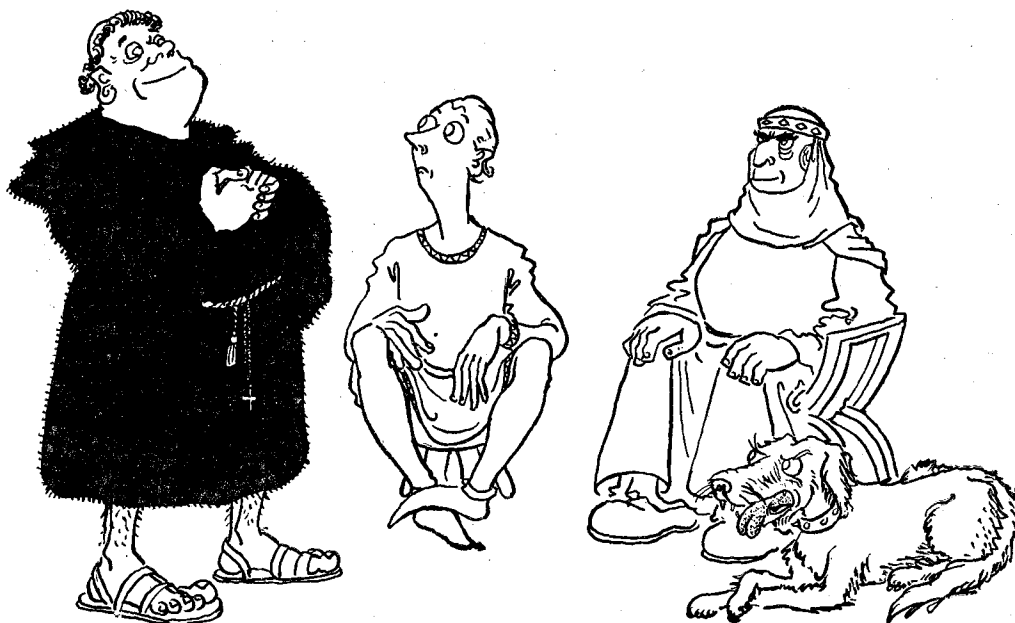
William groaned inwardly. Although of a kindly nature, if there was one person whom he could not stand at any price it was his cousin Leofric. This repulsive youth was a noisy, snub-nosed, redheaded conceited lad some three years younger than himself, for whom his natural dislike had been much increased by the attitude of his family. For from his earliest years Leofric had been good at all the

did a youth should have consented to go with him as a mere page.

But even worse was to follow.

"I say, Aunt," said Leofric, "of course we shall be taking Charlemagne, shan't we?"

Now Charlemagne was a large wolfhound with a fiendish temper, incredibly disobedient and horrible to look at. William, who was not very fond of dogs at any time, simply loathed him; but in vain did he protest that Charlemagne would never stand the heat, or would get stung by a viper, or catch rabies,



things at which poor William had been noticeably bad, and throughout their youth his excellence had invariably been made a matter of bitter reproach to the latter.

"Look at little Leofric," the Dame would say, "he doesn't cry when he falls off his rocking horse," or, "Leofric is much younger than you are and see how good at singletick *he* is," or, "Leofric doesn't make a fuss about bathing just because there's a little pack ice in the moat."

Inevitably, as time went on, Leofric made less and less effort to conceal his contempt for his cousin, and nowadays seldom missed an opportunity of humiliating him. Indeed he sometimes went further and played horrid tricks on William, such as slipping a thistle beneath the saddle of his horse, tying up a wild boar in his bedroom, or lending him a joke lance which bent double when he was taking part in a tournament.

It was therefore not surprising that the very last person William wanted to accompany him on the Crusade was Leofric. Nevertheless he clearly saw there was no way of preventing it. Leofric himself was delighted with the idea, and the Abbot and the Dame were both clearly of the opinion that William ought to consider himself very lucky that so splen-

and that it would really be most unkind to take him. All such objections were swept aside by Leofric and it was generally decided that Charlemagne must certainly go too.

4

It was long past his usual bedtime when William got to his room that night. And even after he had lain down and blown out the rushlight he did not get to sleep. Through the open window came sounds of intense activity in the bailey below — hammers ringing on anvils, grooms shouting to men-at-arms, horses being shod, dogs barking, and drivers and servants running to and fro. Then, just as he was dropping off, in came the Dame to give him a dose — "just," as she said, "to be on the safe side." And when finally he did get to sleep it seemed that he had barely closed his eyes before a hearty hammering at the door announced that dawn had broken and he must soon be off.

As soon as the family had finished a light breakfast of pickled pork, brisket of beef, soused herrings, bread, cheese, and a hogshead of ale, William was ceremoniously dressed. Leofric, as his page, assisted him into his suit of chain mail, taking good care to

pinch him and tweak him as much as he could during the process; his sisters slipped over his head a white surcoat chastely emblazoned with the red cross of a Crusader; and finally his mother girded round his waist Sir Dagobert's favorite sword, the very one the hero had been wearing at the time of his tragic death, accompanying the gesture with a little speech in which she exhorted him always to be worthy of his dear papa and the honored name he bore, and ended up by telling him how lucky he should consider himself to be going on so delightful an expedition.

This done, William took leave of his mother, his sisters, and his cousin Gertrude, went out into the courtyard and, Leofric holding his bridle, mounted his gray mare, Lillian. (Luckily, the head groom was an old friend and had thwarted an attempt of Leofric's to substitute for the trustworthy Lillian a spirited charger of his own choosing.)

Once safely in the saddle Leofric handed him his lance; Abbot Slapjack, who had insisted on accompanying him to Rye (largely, William suspected, in order to see that he did not contrive to miss the boat), heaved himself onto his horse; the men-at-arms drew up alongside; the sentries all saluted; the gatehouse keeper flung open the great gates; the gatehouse keeper's wife burst into tears; the gatehouse keeper's children yelled and waved; the gatehouse keeper's dog nearly broke his chain from overexcitement; and, having acknowledged the waves of his mother and his cousin Gertrude from the battlements by raising his lance (his sisters had all been locked in their rooms by their mother, who thought this final scene likely to prove too emotional for their refined temperaments), William rode off across the drawbridge and over the Downs, followed by a long string of pack animals and preceded by Charlemagne barking furiously.

"'Pon my word you are in luck," said Abbot Slapjack. "I have never seen a finer ship in my life."

William, who was standing beside him on the quay at Rye, did not really agree, but knew better than to say so. To him the good ship *St. Caradoc* seemed pitifully small, markedly uncomfortable, and probably unseaworthy.

The Master was a bluff old sea dog, smelling strongly of fish, who had already taken a great fancy to Leofric. But he was also rather a snob and took much pleasure in the Littlehampton banner with the severed boar's head proper which was proudly flapping over the stern; this made him very polite to William. Everywhere he went he was accompanied by a one-eyed cockatoo which perched on his shoulder, and the ship's cat. This last was a ferocious-looking animal who would be unlikely, William rightly considered, to get on very well with Charlemagne.

At last the moment of departure arrived. The

two men-at-arms, Wolfram and Tungsten, were already aboard: all the luggage had been safely stowed away in the hold; and Lillian was tied up uncomfortably somewhere amidships. (All the other horses had had to be sold because there was no room for them on board, and would have to be replaced on arrival.)

"Well, my boy," said Abbot Slapjack for the twentieth time, "how I wish I were in your shoes. Do you know, I have still a very good mind to come along too."

"Oh no, please," said William hastily, "whatever would the Abbey do without you?"

"Ah, well, *anno Domini, anno Domini*," replied the Abbot in a self-pitying voice and wiped away a tear on the sleeve of his robe.

"God bless you," he continued. "God bless you, dear boy. How I wish —" But he got no further for at that moment Leofric, who had been in a frenzy of impatience to get started, dragged William up the gangplank. Then, with a great deal of shouting, "What ho!" and "Ahoy there!" and "Avast ye!" the great sail was hoisted, the anchor was weighed, the rowers thrust out their oars, and they were away.

5

OVER all the grisly details of that terrible voyage we will not linger. It will be sufficient if I tell you that William felt very queer long before the figure of the Abbot waving good-bye on the quay had passed out of sight, and had already been seasick twice before they were fairly in mid-channel. Charlemagne and the ship's cat had their first major difference of opinion before the ship had rounded the point, and by the time they were off the mouth of the Arun, William was far too ill even to accompany Leofric, who was feeling fine, up onto the poop to catch a last sight of the towers of Courants-dair just visible on the far ridge of the Downs.

According to the Master it was a quite singularly fortunate voyage, taking only five weeks from Rye to the Pillars of Hercules (as in his old-world way he called the Straits of Gibraltar), but for William it seemed more like five years of continuous tempest. His only comfort lay in the reflection that Charlemagne was enjoying it even less than he was. Whenever the unfortunate hound felt well enough to rampage round the deck he was set on at once by the ship's cat, who was always able to escape, when pursued, by leaping up the rigging; and whenever he was dropping off into a quiet doze he was immediately woken up by a stream of insults from the cockatoo. Leofric, I need hardly tell you, enjoyed every moment and was forever climbing up to the crow's-nest or taking a hand at the oars.

Once the *St. Caradoc* had passed through the Straits and was in the Mediterranean the weather improved; the sun came out; the sea was compara-

tively calm and William began to feel just a little more cheerful. But not for long.

Hitherto, the principal dangers which threatened them had been from the elements, but now an even more terrible peril arose. These waters were at that time infested by hordes of the most savage and ferocious corsairs and pirates, whose appalling and



bloodthirsty exploits the Master was never tired of recounting. Every time the lookout man in the crow's-nest called out, "Sail to starboard!" (or "Sail to port!" as the case might be) all the crew rushed for their bows and arrows, the decks were cleared for action, and William and the two men-at-arms had to put on all their armor and stand to in the poop. In point of fact, much to Leofric's disappointment, in every case the ship either sheered off over the horizon or turned out, on closer view, to be a friendly merchantman as terrified of the *St. Caradoc* as the *St. Caradoc* was of her; but nevertheless the nervous strain proved very trying for William — the more so as Leofric was not above giving a false alarm just to see his cousin fall out of his hammock.

After they had been in the Mediterranean about a week, however, there occurred an incident which did do a little towards cheering up William. As they had not touched at any port since leaving the Bay of Biscay it had become necessary to take on some water, and as all the neighboring harbors were in the hands of the Infidel they were forced to look out for some barren stretch of coast as far removed as possible from any habitation.

At last one morning the lookout announced that he had seen a likely-looking place, a small group of palm trees in the midst of a completely deserted strip of shore, where they might safely land and it seemed probable that fresh water was to be found.

Accordingly they drew towards the shore with a mariner perched astride the carved bird's head on the prow, dropping a plumb line at intervals. When at length he decided the ship could safely go no farther, all took off their breeches, slid down the oars, and waded ashore.

Once more to feel the immobile earth beneath the feet was in itself a great pleasure to William, but in addition the long stretch of sandy beach, the palm trees and the numerous cacti, which for him were a complete novelty, all combined to make the outing peculiarly delightful.

There was, indeed, only one circumstance that in any way tended to mar his pleasure, and that was the behavior of Charlemagne. Hardly less pleased than his master to find himself on terra firma, the excitable creature raced madly up and down the beach, poking his nose into every patch of shrub and chasing all the sea birds in sight, and William correctly foresaw considerable difficulty in persuading his notoriously disobedient hound to return to the ship when the time came.

After all too short a stay sufficient water had been found and taken aboard to last the ship's company until their next port of call, and the Master, who was anxious not to remain longer than was necessary in these dangerous parts, gave the signal to return to ship. Obediently William started to retrace his steps, first whistling, then calling, and finally chasing Charlemagne, who had paid no attention at all to the summons. All in vain; the maddening animal no sooner heard his master's voice than he bolted as fast as he could in the opposite direction and poor William, who was always desperately anxious not to make trouble and had fully intended to be among the most prompt in obeying the Master's call, was soon miserable with embarrassment and annoyance, and had almost reconciled himself to leaving Charlemagne behind (which in fact only his kindheartedness and understandable fear of what Leofric would say had prevented his doing straightaway), when a terrifying thing happened.

Charlemagne, clearly visible, though as far from that section of the beach opposite the ship as he could get, was nosing round a clump of shrubs and cactus and paying no heed to his master's appeals. Suddenly there was a terrible roar, the bushes parted, and there leaped out an enormous Numidian lion! Charlemagne gave one terrified squeak, leaped about six feet in the air, turning round as he did so (no easy stunt), and bolted towards the ship as fast as he could. But not fast enough. The lion's first leap landed just short of the wretched animal himself, but not of his tail, which with one snap of its powerful jaws it severed at the roots.

At the first roar William, together with all those of the crew who still remained ashore, had made all haste they could to regain the ship, and had the lion not stopped first to taste and then, almost

immediately, to spit out his tail, Charlemagne's chances of survival would have been slim indeed. As it was, this momentary pause gave him just sufficient start and he was able, in one final bound, to leap from the water's edge onto the gunwale of the ship, leaving the Numidian lion gnashing his teeth on the sands below.

Although Charlemagne's beauty, such as it was, was forever spoiled, the adventure had not been without advantage to his character. From now on he came racing to heel at the first whistle, and if ever he showed any signs of lingering or in any way getting out of hand, William had only to say in a meaning tone of voice, "There's a good dog, and would he wag his tail then!" to reduce him to a state of unquestioning and shamefaced obedience.

The rest of the voyage was relatively uneventful. The sea continued calm; they soon passed out of the waters where corsairs were particularly to be feared, and Charlemagne no longer had the heart to quarrel with the ship's cat and even learned to bear with exemplary patience the appalling behavior of the cockatoo, who made a practice, whenever he appeared, of imitating a lion's roar or calling out such remarks as "Where's your tail, cocky?" or "Any old lion, any old lion?"

6

IN DUE course they came in sight of Cyprus, where they understood the King of England, together with his army, to be still encamped, and William's gloom at the prospect of meeting his comrades-in-arms returned in full force. However, on arrival they discovered that the English contingent had left some days earlier and was already in the Holy Land. William, although careful to express a lively disappointment in conversation with the Master and Leofric, was so much relieved that he was able really to enjoy the two days they spent in port, which he employed in viewing the principal sights of Limassol and buying some suitable mementos to take back to his mother, Gertrude, and his eleven sisters. However, this respite was but short and the *St. Caradoc* was soon once more at sea.

One morning five days later William was awakened by the joyful cry of Leofric, who in his enthusiasm had spent almost the whole time after leaving Cyprus aloft in the crow's-nest, announcing that they were in sight of the Holy Land.

As they drew near the shore they could clearly distinguish a large encampment which, judging from the sounds of dogs barking, snatches of tuneless song, and hearty but rather coarse jokes, which floated across the water, they concluded to shelter the English Army. In order that there might be no mistake, however, it

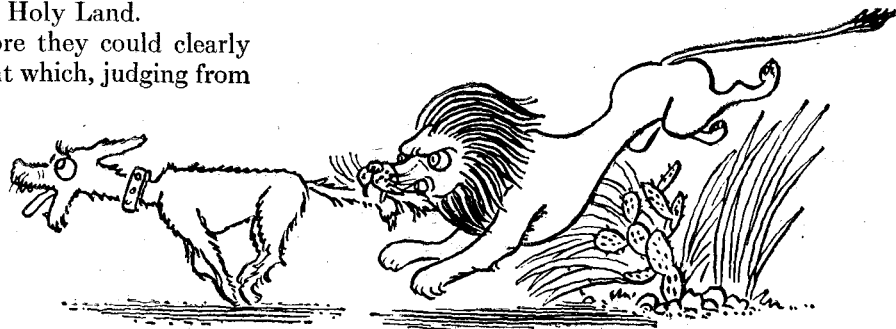
was decided that Leofric should go ashore to make inquiries while William superintended the collection of the baggage on deck.

After about half an hour Leofric returned in high spirits. It was indeed the English Army, or a part of it, and they were most fortunate in the time of their arrival, for tomorrow at dawn the whole force was to strike camp and march down the coast to join the main body, which, under the command of the King himself, had gone ahead to lay siege to Acre. Leofric had already, so he joyfully declared, met many old friends and there was now nothing to prevent their going ashore right away. William, who knew some of Leofric's old friends, tried to conceal his alarm and look properly pleased; and having taken a touching farewell of the Master (unnecessarily touching, William thought, remembering the high price they had had to pay for their fare), the whole party waded ashore and set out at once for the camp.

On arrival at the guardhouse, Leofric, who appeared to have acquired an extraordinary amount of information in the short time he had spent ashore, gave the password and led William at once to the tent of the commanding officer. The Baron of Barking-West was a formidable old warrior with a complexion which was nearer puce than crimson, and very prominent light blue eyes. He had been, it seemed, a companion-in-arms of the late Sir Dagobert de Littlehampton and extended what appeared to be a cordial welcome to his son. Nevertheless William felt that only good breeding prevented his giving expression to a pained incredulity that his old friend could ever have sired so poor a fish as stood before him at this moment. Having been told that he was to be on parade at dawn tomorrow, at which hour the whole force was moving off on its three-day march to join the King, William was dismissed by the Baron, who instructed an orderly to conduct him to the mess.

When William entered the large tent which served as the Knights' mess, dinner was shortly to begin although not all the company were at table. In particular two knights were still standing up at the end farthest removed from the door as though awaiting his arrival.

Sir Simon de Gatwick ("Gatters" to his numerous friends) and Sir Willibald de Wandsworth had



been known to William since childhood through innumerable, and usually painful, encounters in the hunting field and at tournaments. The first was a celebrated and highly popular sportsman of fine physique and proven courage. The second, hardly less esteemed, was celebrated for miles round his large estates on the North Downs for his ready wit, unconquerable cheerfulness, and extraordinary talent for elaborate practical jokes. William, while admiring the energy of the one and the humor of the other, felt nothing approaching friendship for either.

No sooner was he fairly inside the tent when a roar of welcome greeted him.

"Well, well, look who's here!" bawled Sir Simon.

"'Pon my soul if it isn't little Willy Littlehampton," echoed Sir Willibald.

"Whoever would have thought of seeing *him* here!" in chorus.

Smiling nervously William advanced with hand politely outstretched, but unfortunately when he was halfway across the tent, all too conscious that all eyes were upon him, he was so unlucky as to trip over his sword (or rather Sir Dagobert's, and three sizes too large) and fall flat on his face. After a second's ghastly silence a great shout of laughter went up on all sides and poor William, blushing crimson, was picked up by Sir Willibald and brushed down just in time to take his place at table before the entry of the Baron.

But, alas, his humiliations were not yet at an end. Whether through nervousness, or because of the hearty slaps on the back with which he had been welcomed by Sir Simon, before ever he had had a mouthful to eat or drink, William developed the most fearful hiccups. In vain did he try to conceal his plight and avoid all conversation. The Baron, considering it his duty to make the son of his old friend feel at home on his first night, insisted on asking him a string of what he hoped were reassur-

ing questions. How was his dear mother? Did he leave all his pretty sisters in good health? What sort of harvest had they had in Sussex this year? To all these William did his best to reply.

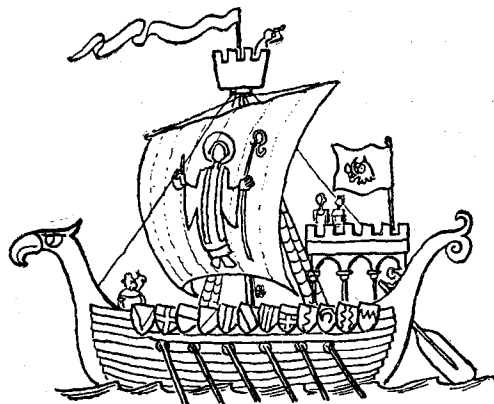
"Very well — hic — thank you. It has been a — hic — good year for oats, but — hic — the barley has — hic, hic — been too long in — Ooop."

His plight was now obvious to all and a wave of titters went round the tent. Sir Willibald de Wandsworth, however, in contrast to the rest of the company, seemed genuinely concerned, and insisted that the only cure was to drink a mugful of water straight down while holding the nose. He ordered his own page to fetch a mug and, when it was brought, most kindly held William's nose for him while he drank, insisting that there must be no heeltaps. Gratefully William threw back his head and swallowed hard.

The next moment he thought his end had come. His eyes bulged from their sockets; his mouth, throat, and stomach seemed all suddenly to have burst into flame, and he was spluttering and gasping for breath like a drowning man. When at last he regained sufficient composure to notice what was happening around him, the whole of the company, including even the Baron, was in fits of laughter and Sir Willibald, who had filled the mug not with water but a colorless local drink called Arak, of incredible potency and fierceness, was being congratulated on all sides.

To what further indignities poor William might have been subjected, had not the Baron intervened, we shall never know. But in fact for the rest of the meal he was left in peace, and so exhausted was he that not even an apple-pie bed which, he discovered on returning to his tent, had been made for him, nor even the couple of desert foxes which someone thoughtfully let loose under his tent flap round about midnight, prevented him from enjoying a profound sleep.

(To be continued)





in 1913, and with brief interludes stayed on the beat in Geneva, Paris, Berlin, and London for twenty-two years thereafter, RAYMOND SWING brought to his reporting a sober power of analysis, unsparing to the point of being pessimistic, the courage to face facts and weigh the spirit, and that decisiveness which made his broadcasts of pre-eminent interest to British and American listeners during the years of crisis.

HARRY HOPKINS

Whipping Boy or Assistant President?

by RAYMOND SWING

I

IN the perspective of public finance today, the New Deal should be losing its capacity to frighten and anger. Much of it will always be open to criticism, for it was hurriedly improvised and contained serious inconsistencies and unquestionable mistakes. The spending program was not wise in certain particulars. But what frightened and angered opponents of Roosevelt was spending as such, not its details. They believed quite honestly that the nation was being ruined, and their bitterness against President Roosevelt, and even more intensely against Harry Hopkins, was due to this alarm.

But since the days when a nine-billion-dollar budget was thought to be bankrupting the country, an astonishing discovery has been made about the potentialities of credit expansion in a modern industrial state. The country has come through a time of spending by whose standards President Roosevelt's New Deal profligacy was Lilliputian. The largest Roosevelt depression budget was less than three fourths of next year's outlay on defense alone. It was even a fraction less than last year's budget *surplus*. We live under conditions that a decade ago would have appeared impossible to achieve. Already more than sixty million persons are employed, and the national income is more than two hundred billion, well over double the top income of any pre-war year. The national tax revenue is almost as large as the total national income at the depth of the depression. Even allowing for today's higher prices, such conditions make fools of many of our political thinkers of only a few years ago.

No one can deny that the country has spent its way to these economic heights. The pump-priming of the New Deal had little to do with achieving these results. They needed the astronomical spending of the war. But spending did it, and much of it was not constructive spending at that. People may be reluctant to attribute their unprecedented pros-

perity to spending, and may prefer to regard it as the fruit of private enterprise. But it was the direct consequence of the largest program of public spending ever carried through. Since this has not ruined America — even though the prosperity of today may be fatefully insecure — the attitude toward New Deal spending and New Deal personalities deserves to be re-examined, so that the bigotries of that era can be replaced by sober judgments.

The process might well begin by doing belated and posthumous justice to the dominant personalities of that time. Among these the chief, of course, is President Roosevelt himself. But even he does not rate vindication so much as Harry Hopkins, who became the whipping boy for the Administration, and who remains to this day the most under-thanked man in American public life of his era.

Harry Hopkins has not benefited by the mellowing thought of his contemporaries. He still is the "leaf-raker." He still counts as a shrewd, unprincipled, sharply partisan executant of Roosevelt's schemes. To many he is the man, never elected to office, who lived at the White House and meddled irresponsibly in the affairs of the country and the world. His name was used in these familiar connotations to stir up antagonisms as recently as the Republican Convention last June.

Now that Robert Sherwood has written the history of the New Deal and the war years as revealed by the Hopkins papers (*Roosevelt and Hopkins — An Intimate History*, Harper, \$6.00), it no longer will be excusable to abuse Hopkins in these terms. His bewildered disparagers will have to accept the fact, however incredible, that Hopkins became one of the most powerful men in the world, that he exercised his power to the achievement of victory, to the deep satisfaction of the world leaders who came into close contact with him, and that he did so as an invalid condemned to death, under

conditions that were heroically selfless. In the war years Harry Hopkins became one of the ranking Americans not only of his time but of American history.

It may be fairly easy to reconcile Hopkins's critics to his patriotic services during the war, while his activities under the New Deal continue unforgiven. But he deserves justice for both periods. Let us look first at his contribution.

The nature of Hopkins's importance during the war is both easy and difficult to state. It is easy to call him chief of the Munitions Assignments Board, for anyone can see that he who assigns the munitions in a war controls the strategy, and he who controls them in a coalition war controls world strategy. It is easy to call him executant of Lend-Lease, appreciating that without this the war never would have been won. It is easy to say that as confidant and emissary of President Roosevelt he exercised more political influence than any other individual American save the President himself. Mr. Sherwood's history substantiates these sweeping assertions with many absorbing documents from the Hopkins papers.

But his importance was great for obscure reasons as well. What emerges from the Sherwood story is the realization that the American Presidency is not organized to function well in the exercise of tremendous power. For all his capability, President Roosevelt was not great enough to handle the task by himself. What is made painfully clear is that he could not be assisted in it sufficiently by having just more secretaries. The job was too big for one man, no matter how many secretaries he used. There had to be two men, of stature, working in complete harmony as parts of a unity, who could cope with the mountainous labors entailed.

The President was not enough; he had to have an alter ego. This alter ego must not go off on his own, as Colonel House ultimately did a generation before. He must be the quintessence of loyalty and fidelity. He must be able to understand by persuasion or intuition all that a President, as the greatest world leader, wanted and must want to do in a world crisis. He had to be a first-class leader himself. This was the place Harry Hopkins filled. The Sherwood record disproves that Hopkins was no more than a super yes-man. Repeatedly he originated proposals (e. g., his first mission to Churchill, the first visit to Moscow, and the appointment of General Marshall as chief of staff). He was the most useful advocate the Army had at the White House. Occasionally he pressed views on the President which were not accepted. That is, he had the stature of independence, but he also had a clear concept of his function, which was to assist and complete the President and not primarily to express himself.

How close his friendship with President Roosevelt was is not analyzed by Mr. Sherwood. However,

it was not and could not have been a friendship of the normal sort, the intimacy of equals. The President of the United States cannot, in the last analysis, have friends in the normal way. A true friend requires utter loyalty, and the President can have no utter loyalty other than to the people of the United States and to his own conscience.

The only intimate time I ever spent with President Roosevelt was at the instigation of Mr. Hopkins, who invited me to the White House one night after a broadcast to which, he said, the President and he had just listened. One detail I noticed on this occasion was that Mr. Hopkins addressed his chief respectfully as "Mister President," and did not step over the line of being a subordinate. I was not prepared for this, but on considering it I appreciated that it was as it had to be, and revised my concept of the kind of friendship that existed.

That there were true intimacy and a wealth of friendliness, Mr. Sherwood's quotation of many letters between the two testifies. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were tireless in their concern for Mr. Hopkins's health, and as warm as blood kin in devotion to him and to Diana, his daughter. The President served as best man at the wedding which brought Mr. Hopkins the last flare-up of emotional reward before his death. Many would be glad to have as much friendship in their entire lives as existed between Roosevelt and Hopkins. Yet it was not and could not be a complete friendship, because it was between a President and a subordinate. What is to the profound credit of Harry Hopkins is that he understood the limitations of the relationship, for without them he never could have attained the almost Olympian reaches of service which he was to perform.

2

ONE may ask why President Roosevelt could not have worked by himself as successfully as Prime Minister Churchill, who managed without a Hopkins. The answer is not so much in the character of Mr. Churchill as in the difference between the Presidency and the Prime Ministership, and in a broad way between the American and British systems of government. Mr. Churchill, strong as he was, was subordinate to Parliament and only one of a team of cabinet ministers who jointly shared the responsibilities of government. Thanks to the system, there existed in London a smoothly running machinery which had no replica in Washington. Power being shared, all information and ideas were shared, and they were shared by written words, so that there always was a record. Britain was governed, and its war contribution was directed, by recorded words. In Washington powers were divided, the division being part of the very structure of government; whereas in London the work of the cabinet as a team, and its direct responsi-

bility to Parliament, were the nature of the structure there.

One result of this difference was that when the British came to a conference with Americans they always showed superior staff work. They functioned in writing, when not actually talking; and much oftener than not, discussions were on texts supplied by the British, simply because there was no American machinery capable of producing good drafts so quickly. This was a continuous British advantage which I several times heard Hopkins deplore. Mr. Churchill has disclosed that in the course of the war he dictated more than a million words of official orders and communications. Notoriously Mr. Roosevelt committed relatively little to paper. Mr. Churchill was trained to put everything down; Mr. Roosevelt did not have to.

To a great extent, Mr. Hopkins had to supply in his person, to the American administration, the network of intercommunication which makes the British cabinet system function. He was the one to pass on to his chief the information from the cabinet members (who did not share his responsibility), and to the cabinet members the views of his chief; and this duty spread to the fighting services as well. Mr. Sherwood, in listing a few pages of the kind of activities in which Mr. Hopkins was engaged in one period, shows what a fantastically wide range of interests he was obliged to cover. It would be wonderful for a well man to oversee so many subjects. It is still more so that an invalid should do it.

But the testimony of those who know is that Mr. Hopkins had an extraordinary ability to grasp the essentials of the problems of war. Mr. Churchill once told him humorously that at the end of the war he was to be given a British peerage, with the title Lord Root-of-the-Matter. His participation in conferences at the highest level was usually to the end of clarification. He was a blunt man all his days. When he spoke about the root of the matter, he cleared the ground for action. And because he spoke always for the common victory, as conceived by world leaders at their best, his bluntness was constructive and awoke no resentment.

One must recognize that the American system of government of itself does not equip or assist a President in the exercise of world leadership. Mr. Roosevelt, to become a great world leader, had to be amplified, supported, and in a way duplicated. He needed this without at the same time being lessened in any way. It is the genius of Harry Hopkins that he supplied what the American system lacked. He became in reality Assistant President of the United States. It was an office that would be tolerable only if held by one who worked with complete humility and in true subjection to the President. He filled it so unselfishly that in his lifetime, so far as the public is concerned, he was unacknowledged, unrecognized, and unthanked.

The abuse to which he had been accustomed in the leaf-raking days continued, and he absorbed it without open notice. Quite humanly he would have liked to be appreciated, as I know, for I was commissioned by the editor of the *Atlantic* in the last war year to write an article about his extraordinary place in world affairs. Mr. Hopkins welcomed this proposal, and we sat down a couple of times to talk over the material for it. But he soon realized that to make his own position clear entailed making inside disclosures to his credit and in many cases to the discredit of his critics. He would not have his vindication at this price at the time, so the article was postponed. Now Mr. Sherwood's book is a generous beginning of the rendition of justice.

3

STUDENTS of history in the years ahead are bound to allot a high place to Hopkins because of the immense power he wielded during the world's greatest war. The evidence of it is already overwhelming. When it comes to treating his pre-war services the honors need not be so lavishly bestowed. But taking this time into account, discerning historians may find Hopkins to have been one of the most American of all the men this nation developed for the crisis of the Great Depression and then the Great War. They also may see the broad truth that the New Deal, while it appeared to break with American tradition, remained basically American. Indeed the New Deal and Hopkins would have been unthinkable in any other country.

The philosophy which inspired the New Deal and motivated President Roosevelt and advisers like Harry Hopkins was peculiarly American. It was radical, but it was not radical along European lines. Only in a narrow sense was it revolutionary, and it was not revolution against the American social order. It was not socialistic or communistic like European radicalism. American labor unions had not been drilled in the theory and strategy of socialism as had workers in most European countries. When the depression rocked American foundations, there was no body of thought ready to sponsor either economic or political revolution. What needs to be admitted is that the revolution President Roosevelt worked was not in the social, economic, or political systems, but in philanthropy. He was not an enemy of wealth, or of the capitalism which produced wealth. He only disciplined wealth in regard to its distribution. Since many in the nation benefited from the unequal distribution of wealth, he required them to accept responsibility for those less fortunate than themselves.

Mrs. Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, and Frances Perkins give the characteristic by which the New Deal can be understood. They were social workers. Indeed some of the scorn for them came from those who could not bear to see social workers wielding

political power. To some extent social work was to be found in England and France, but in both countries its importance had long been transcended by political and economic radicalism. What now should be clear is that social workers in the New Deal were a very special and American kind of reformers. They were quite sincere in regarding themselves as being in a very true sense the conservers of the basic American economic and political systems.

Harry Hopkins was an American boy, with all the passions of the typical American for sport, the outdoors, and fun. It is not unfair to say that he retained some of the qualities of the American adolescent all his life. His speech was colloquial and salty. He hated tidiness and attention to his personal appearance. These were not weaknesses, for they expressed a revolt against pomp, cant, and meaningless vanities. He loved horse-racing, and he played poker with his cronies (a reckless kind of variety-rich poker which was quite unpredictable gambling). In politics he was a picturesque antagonist, who could fight back with as much snap and zeal as he could put into any creative effort. These are all American traits.

There was another side to him, one which he hid, as do so many of his countrymen. He was sensitive to beauty. Mr. Sherwood publishes a letter he wrote during his first trip to London when he found himself on Hampstead Heath, and with a profound thrill realized he was treading the sacred ground of Keats, whose very presence he could feel. He had long been a special devotee of Keats. He also tried his hand at some verse, as so many Americans do, and with no greater failure than most of them.

During the depression, Hopkins had the social worker's hypersensitive response to the human misery then engulfing the country. He genuinely suffered with people in want and in pain. When it came to expressing his sympathy in the political arena he could descend to a brash and boyish kind of argot, but he always worked with the ferocity of a tiger. This social worker, he it remarked, was without piety or manners. But he was not less American on that account. For, like many a Midwesterner, he was an enemy of sham, and all who came to know him learned that he was incapable of dishonesty. One could take him or leave him, he insisted on being unyieldingly himself.

4

MR. HOPKINS for a time was President Roosevelt's choice for the Presidency in 1940, and Mr. Sherwood holds his political ambition against him. One reason is that it entailed maintaining secrecy about a matter which the country was entitled to know if he were to become a candidate. That is his having suffered from cancer of the stomach. The cancer had been removed by surgical operation; even so the

chances of recurrence remained, and surely bore on his "availability." Mr. Sherwood also finds distasteful Mr. Hopkins's actions to restore his Iowa connections, so as to become a Midwesterner in political fact.

But political ambition in itself is not discreditable, and one cannot say whether the secret about cancer would have been kept had Mr. Hopkins become the nominee. Mr. Sherwood seems to take it for granted that it would, but that is not quite fair. As to the mummery about becoming an Iowa citizen, it can be excused as being part of accepted American political theatricalities. Mr. Roosevelt was a master in practicing them. In this instance Hopkins was not, but his lack of subtlety is more to be blamed than the device itself.

It will come as a shock to many that President Roosevelt ever considered Hopkins to be Presidential material. In the light of his remarkable contributions during the war, he now begins to be visible in his true stature. Mr. Roosevelt, who knew him better than anyone else, appreciated his potentialities. In retrospect one may feel quite sure that Harry Hopkins could not have been elected President in 1940 whether the war had broken out or not. But in retrospect one may also wish that President Roosevelt, in running for the third term, had chosen him as Vice-Presidential candidate. Presumably he thought about it and decided against it. By that time Mr. Hopkins's restoration to health had come into greater doubt. Also the President may not have counted Mr. Hopkins an asset in a third-term campaign. But as Vice-President Mr. Hopkins would have had official sanction for the place he filled, and in filling it he would have set a precedent of making this office only second in importance to the Presidency. Not only in wartime is the task of an American President beyond the capacity of a single man to perform adequately. And the lasting lesson of Harry Hopkins, once the truth about his services is accepted, may be that this country needs an Assistant President of the United States, and place for him should be made in the American system of government.

The Hopkins papers edited by Mr. Sherwood will not help much in settling the controversy over President Roosevelt's Russian policy. Probably nothing will ever settle it, for what the world is experiencing is not the full effect of the policy, but the repudiation of that policy. The foundation of it was friendliness. The President sought to be a good neighbor to Russia precisely as he had been to Latin America. He was dealing with an even more suspicious neighbor than, say, Mexico, and imperious methods had to be avoided. He believed, and Mr. Hopkins encouraged him to believe, that the Russians, Stalin in particular, if treated generously and honorably, would coöperate to maintain peace in the post-war world. Roosevelt

expected both the great military powers, America and Russia, to bear the responsibility of their might in a spirit of service.

The Hopkins papers do not offer a rounded view of the Roosevelt post-war policy toward Russia, or even enough fragments to put together an approximation of it. They do give instance after instance showing Mr. Roosevelt preparing to apply the formula of internationalization to solve a whole range of perplexing problems. He wanted bases the world over to be held internationally for the maintenance of security. And in general it is clear that he thought only of working with and not against the Russians.

Roosevelt has been taken to task for his approach by his onetime friend William C. Bullitt, who has written in *Life* how he urged the President not to trust the Russians and to show that he did not trust them in his treatment of them, and how the President brushed aside his advice. Mr. Bullitt draws up what purports to be a grand indictment of Roosevelt for losing the peace, with special attention to Hopkins as his chief adviser on Russian matters.

The Roosevelt policy toward Russia is not easy to vindicate. This is not because it was not developed fully, which it was not, but chiefly because it was never tried. For the sake of argument, one can admit Mr. Bullitt is perhaps right: hard bargains with the Russians in their extremity might have been struck. But it is just as possible that he may be quite wrong. For the Western victory over Germany depended as certainly on Russia as the Russian victory depended on Western aid. The Russian contribution was in blood, while before the Normandy invasion the significant Western contribution was in treasure. The two were not simple to coördinate. It would not have been gracious — if the word is admissible — to bargain the treasure for the blood while Russians were dying in such numbers on the Eastern front. This Mr. Roosevelt felt but not Mr. Bullitt.

The difference continues to this day because many by now have forgotten, if they ever fully realized it, that the defeat of Germany depended no less on the Red Army than on American production and power. What was conceded to the Rus-

sians at Teheran and Yalta was in part due to the acute danger that they might consider themselves exploited in the crisis of their lives, decide the terms were too dear, and seek for better ones from the Nazis. In that event the victory of the West over Germany might not have been won for years, if at all. So it was not impractical to feel sensitive about pressing hard terms on the Russians.

It also must be remembered that the West had not lived up to its solemn promises to Moscow as to the time of opening the second front in Europe. However satisfactory the explanations may appear in retrospect, they did not satisfy either General Marshall or Marshal Stalin. So there was more than a little feeling of guilt toward the Russians which made it awkward to bargain with them sharply.

The restoration of peace will require long preparation, and the publication of such records as the Hopkins papers is a contribution to its coming. But it also is a temptation to those determined to distort history to give vent to their disappointments. A writer like Mr. Bullitt is ready to strip Mr. Roosevelt of credit for helping win the world's greatest military victory because the peace was lost. The fact is that no man can know how Mr. Roosevelt would have fared with the peace had he lived. It may be that his own country, which once repudiated Mr. Wilson, would also have rejected him if he had consented to a generous credit to the Russians. He made a cryptic remark to Mr. Sherwood about dreading some great failure by the American people, and this well might have been in his mind.

But the peace Mr. Roosevelt sought with the Russians was not lost by him. He died before the war ended. It was lost by those who survived him. It is lamentably true that his successors had to endure every aggravation, exasperation, and disillusionment in dealing with the Russians. But it also is true that they did not proceed with the breadth of neighborliness which animated Mr. Roosevelt. Surely it is no mark of intellect now to charge that President Roosevelt lost the peace because he, and advisers like Harry Hopkins, believed it would be served better by deeds of good will than by manifestations of power.





month. He is the author of two war books and more recently he edited a collection of the works of Aldous Huxley. The Atlantic has previously published his essays on Aldous Huxley and André Gide. In the light of the latest book by Thomas Mann, Mr. Rolo now gives us an up-to-date appraisal of the great German novelist.

MANN AND HIS MEPHISTOPHELES

by CHARLES J. ROLO

1

THOMAS MANN has written his *Faust*. Its hero is an artist and the Devil is a German — "German to the core." This use of the legend recalls a curious article of Mann's, published in a German-language weekly in Paris before the war. Mann called it "Brother Hitler."

Hitler, the argument ran, was the German artist-type gone berserk. His madness, his aggressiveness, spring from an impulse akin to the creative urge. The artist, said Mann, like the hysterical dictator, is a creature whose boundless claims to self-realization the world cannot satisfy. To achieve release, he sheds his humanity. He makes, so to speak, a pact with the Devil, and is hoisted to great heights by a demonic power baneful to others and fatal to himself. Substitute for Hitler the collective German psyche, and you have the theme which Mann dramatizes, with some protective ambiguity, in his *Doctor Faustus* (translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter; Knopf, \$3.50) — the life story of the composer Adrian Leverkühn, "as told by a friend," a sententious Professor of the Humanities, Serenus Zeitblom, Ph.D.

Serenus Zeitblom — the German names label him a stolid contemporary burgher; Leverkühn — the man who "lives dangerously" à la Nietzsche (his career, in fact, has striking parallels with Nietzsche's). This is one of Mann's favorite antitheses and a reflection of his own dualism. Zeitblom is a masterly parody of certain Mannian traits (that pedagogical bent and rather ponderous playfulness) and more importantly of the bourgeois aspects of Thomas Mann: son of a wealthy Lübeck merchant, father of six, man of regular habits — work every morning, a walk at noon, reading and correspondence after luncheon, visitors for tea, preferably music in the evening.

The composer Leverkühn is the climactic embodiment of Mann's lifelong view that the artist is, in a diabolic sense, an "outsider"; that art, as Aschenbach says in *Death in Venice*, is "a thing which by its very nature tends irresistibly toward the abyss." Mann belongs to the anguished com-

pany of "guilty" artists who see in their gift a "flower of evil" and feel within themselves the seed of original sin. But the strong protestant and bourgeois streak in him recoiled from the excesses and consequences of the art-sickness. Mann's work has thereby been energized by a perennial dialectic — between health and sickness, "nature" and spirit, life and death.

His career started with a period of romantic *Sturm und Drang*. He burned incense to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Wagner (whose separate influences he has deeply absorbed); he dabbled in aestheticism and, like Goethe's Werther, contemplated suicide. The "Non-Political" Mann of World War I was a believer in the cultural mission of the Kaiser's armies. But recantation followed, and after it a phase of deepening internationalism and democratic consciousness, climaxed by the break with Nazi Germany. Mann's subsequent role in exile — his prestige outside his country, his spiritual leadership of banished Germans and radio admonitions to his guilty countrymen, his growing leftist bent in politics — has a definite symbolic correspondence to the role of his Joseph "The Provider" in Egypt.

Mann's work, meanwhile, moved "from the bourgeois and individual to the typical, the eternally human, in short, the mythical"; from introspective *Weltschmerz* to what Mann calls a "new Humanism," which seeks suprapersonal, supranational values in "the psychology of myth" — the behavior-pattern of early man. It seems to me that Mann's admirers — and most Mann criticism has been the work of eulogists — claim too much in asserting that, in this "new Humanism," nature and spirit, art and ethics, have been successfully integrated.¹ They distort the character of Mann's

¹ This is one of the keynotes in *The Stature of Thomas Mann*, an anthology of Mann criticism, edited by Charles Neider. (New Directions, \$5.00). It should be added that the book contains a number of acute pieces, among the most valuable of them a psychiatric interpretation by Mr. Neider.

art — his greatness is not in question — in the attempt to make of him a contemporary Goethe. This argument is usually weighted with reference to Mann's public personality, which is an altogether different matter.

Mann's artistic temper and vision, never so nakedly revealed as in *Doctor Faustus*, are scarcely those of a Goethean "healer" offering salvation to him who fights the good fight. As Kenneth Burke has said in a sharp analysis, Thomas Mann like Gide is the incurably ambivalent artist whose norm is a state of apprehension. The Mannian antitheses — especially the conflict between life and art, between the German bourgeois and his Mephistopheles — have never been resolved.

At the end of *The Magic Mountain*, Castorp shakes off his tuberculosis and returns from the mountain (the world of art) to the plain (nature). He does so, however, to fight for the Kaiser, to become the German burgher he was before his symbolic sickness. At the end of the Joseph tetralogy, the hero — whose onetime coat of many colors and arrogant dreams stamped him as the artist-type, aloof from his brothers and hated by them — winds up as the "Provider," a sort of Rooseveltian chief executive who has proved to Pharaoh the merits of a liberal, planned economy, and is filled with benevolence toward the common man (his brothers). The problem of the artist's equivocal status has been submerged in a larger one, the problem of the "good society." Joseph, in becoming the successful, well-adjusted "Provider," has become not an integrated artist, but an ex-artist.

And what of the young Joseph, curiously like the Germans with his dreams of ruling over men, his overweening pride? Judging from the "Brother Hitler" article, he must have haunted his creator while Mann was finishing the Joseph saga and enacting in his life the role of the mature Joseph. Mann returns to him now and to the Germans — to a re-exploration of his own acutest conflicts. *Doctor Faustus* is the poetic record of that adventure — a descent into the inferno.

2

MANN's choice of a musician for hero is surely prompted by much the same considerations as turned him to the Joseph myth — a desire to get back to origins and archetypes. For Mann has always regarded music as the purest form of art, its very essence. One is not surprised to learn from his daughter Monika that he also regards it as "necessarily somehow linked with sin." Mann's ear for and knowledge of music is phenomenal. After Bruno Walter had once played for him the second act of *Tristan*, Mann pointed out that Walter had omitted the soft E-flat of the trumpet at the words "*Das bietet dir Tristan.*" The direct influence of music on Mann's work has been immense. He has

displayed astonishing virtuosity in applying musical forms to his writing — both to eliminate the sense of time, as in *The Magic Mountain*, and to endow his novels with a strongly defined symphonic pattern, as in *Doctor Faustus*.

Serenus Zeitblom, who is living in a small South German town, starts writing his biography in May, 1943, three years after the death of his lifelong hero, and completes it at the time of Germany's surrender. Leverkühn and Germany become the point and counterpoint of a music drama accented, à la Wagner, with recurring motifs. Zeitblom's first reference to the hero's "genius" makes him shudder, and the Faustian theme is introduced: the "connection" between genius and the "nether world."

Leverkühn's earliest contact with music was the singing of rounds with a stable girl, which occurred when he was entering puberty and first suffering from "inherited migraine." Here is another leading motif: the unholy nexus between art, sex, and sickness. The hero's education launches Mann into a sixty-page essay on music, followed by a long theological debate. The central conflict of ideas has taken shape (and, I fear, readers not in mental trim have withdrawn from the contest). Much as in *The Magic Mountain*, pure reason, the skeptical temper, "liberal theology," are found wanting in the face of man's "feeling and taste for the infinite." But a sense of the mystery of the natural elements, a sense of myth and the supernatural, is fraught with peril. The anti-rational outlook, when allied with an illiberal, anti-human temper, degenerates into a barbaric cultism. This temper is a manifest strain in German *Kultur* and in the German character — Leverkühn's "inherited migraine."

Leverkühn grows into a distant, arrogant young man, inwardly consumed with puritanism and religiosity and the obsession to "break through." "There is at bottom only one problem," he confides to Zeitblom (some years later, when the Kaiser's armies are on the march). "How does one come into the open? How does one burst the cocoon and become a butterfly? A real break-through is worth what the tame world calls a crime." This, Zeitblom observes, is "the very definition of Germanism," and here is the motif which embraces all the others: Leverkühn's "sickness" and Satanism are also Germany's.

At twenty-one Leverkühn moves to Leipzig to complete his musical studies. The evening of his arrival he is accosted by an obscene-looking stranger, who offers to guide him to an inn and takes him instead to a brothel. Leverkühn flees in disgust when one of the prostitutes touches his cheek. Some time afterward he seeks out this "Esmeralda," and though warned she is diseased, he is not deterred.

Six years later, while suffering from excruciating head pains, Leverkühn sees in his room — he is

in Italy — a stranger who reminds him of the pimp in Leipzig. Here Mann gives a superb twist to the Faust legend. The stranger is a Mephistopheles spurred by Teutonic *Wanderlust* to follow his Faust into a foreign country. This Devil of changing aspect — first pimp-like, then Mann-like (with bow tie and spectacles) — is a wag, a scholar and a puissant logician. He does not buy the composer's soul with promises of joy: he proves in debate that it is already his. The Germans, quips the fiend, are a people paralyzed until they are drunk — and Leverkühn has chosen to be devil-drunk. His heredity, his art, his theology, steered him toward the infernal compact, whose reward is four and twenty years of genius: he sealed it when he deliberately embraced disease and death, when he mated with the Devil's handmaid, Esmeralda. The price is not a payment deferred: seared by genius-giving madness, chilled by incapacity to love, Leverkühn is already a citizen of hell.

Prior to this encounter, the composer had settled in Munich. Mann has drawn a widening circle of people into Leverkühn's orbit, and hereafter the novel grows into the microcosm of a society in Spenglerian decay. These people are, almost without exception, sick (usually consumptive), decadent — and doomed. Each clearly represents, in the dazzling musical pattern Mann has achieved, a variation — played, so to speak, by a solo instrument — on one of the major themes. Clarissa Rodde, an unsuccessful actress, is blackmailed by her Mephistopheles, the man who seduced her, and commits suicide. Clarissa's sister, Inez, deserted by her lover Rudi, takes to dope, commits murder, and goes insane. Rudi, a violin virtuoso, becomes Leverkühn's only close companion, an equivocal relationship calamitous to both of them. Mann takes his several secondary characters seriously; he gives them life, even if it is a deathly or disagreeable sort of life, and clothes each of them with a unique individuality.

In the salons which Leverkühn frequents in the middle twenties, a coterie of writers and esoteric scholars are beginning to preach the gospel of "rebarbarization." Zeitblom discerns a horrible association between their ideas and the extraordinary music of Leverkühn's triumphant maturity and incipient madness. In 1927 the composer starts his great cantata, "The Lamentation of Doctor Faustus." He completes it in three years against a crescendo of personal disaster. Now, as in the pre-Goethean version of the legend, on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the infernal pact, all of Leverkühn's acquaintances are invited to his lodgings. The climax is a perfect adaptation of the Faust myth to the destiny of Germany.

Thomas Mann is a writer's writer. Under cover of a conventional use of language, he has been perhaps as adventurous and persistent an innovator

as Joyce. His remarkable use of music in the novel has already been noted. Well versed in Freud, and more deeply in mythology, Mann has achieved a consummate blending of realism with symbol and myth, which gives to his work an extraordinary allusiveness. Names, numbers, descriptive details, tiny incidents, minor characters as well as major, have their meaning in the general philosophic scheme. Much of Mann's symbolism is readily intelligible, and its effect is to create an exciting sense that fate moves in ways magical and mysterious — but also with a flawless logic of its own.

Doctor Faustus, like all of Mann's big novels, is hard going. The role of music adds a special difficulty. A prodigious amount of space in this prodigious novel is devoted to exposition of Leverkühn's technical innovations — their acknowledged author is Arnold Schönberg — and to minute description of each of Leverkühn's compositions. Much of this is abstruse and exhausting to the reader lacking advanced musical equipment; which is unfortunate, since Leverkühn's music is intended to serve as the most intimate mirror of his progressive diabolism.

And yet, if Mann is read as he deserves to be read — slowly and attentively — the musical life-work he has created in words takes on poetic reality, and his orchestration of the Faustian theme is seen to be an extraordinary achievement. The failings of *Doctor Faustus* are in a sense irrelevant — it meets the decisive test of greatness. The novel creates a world of its own: self-contained, seamless, a world with its portentous conjunctions — art and sickness, love and death, art and Satan — a diabolic world reverberating with unearthly music and the echoes of war. It is an art world with a tormenting correspondence to the world of Thomas Mann. He has, he confesses, mixed fact with fiction in *Doctor Faustus* as never before.

After Germany's defeat, wondering whether to return to teaching, Zeitblom writes: "I fear that the youth of my land has become too strange to me . . . Germany herself . . . is strange to me." This is surely Mann, once potentially the cultural "Provider," speaking; Mann who journeyed to Europe a year ago and was deeply reluctant to set foot in his homeland. Zeitblom goes on to ask, Did I do right when I "drew back from Germany's sins and hid from them in my seclusion?" And he adds: "*Did I actually do that?*" (My italics.) Zeitblom's loyalty to the artist Leverkühn, symbolic of Mann's devotion to art, seems to him a species of loyalty to Germanism. Here is the final flourish on the "Brother Hitler" theme. Is not Mann saying that no German artist is free of the "migraine" inherited from a *Kultur* which includes Nietzsche as well as Goethe, Wagner as well as Bach? Is not *Doctor Faustus* an anguished confession that, whatever Mann's public personality, the artist has never really left home?



Books and Men



Recently awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing, PETER

VIERECK holds the combined posts of Associate Professor of History at Mount Holyoke and Visiting Lecturer at Smith. *Terror and Decorum*, a collection of his lyrics familiar to readers of the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Kenyon Review*, *Partisan Review*, *Horizon* (London), and *Poetry* (Chicago), has just been published by Scribners.

FIVE GOOD POETS IN A BAD YEAR

by PETER VIERECK

AS WE look back on the poetry books of 1948, the collected works of older poets, notably Allen Tate, stand out as fresher than the work of the new poets. Far from being the expected thing, this is an unusual situation. It contrasts with the two preceding years, which rewarded us with such exciting new material as *Lord Weary's Castle* by Robert Lowell and the books of Richard Wilbur and Howard Nemerov. But today too many of the fashionable moderns recall to us an amazingly prophetic warning by Theodore Spencer (*Journal of English Literary History*, September, 1943): —

In much contemporary verse there is a kind of verbal free-wheeling, a lack of connection between the words used by the poet and any commonly shared association. In our society, with newspapers, radio, and movies continuously blaring out a series of emotional platitudes, poets are justifiably scared of saying simple things in simple language; they are afraid of being trite and sentimental. Consequently the coloring of their poetry sometimes resembles the hectic purple of a bruise . . . a school of false poetic diction.

Among the many new books of 1948, there are two exceptions to this warning; except for them, the reprinted collected poems are livelier than the new ones. The exceptions are Randall Jarrell and Theodore Roethke. Jarrell's *Losses* (Harcourt, Brace) are our gains, for the poems have an astringent and classical rightness of diction making this his best book so far. This is particularly true (except for a too directly rhetorical last stanza) of his "Camp in the Prussian Forest," dealing with the emotional impact upon the American observer of gruesome relics of Hitler's mass murders.

Roethke's *The Lost Son* (Doubleday) is too obscure (it is time for a frontal assault on obscurity as inartistic; if critics still hesitate to take this plunge, it is for the understandable fear of playing into the hands of poetry's philistine enemies). But Roethke's original imagery and stark emotion-charged vocabulary outweigh all objections. His

concluding poem, "The Shape of the Fire," keeps up an apocalyptic tone of ominous short outcries for several pages, absurdly humorless yet creating a marvelously powerful rhythmic effect, full of spondees and without enjambement, recalling Hart Crane's spondee-laden line: "Betrayed stones slowly speak." "The Shape of the Fire" has had an immediate popular success unparalleled in the annals of "difficult" poetry. During 1947-1948, it appeared under four different distinguished auspices: in the magazine *Partisan Review*, in Selden Rodman's anthology *100 American Poems* (Penguin Books, New American Library), in Roethke's own book, and now in the new Oscar Williams anthology, *A Little Treasury of American Poetry* (Scribners).

Aside from Jarrell, Roethke, and one or two others, Spencer's warning of 1943 sums up the new poetry of 1948 (one thinks of books like Cruickshank's *In the Tower's Shadow*). Again and again, I found the virtues of our new verse, its return to formal disciplines and metrics, spoiled by that persistent problem of lurid diction: "the hectic purple of a bruise." The infallible wrongness of contemporary diction lies in its reliance on the unimaginative clichés of revolt, the dully "daring" juxtapositions of incongruous adjectives for the purpose of startling or shocking. Even more rigid and stereotyped than the open dogmas of conservatism are the secret dogmas of *avant-garde*. The most conformist dogma of them all — a sure sign of being too much at one with your time — is to repeat (without possessing Gide's genius) the Gidean formula that "to be at odds with his time, there lies the *raison d'être* of the artist." Greenwich Village and Main Street are the parallel lines that meet in inanity.

No trace of these impurities of diction appears in three un-new and non-younger poets published this year: Allen Tate (*Poems 1922-1947*, Scribners), Mark Van Doren (*New Poems*, Sloane), and Theo-

dore Spencer (*Poems 1940-1947*, Harvard). All three are so individual, so idiosyncratic in their styles that the only common denominator linking their names for us is their place in the scholarly world. Spencer is Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard; Van Doren is a Professor in the Columbia English Department; Tate has constantly alternated between academic and editorial posts.

All three have written many of their finest works while busy with scholarly research at our universities. And they are, of course, as well known for their critical prose as for their creative verse. According to a widespread prejudice, this background should result in an esoteric bookish verse, full of dry-as-dust abstractions and ingenious pedantries. Perhaps in a paradoxical defense-mechanism against this popular reproach, these three poets — more than most non-academic poets today — look for spontaneous freshness, the heartfelt simplicities of life. In this quest they succeed superbly, as if in illustration of Toynbee's theory of "challenge and response." Felicitous result: they are lyricists and philosophical poets at the same time.

To enjoy Van Doren's latest collection, about which I become more enthusiastic at each reading, it must at once be realized that the book is cluttered up with too many unpurged trivia; these are not so much bad poetry as facile poetry, too relaxed to be his best. They are easy to spot; and once they are disregarded, what is left is valid and moving, proving once and for all his permanent place in American literature. Rhythmically flawless is his poem "News of Snow." Here the physical impression of snow piling up, flake by flake, is wonderfully conveyed by the sheer rhythm of the line "settling, settling, not to be denied." Equally successful are his more profound, if less musical, stanzas on "Thomas Hardy, Poet."

While Tate appears to trust in no absolute redemption, and while Spencer employs the rebirth-through-death symbolism of the phoenix, Van Doren's redemption is via the mediators, those dedicated servants of loveliness and aspiration who are exiles, queer ducks, and saviors at the same time. "The Close Clan" he calls them in his most haunting poem. And their unself-conscious presence among us is what makes our darkness bearable: —

Even from themselves they are a secret,
The like ones that dwell so far asunder. . . .
But the flesh lives in certain ones that wind
And dust and simple being have distinguished.
Whatever these, and howsoever born,
They are the ones with perfect-lidded eyes. . . .
They are the ones who comprehend the darkness,
And carry it all day, and sweeten it.

The most misunderstood of the three poets is Theodore Spencer, praised and blamed for the wrong reasons. Most reviews condescendingly

compliment his verse as "elegant" and "graceful," as if it were some kind of debonair *vers de société*. Actually he will some day be recognized as a poet of the tragic and the tender, the two values most lacking in a culture of shallow gregarious hedonism. Certainly these qualities are not achieved in every poem or even in most of his poems; here, too, we stumble over too many blandly competent trivia. But when it does come off, his effect of sweet and tragic poignancy is achieved by the contrast between the light charm of his lines on first reading and the philosophic richness unveiled by later readings. The overtones reveal a cool craftsman controlling difficult forms with the assurance of an eighteenth-century neoclassicist. The undertones reveal a mystic.

This whole process is camouflaged by its bantering Harvardian understatement which only serves to double, once the reader gets the hang of it, the impact of the integrity and emotional sincerity behind it. At times Spencer evokes a pagan mysticism of the flesh, as in the "Song" which ends: "Proved is the joy that crowds out of Always/When to our loving my darling comes walking." Equally often we find a Franciscan mystique of the spirit, as in "Invocation": —

Wipe from my mind, lord, the inner smirk
That swells from lack of love's humility. . . .
Protect me from the Zeitgeist and its claws. . . .
Fix me in danger firmly, so that I stand
Able to be bowled over by your hand.

This hungry passion for loftiness, this tension between vision and everyday fact, makes his opening piece, "The Phoenix," his best. I have read it a dozen times and never once without being moved. After contrasting the mortality of man with the immortality of the legendary firebird, the poet asks in a climax of tragic tension: —

Why is man so wrought
That he must make his creatures
Wistful to outlast Nature's
Marriage of flesh and bone?

On the purely technical side, Spencer is a master of the Yeatsian refrain. (Occasionally his very skill at this gets the bit in its teeth and canters away with the actual poem, as if the refrain were written first and the poem written around it.) Whenever he repeats a refrain-line in his lyrics, it is the same line yet different; each new stanza gives the unchanging refrain a changed context, a richer dimension. An example is the poem "Union," with its subtle handling of the refrain "Did you say that, or did I?"

There are no trivia in Tate's *Collected Poems*. Every line seems to have found its inevitable final form, even if this took years of tinkering by the master workman. Here, too, we find Yeatsian echoes, this time in metrics, especially in those short two-beat lines whose nervous irregular scan-



OXFORD



BOOKS OF LASTING IMPORTANCE

U. P. HEDRICK'S exuberant recall
of pioneer life on the tip of
Michigan's lower peninsula

THE LAND OF THE CROOKED TREE



LOUIS BROMFIELD says: "I enjoyed *The Land of the Crooked Tree* immensely and think it a delightful book." Woodcut decorations. \$4.00

EDMUND WILSON'S Revised and Enlarged Second Edition of THE TRIPLE THINKERS

A revised edition, containing much new material, of the book which more than any other of Mr. Wilson's presents a systematic statement of the critical principles of one of the outstanding literary critics of this century. November 11. \$4.00

HERMAN MELVILLE'S original edition text of MOBY-DICK, or THE WHALE

Introduction and Notes by WILLARD THORP. A thoroughly annotated, illustrated edition of the original text of this classic. Special features are a 16-page gravure section including a series of whaling pictures and an endpaper map of the world charting the probable voyage of the *Pequod*. \$3.75

Available in November
The six-volume set of
ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE'S
A Study of History
\$35.00 the set

A new, completely revised and enlarged edition of THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

By JAMES D. HART. This new edition of the classic reference work features over 600 major alterations, including 100 new author entries and descriptions of new works and recent trends. Wallace Stegner, Tennessee Williams, *Reader's Digest*, and *New Directions* have found their way into it, and much of the older material has been revised and brought up to date. November 11. \$7.50

F. O. MATTHIESSEN'S report FROM THE HEART OF EUROPE

F. O. MATTHIESSEN's journal of his trip to Europe in 1947 "shows that the intellectual can be a more stimulating commentator than most newsmen hell-bent on fact-finding. A rich, humane, truly civilized intellect—a traveler of insight and integrity."—*Atlantic Monthly*. \$3.00

JULIAN TOWSTER'S brilliant analysis of POLITICAL POWER IN THE U.S.S.R. 1917-1947

The first thorough and objective analysis in a single volume of the development of government in the Soviet state, based almost entirely on original source material available only in the Russian language. It sheds significant light on the political structure, present operation, and probable future developments of the Soviet state. *With an introduction* by QUINCY WRIGHT. \$6.00

At all bookstores, or from
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue • New York 11



sion varies sensitively to reflect the varying moods.

Tate uses Yeatsian refrains less frequently and with a more convincing subordination to the poem as a whole than does Spencer — or did Yeats. An example is Tate's translation of the Latin poem "The Vigil of Venus," where everything depends on the rendering of the refrain "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet." In an introductory note Tate explains, "In the fall of 1942 the refrain of the *Pervigilium* came back to me and for several days kept running through my head; then I suddenly knew that I 'had' it." His solution is one of the most accomplished refrains I can remember: "Tomorrow may loveless, may lover tomorrow make love."

Hart Crane once urged Tate to be true to "your language" in "so pure a way that it will be notice-

able, and you will do well enough." Today Crane's prophecy has been more than fulfilled by Tate's long aesthetic asceticism, his uncompromising devotion to language. Much can be learned by studying the successive revisions of his "Ode to the Confederate Dead," culminating — after ten years of unintegrated versions — in the present piece. In addition to "The Mediterranean," his masterpiece, my own favorites among his many beautiful poems include "Winter Mask" (in memory of Yeats), "Seasons of the Soul" (in memory of John Peale Bishop), "To a Romantic" (addressed to Robert Penn Warren), and "To the Lacedaemonians." Despite other poems, which defeat themselves in labyrinths of overcomplexity, all this adds up to producing the most interesting book of the season.

LUIS DE CAMOENS

by LEONARD BACON

You are spice islands. You are the golden bird
That soars until it dies. You are the night
Out of which towers Adamastor's height,
And whence he spoke the enigmatic word.
You are the mystery beyond Cape Verde.
You are the ships bound on their sunward flight.
You are conceits baroque, quaint, recondite,
That capture the sublime — or the absurd.

You knew the rivers of Babylon where the harp
Was hanged upon the willows, heard surf roll
When the typhoon stormed the Cambodian shoal,
And, when the black squalls guttered out and ceased,
Gave us the Epic that retains the sharp
Tang of new oceans and the Gorgeous East.

**Out of Germany comes the supremely great
novel of the War on the Eastern Front . . .**

Stalingrad

**By THEODOR
PLIEVIER**

\$3.00

Over a million copies have been sold in Europe of this stupendous novel of the German armies' disintegration in the "Stalingrad pocket" during the winter of 1942-43. "I welcome it indeed that the American public will be acquainted with his work."—THOMAS MANN

Heaven Faces West

By MIRIAM YOUNG, author of "*Mother Wore Tights*." The richly eventful, warm-hearted story of a thoroughly delightful, wholesome, and exuberantly American family in California at the turn of the century. **\$3.00**

Sir and Brother

By HARRY LEE. A tense and timely story of one man's selfless devotion to his fellow workers and his sharp emotional conflict with the woman he loves but cannot have. **\$3.00**

The Welcome

By HUBERT CREEKMORE. An intensely emotional novel of modern marriage from the man's point of view. It handles major emotional problems with frankness, sympathetic insight and good taste. **\$3.00**

The Great Midland

By ALEXANDER SAXTON. The vigorous and vividly realistic story of a dynamic railroad-union leader and his wife—bound by love but torn by conflicting loyalties. **\$3.00**

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

By FULTON J. SHEEN. The purpose of this book is to show the relationship between reason and religion. In terms of modern knowledge it restates Saint Thomas' five ways of proving the existence of God, and evaluates the impact of modern thought on religion. **\$5.00**

AMERICAN POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY

By HAROLD U. FAULKNER. The Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged, of this notable history, contains new chapters on the background of World War II and on the post-war period. *Illustrated*. **\$6.50**

A SHORT HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

By LYNN THORNDIKE. A revised and enlarged edition of the famous story of man's constructive achievements from the dawn of history to our own era. Much new material has been added and many new illustrations. **\$6.50**

LIFE WITH FAMILY

By JEAN SCHICK GROSSMAN. This "perspective on parenthood" will please every parent who wants helpful, level-headed, heartening and entertaining suggestions for building a happy family. **\$3.00**



THIS SAME FLOWER

The new novel by **JEANNETTE COVERT NOLAN**, author of "*Gather Ye Rosebuds*." A lively and refreshing story of the years before yesterday, when Suffragettes were Big News, and a young girl left her sheltered home to carve out her own career in Chicago. **\$2.75**

At all bookstores



*The story of a woman for whom
time and beauty stood still . . .
the tale of a love that transcended
human experience*

THE Room Beyond

a novel by
**ROBERT
SPENCER
CARR**

Cristina, forever radiant, desirable and elusive, is one of the most enchanting heroines in modern fiction. Her story is filled with romance, excitement, mystery and deep inner meaning. **\$3.00**

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS 35 W. 32nd St., New York 1

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Your Holi-

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

Family Circle

"There was much love and laughter in the home of the famous three who make up her 'Family Circle', and all of it bubbles through the pages straight into the heart of the reader . . . a glowing and intimate picture of 50 years with the Skinner family." *Boston Globe.* **\$3.50**

A National Best Seller



MILDRED SPURRIER TOPP

Smile Please

"Mrs. Topp's memories of her Mississippi childhood add up to one of the most riotous records of the year. It appears to be unfashionable now to have had a happy childhood; but unrepressed and uninhibited, she had just that . . . a hilarious excursion into a delightful past." *Saturday Review of Literature.* **\$3.00**

A National Best Seller



EMILY EDEN

The Semi-Detached House

"As easy to read as sliding down a cellar door . . . The tale trips along in dialogue and tinkles on the ear. As for Blanche, the lovely Lady Chester, she leaves a pleasant flavor in the mouth and a fragrance where she passes. And a good light novel has been had by all." *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* **\$3.00**

Illustrated by Susanne Suba



ROGER VAILLAND

Playing for Keeps

"American readers will not fail to succumb to its verve and prancing vitality. For this is the story of one small piece of the French Resistance with its muted and internal drama, its bitter ironies and smothered laughter. It is a story told in the best traditions of French prose." *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* **\$3.00**

At All Bookstores

day Reading

ESTHER FORBES

The Running of the Tide

"To her books Miss Forbes brings a deep and delving delight in the past, a feeling for the New England character by turns shrewd and romantic, and the pepper and salt of everyday living which she translates so accurately into another century." *Atlantic Monthly*.

\$4.00

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection



SAMUEL SPEWACK

The Busy Busy People

Paired off neatly and twirled relentlessly through the pattern of a sort of square dance of diplomacy are these busy busy people from the American Embassy in Moscow and their Russian opposites. It is a funny, bitter and sharply enlightening book by the author of the classic "Boy Meets Girl."

\$3.00



ELEANOR PALFFY

Largely Fiction

This novel, the story of a New England-bred woman who escaped by marriage into the wild, lavish living of Central Europe, is very good theater with its scenes elaborately set in centuries-old Hungarian castles, the sunlight of the Riviera, the salons of Paris. And played against these scenes is a drama of wit, passion and laughter.

\$3.00



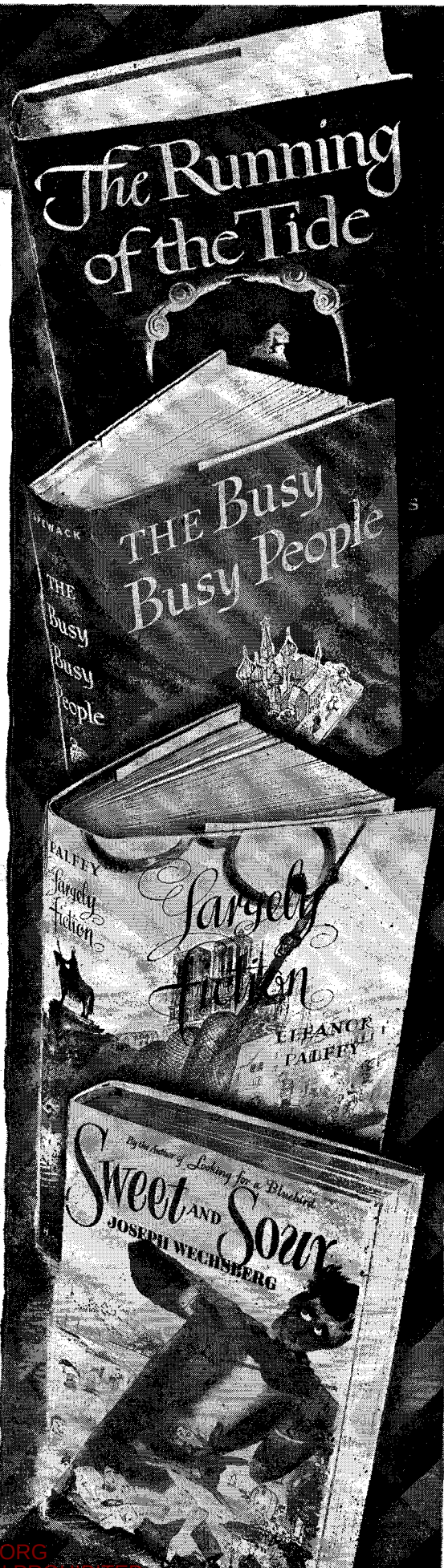
JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Sweet and Sour

From Paris to Prague, with a memorable sidetrip to Venice, Joseph Wechsberg tours the engagingly lunatic fringe of the artist life. Here is Lilya who basely preferred pickles to caviar, and Dolek who grew sideways but not up, and a dentist who played the Angel of Death without make-up. These and many more are as raffish and improbable as those who were looking for a bluebird a few years ago.

\$2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

TO EVERY American boy the fall means football. I remember how October came in with the smoky days and the smell of burning leaves. Fall meant the swiping of wooden fences and gateposts, even of an old outhouse for the big bonfires on Halloween; it meant the little charcoal brazier on the street corner where you bought the roasted chestnuts which kept their heat so long in your pocket. But chiefly the fall meant football and for me the Saturday trip to Princeton.

Princeton is a lovely spot in the autumn and to a prep school boy a place for hero-worship. I used to go down religiously on the 9.01 every Saturday. My mother insisted on my carrying a box lunch. I of course was heartily ashamed of it, hid it under the seat, and left it there as I scuttled off. Why worry, one of my heroes would feed me at his Club.

Immediately on arrival I would buy a copy of the *Daily Princetonian* and dope out my schedule for the day, which would begin with the Freshman football game in the morning and never stop until the last act of the Triangle Show. My tickets to the game came free because in those days prep school boys were given passes; and as for my food, I sponged it from those wearers of the "P" whom I had been following at a respectful distance the previous summer. I must have been an incubus especially when they had a girl along, and I now apologize.

Boy, to walk along Nassau Street at 10.30 on a football morning, not a cloud in the sky, and the sun taking the frost out of the ground! Pictures of the football squad were in every window and you always stopped and studied the full-length portrait of the Tiger captain. Now you had your pass, you had your date for lunch, 85 cents in your pocket and Princeton was sure to win! You paused at the Jigger Shop and took in a cherry jigger. That left a balance of 70 cents. Why worry!

So it was that I saw Charley Brickley kick five field goals against the Princeton freshmen; I saw Eddie Hart in the line, Tol Pendleton defending against one of the first forward passes, and Bush Dunlap going down under a punt; I saw Hobey Baker drop his head in his hands as he watched Pumpelley's 47-yard kick hit the crossbar and topple over to tie the score for Yale; I saw Sam White's run against Harvard. It is all as clear as yesterday, in those soft, smoky tones of the fall, a romantic picture which will always be preserved as such since I eventually went to Cornell to study Mechanical Engineering and to Harvard to study English.

But as we grow older the urgency for football is replaced by a feeling more difficult to define. As a young bachelor I remember remarking to a slightly older couple that October was so "poignant," and when they laughed I of course felt self-conscious. But what other word so expresses the feeling which invades us in Indian summer? The season itself is like no other season in no other country. The senses are all challenged for there has been a change in color, fragrance, and temperature. Even the air tastes differently. Now we see the maple in flame, the yellow beech, and the sumac; the purple asters at the roadside and the pheasant exploding out of a thicket; the apples and the golden clusters of pumpkin at the roadside stand; the long V's of the geese, and the huge high swarm of grackle passing overhead, voluble and obedient; the harvest moon, and next morning the print of deer in the moist path behind the barn.

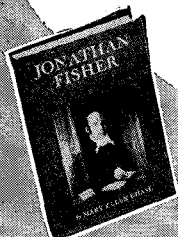
It is a feeling stronger than regret which pierces us while we gaze at the fullness of flood tide in the marsh; the cold reaches through our summer clothing, and with a sigh of retreat we turn indoors to light the open fire. In the fall we quicken because we suddenly realize how little of the year is left. With this comes the urge to step off time's treadmill and be our other self. If a man wants to make his real bid, the fall is the time.

Father was an actor

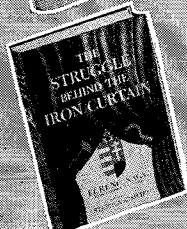
Very rarely does an actor succeed in retelling the past. Living as he does with such intensity in the present and dedicated to the old tradition that the show must go on despite the nervous drain of hard travel, heady applause, and incessant personal friction, the actor commonly keeps little record of his ups and downs, and when he looks back it is all too often to record a bloodless itinerary of first nights, of parts which were successful and so ran on

7

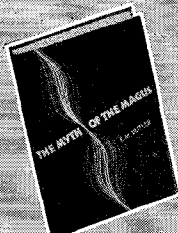
Books of general interest



AT ALL
BOOKSTORES



THE
MACMILLAN
COMPANY



JONATHAN FISHER: Maine Parson, 1768-1847, by *Mary Ellen Chase*. The beloved author of *Windswept* and *Dawn in Lyonesse* brings her novelist's skill to the life story of an amazingly versatile man.

Jonathan Fisher was a country parson who kept watch over an erring—often downright sinful—flock, and still found time to be a farmer, artist, writer, scientist and mathematician. Illustrated. \$4.00



IN ENGLAND NOW, by *Ada Jackson*. A dramatic poem by the author of *Behold the Jew* on the lot of England's people today. It shows their courageous, humorous acceptance of grim necessity—their proud confidence that they can endure the temporary poverty of peace as they did the hardships of war. \$1.50

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, by *Hector Bolitho*. The engrossing biography of a woman who knew how to be a queen. No one is better fitted than the author of the best-selling *Edward*

VII to tell the story of Victoria, her long reign, and her far-flung empire. Mr. Bolitho's voluminous knowledge, based on long years of research, makes this the most authoritative biography of recent times. \$5.00

THE STRUGGLE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, by *Ferenc Nagy*, Former Premier of Hungary. Nagy's startling *Saturday Evening Post* articles told only part of his struggle to rebuild shattered

Hungary in coalition with the Communists, and what happened afterward. Here is the complete, dramatic story of his efforts to stem the ideological tide that overwhelmed his country and now threatens the world. \$5.00



ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, by *F. Brittain*. The first biography of "Q", famous and well-loved Cambridge professor, by a man who knew him intimately. Here is his life as a novelist, poet, critic, scholar, dandy, and don, with generous extracts from his poems and letters. Illus. \$3.75

VOYAGES TO THE MOON, by *Marjorie Nicolson*. From Milton's account of Satan's journey through the cosmos to Superman's latest exploit—including H. G. Wells, Orson Welles, and many others whose

imaginations outstripped the earth—this is a fascinating study of imaginary voyages. It will delight lovers of science fiction, and everyone interested in the powerful impact of science on man's imagination. Illus. \$4.00

THE MYTH OF THE MAGUS, by *E. M. Butler*. If you enjoyed Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, you will be interested in this study of wonder-working figures, from Zoroaster to Rasputin. In the lives of such

diverse characters as Moses, Pythagoras, Merlin, Gilles de Rais, Faust, and Madame Blavatsky, Miss Butler shows how legend has distorted fact, until each life repeats the ritual elements of the primitive hero myth. \$3.75

too long, and of failures which he would prefer not to recall. The two exceptions in our time are *Present Indicative* by Noel Coward and Sacha Guitry's autobiography, *If I Remember Right*, but even here, since an actor more than most artists is a dual personality, the private life, the life without grease paint, is subordinated and overshadowed by what is taking place on the stage.

In *Family Circle* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) Cornelia Otis Skinner effects a happy balance between the glamour of the footlights and the unrehearsed anxiety and affection of an actor's family. She is recounting the zestful, magnetic career of that matinee idol and great romantic, her father, Otis Skinner; the resourcefulness and charm of her actress mother, Maud Durbin, who retired from the stage and settled down in Bryn Mawr when Cornelia herself was, so to speak, in the wings; and her own irrepressible ambition to prove her father wrong when after one painful school play Otis was heard to remark "in that voice which could spread through the topmost gallery, 'Well, Maud, she certainly has no talent — thank God!'"

The portrait which she draws of her father is an endearing one. The star who never really seemed to cash in despite his hits; the troupier who played more one-night stands and made more life-long admirers in the sticks than any other actor of our time; the devoted husband who was never too tired to write his wife the gay chronicle of his ups and downs; the father who could still play the part of a great lover at sixty-six and who at the end of that very play, *Blood and Sand*, had the first-night satisfaction of leading his daughter out for a curtain call, squeezing her hand, smiling, and then saying as he waved her off the stage, "Well, Miss, you've made your New York debut. From now on you're on your own," — Otis Skinner comes to us in affectionate tones as an actor who had played with the best, who had mastered an enormous repertoire, and who in his best parts dominated the stage.

He was the leading man for Madame Modjeska when he first met young Maud Durbin. He played opposite Ada Rehan when she was eating her heart out for Augustin Daly, and again years later when after Daly's death she was so unsteady in *The Merchant of Venice* that it was an ordeal to support her; he played with Joseph Jefferson in an all-star production of *The Rivals*, with Edwin Booth, and in many a play with John Drew; he was managed by Charles Frohman, that elusive figure, in *The Duel* and *The Honor of the Family*; and in *Kismet*, which was to be his great run of three years, he somehow neglected to ask for a percentage of the gate.

The home life in the little house in Bryn Mawr is a commonplace by comparison, but a commonplace which is warm, affectionate, sparked by Father's occasional visits, and always subject to the absurdities of the growing, gawky Cornelia. Miss Skinner writes about her youth with that laughing, photo-

graphic candor which was so infectious in her earlier collaboration with Miss Kimbrough, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. "Our teacher," she writes, "was very plain and smelled like a hymnal." She remembers how she memorized *Macbeth* in the open air only to be surprised by a wandering group of tourists. The apparition which "met their eyes was that of a gangly sixteen-year-old girl in daz- zlingly unorthodox riding clothes, clutching at a skinny chest which flatly denied the words she was in the process of shouting, which were, 'I have given suck and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.' After whooping forth this bit of gratuitous information, I became slowly aware of the presence of the line of heads above the en- circling rocks."

She recalls how in a Liberty Loan drive, at the conclusion of one of her father's performances in the First World War, Mrs. Skinner sprang to her feet, with "'I'll take a fifty-dollar bond for every uniformed man in the house!'" A little stunned, Father ordered the electrician to turn on the house lights. . . . The balcony was a solid blue and khaki! Business being bad, the company manager had filled all unsold seats with sailors and dough- boys." So the story goes its way, affectionate, un- critical, the chronicle of a talented, uneccentric trio.

Back from the frontier

Toward the Morning (Rinehart, \$3.00) is the third volume in Hervey Allen's series of five novels depicting the reclamation and education of a big hulking blond, Salathiel Albine, a boy who was brought up by the Indians on the Pennsylvania frontier, and who in the early 1760's begins to wend his way east, the natural man with the sharpened instincts of the savage, the lore of the forest, and the education which has come to him in his haz- ardous experience with the English regulars, the trappers, and the hardened frontier folk with whose help he passes on his way to civilization. With him come his young common-law wife, Melissa, and young Bridget whose parents have been lost in an Indian raid, and who is now being restored to her relatives in Carlisle.

Mr. Allen is a devoted student of the early days in Pennsylvania. He knows the country and he loves it, and with sure, deft touches his story lights up a hundred vignettes of the hardihood and peril, the hospitality, hard drinking, and swift resource- fulness which were chief among the elements of frontier life. *Toward the Morning* is in effect the chronicle of a lingering, leisurely journey. It will be enjoyed for its itinerant episodes, but I miss in it that pulsing concentration on the main theme. I wish the author had provided us with a clearer sense of direction — other than Sal's desire to head east — and most important of all, I regret that he has not given us more clues for the reidentification of those characters who appeared in the two earlier

INGLIS FLETCHER'S

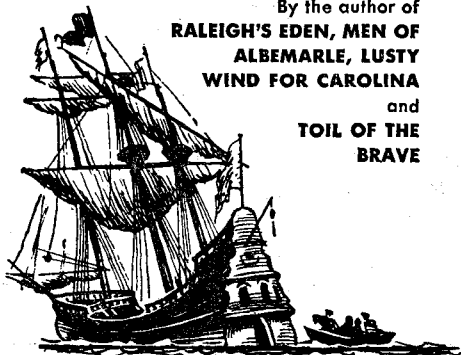
magnificent new novel about the founding
of the first English New World settlement



Roanoke Hundred

Readers of Inglis Fletcher's novels know her as a master of romance and realism—a born storyteller who transmutes historical fact and legend into vital, exciting fiction. For **ROANOKE HUNDRED** history has furnished truly rich material—the drama of heroic men—explorers, visionaries and soldiers—conquering and colonizing a New World.

By the author of
**RALEIGH'S EDEN, MEN OF
ALBEMARLE, LUSTY
WIND FOR CAROLINA**
and
**TOIL OF THE
BRAVE**



ROANOKE HUNDRED is a story of action, adventure and high romance, high-lighted with scenes of brilliant pageantry, intimate tête-a-têtes, tender and stormy love. Great names from history—Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Richard Hakluyt, Francis Drake and the valiant hero, Sir Richard Grenville—come alive in its pages. Panoramic scenes sweep before the reader's eyes—from the quiet splendor of Sir Richard's Devonshire home to the challenge of Roanoke Island in the abundant New World; from Elizabeth's London to the final glory of the *Revenge* carrying battle single-handed to a Spanish fleet. And throughout runs the intriguing thread of brave Colin's love for beautiful Thomasine, the untamed maid from Tintagel.

ROANOKE HUNDRED—the grandest story a born storyteller has ever told!

At all bookstores • \$3.50

BOBBS-MERRILL

books, *The Forest and the Fort* and *Bedford Village*, who naturally have grown somewhat misty in the reader's mind after the passage of five years.

The integrity, the thoroughness, and the humanity of Hervey Allen's writing are a great relief after the syrupy nonsense which has been served up to us as historical romance these past two years.

Delight in each other

Robert Nathan, one of the most poetic of our novelists, has spent much of his summer life on Cape Cod, and in his new short novel, *Long After Summer* (Knopf, \$2.00), he tells a story which, in its taciturn speech, its descriptive beauty, and its sensuous feeling for spring and summer, is truly evocative of the Cape.

The story comes to us through the observation of a Bostonian, a bachelor, old beyond his forty years, who has long been accepted by the natives of Truro and whose quiet existence with his dog Penny, his sailboat, and his walks along the beach is suddenly interrupted by illness. In his convalescence he needs a housekeeper and finds her in the person of Johanna, a fourteen-year-old, fresh from the Taunton orphanage and already at that turning point of womanhood where her beauty captures the eye and salty comments of Tom Goodenoe, the Truro carpenter and man-about-town. She also catches the eye of Jot Deacons, the son of Alben the lobsterman, and in the calf love they feel for each other, an affair which begins in the bachelor's kitchen and quickens in the square dance and in the Deacons dory as they pull up the lobster pots together, are the kernel, the freshness, and the pathos of the book.

The attraction of these two for each other and the paternalism, verging into something deeper, which the bachelor feels for Johanna, — these shades of devotion are conveyed in phrases deft and of the heart. We first see Johanna in the "vinegar sun of early spring"; we see her dancing at the Town Hall, "light as dandelion seed, and soft and firm as fresh baked bread"; in the dory we catch the look which passes like electricity between herself and Jot, "a look of gaiety and wonder, of joy without longing, and thanks without fear. It was a look of acceptance and of pure delight, in the sun-warmed air, the sparkling water, the blue and peaceful sky, and in each other."

Johanna has always lived in the barest poverty; her only vanity is her two bits of hair ribbon, her only possession the puppy, Monday, which she gives to Jot. ("It's like if you've got something together," she said, "you've got more than if you've only got it alone.") Thus, when Jot is caught in the storm the shock upsets Johanna's hourglass, and the aftereffect on the girl I leave to Mr. Nathan to describe. This short novel of calf love and of happy summer merging into poignant autumn is a thing of beauty, a book to set beside *Portrait of Jennie*.



Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

ON the heels of *The Naked and the Dead*, which disproved the adage "War books don't sell," there now come two more outsize war novels. *The Young Lions* (Random House, \$3.95), by the playwright and war correspondent **Irwin Shaw**, is a powerful piece of writing. *The Crusaders* (Little, Brown, \$3.50) is high-grade fictional journalism which succeeds in holding one's interest and arousing sympathy and wrath. Its author is **Stefan Heym**, an anti-Nazi refugee, who served in the U.S. Army as an enlisted man and as an officer.

Quality aside, there are striking points of identity between the two books and between them and *The Naked and the Dead*, a common ground which shows up some of the differences between the present and past generation of war writers. Today's novelists hate the enemy and everything he stands for; they do not question the war's necessity. What angers them — and they are every bit as angry as their predecessors — is the evils they see on their own side: a broad streak of the fascist spirit; the injustices of the Army hierarchy; lack of integrity and ideals among "the crusaders." Assemble all the characters in the novels mentioned and you have some choice anti-Semites, sadists, and bullies; you have officers, ciphers in civilian life, blown up with self-importance, abusing privilege, unequal to their responsibilities; coarse, ignorant enlisted men without a notion of what they are fighting for; hypocrites, toadies, and racketeers. Heym provides a leaven of righteous men, Shaw throws in a few, and brave men are not lacking. Still, as a whole the cast is the reverse of admirable.

There have been many complaints (in reference to Mailer, but they have a wider application) that the novelists' overriding interest in the seamy side results in a distorted picture of American life; contributes nothing to a stronger sense of values. The argument smacks of the rebuke administered to Shostakovich and company, and the Thomas Committee's complaint that, in the movies, bankers and tycoons are too often unlovable. It is not the novelist's job to cut his characters from the social statistician's cloth. That what stirs the war writers should be almost synonymous with what disgusts them is quite in keeping with American literary tradition. Its dominant strain — from Mark Twain through Dreiser to the early Dos Passos and the

A selection of distinguished fall titles



Willa Cather

**THE OLD BEAUTY
AND OTHERS**

These three stories are the final expression of Willa Cather's matchless art. "In the pleasure they give and the mastery they show they belong with her finest and most characteristic work."

—*New York Times Book Review*. \$2.50

Sumner H. Slichter
**THE AMERICAN
ECONOMY**

One of our most brilliant economists seeks to answer the questions that have been perplexing business men, public officials, and all intelligent citizens. He discusses industrial relations, economic stability, international economic policy, and industrial incentives—and reaffirms our faith in our American system of private enterprise and its future in a changing world.

\$2.75

David Donald
LINCOLN'S HERNDON

The first life of Lincoln's friend, law partner, and biographer—his companion of the boisterous circuit-riding days, mayor of Springfield, political boss, poet, dreamer, and man of books and memories whose reach was greater than his grasp.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY CARL SANDBURG. \$5.00

Richard Hofstadter
**THE AMERICAN
POLITICAL TRADITION**

A new interpretation of our political tradition in which the author searches out the common ground among American parties and factions and shows that all are loyal to the twin principles of property and progress and differ only on policies and tactics.

\$4.00

Francis Toye
**FOR WHAT WE HAVE
RECEIVED**

The entertaining and revealing autobiography of a highly civilized Englishman—raconteur, gourmet, connoisseur, and wit—who has written a book crowded with travel, acid, wisdom, and humor.

\$4.00

Albert Camus

THE PLAGUE

"A superlative piece of writing—crisp, vivid . . . and veined throughout with a wonderfully intense irony. . . . Certainly a novel of the first rank—one that will bear comparison with the work of Koestler, Silone, and Malraux."

—*Atlantic*. \$3.00

Robert Nathan
LONG AFTER SUMMER

A moving, stirring story of a brief interlude of hope and faith in a troubled world, for all those who have been waiting for another

Portrait of Jennie. \$2.00

Arthur Machen

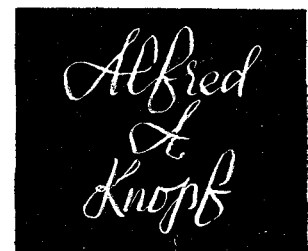
**TALES OF HORROR
AND THE
SUPERNATURAL**

EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

"It is to be doubted . . . whether any other book in the field during this decade can reach the heights of terror and horror achieved in these almost 500 pages. Certainly this omnibus is a must for every lover of the macabre."

—AUGUST DERLETH, *Chicago Tribune*. \$3.95

Wherever
books
are sold



contemporary Southerners — has been one of protest and condemnation. As to the hankering for uplift — the bitterness of the war books contains, without preachment or example, its antidote to moral anarchy. It awakens a healthy sense of outrage and — in some readers perhaps — a sense of responsibility.

These novelists of World War II are more politically-minded than the previous generation. They are also closer to the realities of war, more determined to show civilians its full frightfulness. They tell you, with scientific exactitude, how war is fought, and what wounds look like, and how men die, and how their corpses decompose. There is probably more charnel house prose in, say, *The Young Lions*, than in any half-dozen novels of the First World War.

Men fighting

A writer less prodigal than Irwin Shaw would have forged at least a trilogy out of the characters and incidents crammed into *The Young Lions*. His story straddles peace and war — and both sides of the war. It swirls from the Austrian mountains to New York and California, then to a New Jersey training camp; from occupied Paris to the saturnalia of wartime Berlin; across North Africa and up the Italian peninsula; from Normandy to the Rhine.

Shaw's camera — there is a cinematic quality in the sweep and tempo of his novel — is focused on three soldiers, two Americans and a German. It catches them, first, as civilians. Christian Diestl is a skiing instructor; a superbly handsome and seemingly decent young man, though he calls himself a Nazi. Michael Whitacre belongs to Broadway and Hollywood: success, divorce, a lovely mistress, a Japanese servant, and a gnawing sense of futility make up the portrait. Noah Ackerman, a Jew, is shy, inexperienced, and physically a bit of a weakling when he enters the army. Each man's background shapes the soldier, but according to the special logic of war.

Whitacre cannot leave the stage behind him, and is denied a chance to dissolve his self-disgust in combat. Ackerman is half killed, in training, by a gang of maniacal anti-Semites who have his Captain's blessing: his fight as a Jew turns him into a tough, fearless, and resourceful soldier. Diestl becomes a cold, supremely effective killer, a one-man military machine. He even kills his own compatriots, when "the war" demands it, though he knows that Germany has lost the war.

The Young Lions has not the depth, the original and complex vision of *The Naked and the Dead*. Mr. Shaw portrays his characters from the outside, and his brush, though lively enough, paints in bold outline and often in conventional colors. His talent is more dramatic than analytic, but it is a considerable one. He handles the whirling changes of scene and atmosphere with amazing skill. He writes

with passion and tremendous punch, and drives the action forward with unfailing inventiveness. The literature of World War II contains few combat episodes more memorable than four or five in this book. Shaw's picture of the war from the German side — whether correct or not, which I cannot gauge — is utterly engrossing. *The Young Lions* is the sort of book you want to read at a sitting — and it is 689 pages long.

The Crusaders is also extremely readable and has its stretches of high tension. Starting in Normandy, the story is an exhaustive documentary of the war's last phase and frustrating aftermath — the capture of Paris (liberation scenes, rape, black-marketeering, true love); the Battle of the Bulge (panic, the roar of battle, massacre of U.S. prisoners); the push into Germany (concentration camp horrors, hero's grim homecoming, meeting with *tovarich*, idealized version); Military Government (Nazis slyly running things, despair of anti-Nazis, American cynicism, Fräulein conquers conquerors).

Mr. Heym's leading actors — members of a Propaganda Intelligence Unit — divide into crooks and crusaders, with rank weighted on the side of evil. Lieutenant Yates and Sergeant Bing, an anti-Nazi refugee, cherish the reasonable belief they are fighting to stamp out Nazism. Their zeal threatens certain profitable arrangements made by Captain Loomis, a former radio salesman, and by Lieutenant Colonel Willoughby, who is out to save a German cartel and grab a piece of it for Coster, Bruille, Reagan and Willoughby. The cast includes a lady correspondent, whom you've seen around too often; a show-off tank general, whom you used to read about in the newspapers; and an SS Colonel, who is the *diabolus ex machina* in the plot. All this comes close to being formula stuff. But Mr. Heym has told an ambitious story with affecting sincerity and notable competence.

Yoknapatawpha County

Few American novelists have a higher standing among their fellow authors than **William Faulkner**. But he has always had a restricted audience. When Malcolm Cowley was compiling *The Portable Faulkner* in 1945, he found that all of Faulkner's seventeen books were out of print. His most popular novel, *Sanctuary*, is the one that he himself thinks least of ("a cheap idea . . . deliberately conceived to make money"). His later books, Mr. Cowley wrote, "attracted so little attention that they seem to have gone unread." I must confess that I find this understandable.

Reams of criticism have been written about the poetic texture of Faulkner's prose; his genius for bringing scenery and climate to life; his frontier humor, his rich imagination, and that brooding love and hatred for the South which charges his work with such intensity. His qualities add up to an ex-

The New Volume in a rich
and delightful autobiography



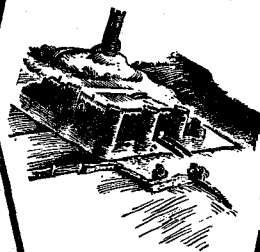
Laughter in the Next Room

by **SIR OSBERT
SITWELL**

The fourth volume in Sir Osbert's many-sided biography of a "stately home" of England covers the years from 1918 to 1944. It follows the author from the Grenadier Guards to literary London, chronicles his emergence as a gifted writer in the Golden Twenties, and describes his career between the two World Wars. It is written with a wealth of incident, urbane humor, exquisite detail and unconventional portraits of famous personalities. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* \$4.00

"Completely enchanting...
After reading one sentence—
that glorious opening—I
was captured, too."

—Christopher Morley



I Capture the Castle

by **DODIE SMITH**

This novel begins in the kitchen sink of a romantic and ruined English castle. It is the story of young Cassandra Mortmain and her penurious and unpredictable family; of two eligible American bachelors who inherit the castle and arrive to claim their own. It is a humorous, wise and poignant book... a novel for all readers. The Literary Guild Selection for November. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* \$3.00

OUR SUMMER WITH THE ESKIMOS

by **Constance and Harmon
Helmericks**

This new book by the authors of the highly successful "We Live in the Arctic" is not only an exciting and warmly human story of life with the Eskimos in unknown Alaska, it also ranks with the great narratives of exploration. *Illustrated.* \$3.50

YANKEE AUCTIONEER

by **George H. Bean**

A top-flight New England auctioneer tells the story of his 25 years behind the auction block. Here are grand yarns, salty humor—and stories about antiques that will entrance everybody who ever bought or wanted to buy one. \$2.75

At all bookstores

JEFFERSON the VIRGINIAN

by **Dumas Malone**

"At last a biography that not only takes account of the greatness of material so admirably organized in recent years, but one that is worthy of its exciting subject."
—Harold Laski, *The New Republic.*

Illustrated. \$6.00

THE RISING SUN IN THE PACIFIC

by **Samuel Eliot Morison**

This new volume in the *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* series which the New York Times rates "indispensable" covers the Pacific war from the "incidents" that led up to it, through a brilliant account of Pearl Harbor, to the Halsey-Doolittle raid on Tokyo in 1942. *Fully illustrated.*

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$6.00

LITTLE, BROWN &



COMPANY • BOSTON

Announcing
a major landmark
in American biography

Douglas Southall FREEMAN'S

George Washington

Volumes I and II: "Young Washington"

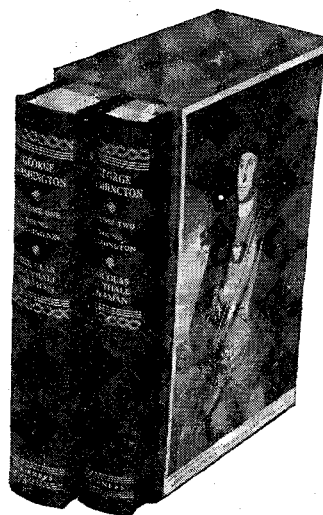
A brilliant new biography of Washington, monumental in scope, definitive in scholarship—by the distinguished author of *LEE'S LIEUTENANTS* and the Pulitzer Prize biography, R. E. LEE.

In two volumes, over 1000 pages, luxurious format, illustrated with portraits, original documents, maps and plans.

Boxed, \$15.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



traordinary talent. But it is one which, to my mind, has been misused.

Faulkner's regionalism seems to me an obsessive parochialism. In most of his work everything has been frantically enlarged; the mood has been of unwavering despair and darkness. He constantly executes wildly rhetorical flourishes on a surface of indifferent interest. And his syntax comes close to being a perversion of language—sentences that turn and twist, pause to roll up a parenthesis, pause a little further on to roll up a parenthesis within the parenthesis, then press forward again (closing the parentheses and opening others), writhing from semicolon to semicolon for three full pages.

Intruder in the Dust (Random House, \$3.00)—Faulkner's first novel in eight years—is another episode in the saga of his mythical world, Yoknapatawpha County. Lucas Beauchamp, a proud intractable Negro—the grandson of a white landowner—is found with a pistol in his hand beside the dead body of Vinson Gowrie. No attempt is made to lynch him because, the townsfolk figure, it will be Sunday in three hours and the Gowries won't want "to bolt through the business, in order to finish it by midnight and not violate the Sabbath." Lucas tells young Charles Mallison that Gowrie was not killed by a bullet from his pistol, and asks him to go to the cemetery Sunday night and dig up Vinson's body to prove it. Charles, aided by old Miss Habersham and a Negro boy, opens up the grave, but the body he finds there is not Vinson's. While a mob, with nothing better to do, is idly waiting for the lynching, Charles leads his uncle and the Sheriff back to the cemetery in an eerie search for Justice. *Intruder in the Dust* is more dramatically constructed than its predecessors and the mood is an unusual one for Faulkner. Hate, violence, and degradation are in the background. The Negro is an eloquent characterization, a figure of immense dignity. The whites on whom the story centers are people of good will.

This may sound like a promising subject, touched with nobility, mystery, and suspense. Unfortunately, Faulkner is altogether too mysterious in his treatment of it. He seems to aim, as Conrad Aiken once said of him, at "a persistent offering of obstacles, a calculated system of screens and obtusions, of confusions and am-

biguous interpolations and delays." And behind those "obtusions, confusions, and interpolations" are concealed crucial developments in the story.

Miracles à la Maugham

Somerset Maugham confessed, in *The Summing Up*, that as a very young man "a natural sense of tidiness" engaged him to design a pattern for his life. He has lived according to that pattern with astounding single-mindedness, always planning ahead, always budgeting his resources of time and health and talent. Now in his middle seventies, Mr. Maugham has apparently decided that the ending to his career as novelist will be written according to plan and not by the accident of mortality. *Catalina* (Doubleday, \$3.00), he announces, is his last novel.

The book has a peculiar significance in relation to Maugham's life. The setting is Spain, the country to which he went when, at twenty-three, he abandoned medicine to become a writer. "I grew a moustache," he has related, "learnt the guitar, bought a broad-brimmed hat, in which I swaggered. . . . I fell in love with Seville and the life one led there and incidentally with a young thing with green eyes and a gay smile." The scene of *Catalina* (though projected into the sixteenth century) represents Maugham's youth revisited. He describes that scene and things Spanish with affection and authenticity.

Catalina's theme, too, has its special interest in relation to Maugham's work. He told in *The Summing Up* of a religious friend who deleted from the Prayer Book all passages that sang God's praises—he could not believe that God was so ungentlemanly as to like it. Maugham approved, adding: "I for my part cannot believe in a God who is angry with me because I do not believe in him. I cannot believe in a God who is less tolerant than I. I cannot believe in a God who has neither humor nor common sense." So, wishing in *Catalina* to pay his respects to God, Maugham—urbane to the last—celebrates with tactful irony the tolerance, humor, and good sense of a God who is the perfect gentleman; contrasts His generous wisdom with the cruel folly, the morose pride of bigoted humanity.

In so far as setting and theme are concerned, *Catalina* has its pleasing aspects. But it is a disappointing

novel. There is little evidence here of that famed Maugham craftsmanship. The writing is outrageous in its use of the cliché. Time and again episodes are contrived with the patness of slick magazine fiction. And Maugham has violated his oft-repeated canon about the clear-cut beginning, middle, and end. The middle is both an end and a new beginning.

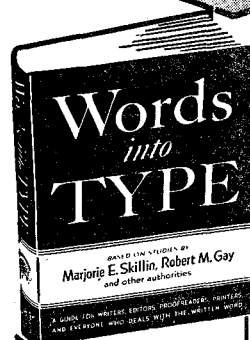
Catalina, a crippled girl, is told in an encounter with the Blessed Virgin that "the son of Juan Suarez de Valero who has best served God has it in his power to heal you." Of Don Juan's three sons, one is a Bishop revered for his piety and zeal as Inquisitor. A second is a Captain renowned for butchering heretics. The youngest, Martin, is a baker who has besmirched the family honor by turning tradesman to support his penniless parents. What follows is in the best fairy tale tradition. Then, halfway through the book, the hero makes his appearance, and we plunge into a conflict between love's young dream and the designs of a powerful Prioress, who wishes to make a nun of Catalina. Catalina, instead, makes a monk of the Bishop. But that is many years later—and thereby hangs another miracle à la Maugham.

The South Seas

One of the memorials to Mr. Maugham's fame is a two-story boardinghouse in Pago Pago, named after the heroine of *Rain*—The Saddle (Sadie) Thompson Hotel. And there-to also hangs a tale which recalls the ways of Providence in *Catalina*. A Pago Pago missionary once protested against the hotel's public display of a prostitute's name, even fictional, and the landlady was made to change it to Samoa House. Immediately afterward, a storm blew off the roof and stove in a wall. The hotel was hastily renamed The Saddle Thompson.

This item is part of the encyclopedic fund of information about the South Seas contained in *Anatomy of Paradise* (Sloane, \$5.00) by J. C. Furnas, whose previous venture into anatomizing was *How America Lives*. Judging from the bibliography, Mr. Furnas has read a source book for almost every one of the 500 pages he has written. He neglected, however, to make up his mind precisely what sort of book to write himself, and the reader is slowed up by lack of direction or central idea.

THE INDISPENSABLE GUIDE TO MODERN FORM, STYLE, AND USAGE



FOR
ANYONE WHO
DICTATES LETTERS
WRITERS
REWRITE MEN
REPORTERS
EDITORS
TYPOGRAPHERS
DESIGNERS
COMPOSITORS
COPY-HOLDERS
PROOFREADERS
PRINTERS
TEACHERS
STUDENTS
ADVERTISING MEN
... and everyone
who uses the written
or printed word.

**The most
up-to-date,
detailed
and useful
book of
its kind**

**Based on Studies by
MARJORIE
E. SKILLIN,
ROBERT M.
GAY and
other authorities**

A valuable reference book for every cultivated person.

WORDS INTO TYPE is:

COMPLETE. It covers every phase of its subject in detail. It gives the general rules of style and usage fully and sets forth groundwork of accepted procedure.

BROADER IN SCOPE. It gives the standards of practice, the exceptions, and the reasons, in greater detail. Considers many more topics than any similar volume.

AUTHORITATIVE. This work has been checked and re-checked by the best available experts to assure maximum accuracy and usefulness.

UP-TO-DATE AND USABLE. A complete table of contents lists 976 entries with page reference, making it easy to find at a glance whatever topic is sought.

Greater Coverage Than Any Other Book of Its Kind

WHAT'S IN IT. More than just a "style book," it contains a huge amount of information not to be found in any similar work: libel laws, details of makeup, foreign words and phrases, glossaries of printing and grammatical terms, illustrated with scores of examples showing how the rules apply.

No pains have been spared to make *Words into Type* what we believe it is in fact and will soon become in everyday practice:

*The Indispensable Authority
on Correct Form and Style for
All Who Use the Written or
Printed Word*

\$5.00 at all bookstores

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS
35 West 32nd St., New York 1

Pierre Van Paassen's first novel!

HERE is the first work of fiction by the world-famous author of *DAYS OF OUR YEARS* and *THE FORGOTTEN ALLY*. The story of a 19th century family in Flanders—a proud household in which, the townsfolk said, all seven deadly sins were present in human form. Written with the mature talent for which 5 million copies of his previous works have been loved throughout the civilized world—and with the passionate love for humanity that is Van Paassen's special gift. \$3.00



THE Tower of Terzel By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

The first book on Lenin, Trotsky & Stalin BY THE INTIMATE OF ALL THREE

BERTRAM D. WOLFE was a member of the Comintern until he resigned from the Party in 1929. With the aid of documents never published before, he records a fascinating story of impossible adventure and earth-shaking conflicts, which he is one of the few living men qualified to tell. 700 pages, \$5.00

Three Who Made a Revolution By BERTRAM D. WOLFE



That genius of surprise SALVADOR DALI reveals his secrets of technique

AS iconoclastic and entertaining as his *Secret Life and Hidden Faces*, this new book by one of the century's greatest technicians is filled with direct, understandable information and a full quota of the famous Dalinian anecdotes. Size 9" x 12". 192 pages, illustrated in line color. Limited, signed edition of 49 copies, \$50. Regular edition, \$7.50

50 SECRETS OF MAGIC **Craftsmanship** By SALVADOR DALI



At all bookstores, THE DIAL PRESS, 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16

Parts of *Anatomy of Paradise* are only worth plowing through by way of education, which makes the author's remark, "This is not a work of professional scholarship," rather disturbing. Some of Mr. Furnas's material, however, is lively and extremely interesting. Let's say, then, that the book is a thorough job of island-hopping, which tells most of what there is to know about the South Seas. Mr. Furnas is alertly jealous of the native's dignity; but having clarified his terms and attitude, he can afford to be forthright and humorous about the facts. Here is a sampling of the lore assembled.

Cannibalism used to be most fashionable in the islands lying north of Australia and New Guinea, especially among the Fijis. It has been claimed that the Fijis cannibalized for sociological reasons, principally population restriction. Mr. Furnas believes the prime reason was gastronomic: the Fijians plain liked man-meat. If the *plat du jour* happened to be a fallen enemy, it was all the tastier. Chieftains would hang in their houses the smoked livers and hands of a detested foe—to be nibbled on when they fell to brooding on a wrong not erased by death. After battle, slain enemies were often sent to friendly villages, just as, in the fishing season, a fine salmon from Scotland is sent to hungry friends in London. Human flesh—*bokolo*—was eaten with a fork, the fork's sole recorded use in the islands until the white man's appearance. Women were not allowed to eat *bokolo*. They could, however, become *bokolo*.

No less startling were the islands' sexual mores. They ranged from the innocence of one society which had no idea that mating was related to childbirth, to the sophistication of another in which, as a parlor game, people played "a kind of post-office—only more serious." Tongan mothers sold their virgin daughters to white seamen for "an old razor, a pair of scissors or a nail." Incidentally, Hollywood to the contrary, the famous hula-hula was not the warm-up for a bacchanale, but the ritual dance of "a sombre religion"; and, according to Stevenson, "surely the most dull of man's inventions."

After the introductory sections, *Anatomy of Paradise* tends to become a saga of the white man in the South Seas. Explorers of all nationalities, missionaries of all sects (Furnas takes a rather dim view of them), fabulous

characters such as "Bully" Hayes, who would have made a fine subject for Maugham and did make one for Daudet — the white men invade the island paradise. But the reader never quite sees, with the intimacy he has come to expect from the earlier chapters, how their impact affected the natives.

The legend of "noble savagery," "blue lagoons" and beige Lamours, was pretty tattered by the time U.S. fighting men were through with their island-hopping. Mr. Furnas shows us where the legend improved on nature and chronicles its literary history, which began with Rousseau and received its next considerable lift from Byron (*The Island*), who had never been within 10,000 miles of the South Seas. Melville became the legend's "Apostle" when he created Fayaway, prototype of the South Seas enchantress (and "dismally unconvincing").

Then the literary pilgrims became numerous, though not all were guilty of myth-making: Pierre Loti, Jack London, R. L. Stevenson, Henry Adams, Rupert Brooke, and Somerset Maugham. The high-paying vein was first tapped in 1910, by H. de Vere Stacpoole, with *The Blue Lagoon*; then, more spectacularly, by Frederick O'Brien, at the opening of the twenties, with *White Shadows in the South Seas*.

Mr. Furnas concludes with a brief report on the changes caused by the war, along with a discussion of the islands' contemporary problems and of our strategic interests in the South Seas. There are thirty pages of excellent photographs.

Near East, Middle East

The Mediterranean area, too, has had its romantic legends torn to shreds, but only for the realities to become obscured by political controversy. There have been few parts of the world from which we have received such wildly conflicting reports or so much noisy propaganda. The two most recent books about the Near and Middle East have the exceptional merit of objectivity. In *Hate, Hope and High Explosives* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75), Major George Fielding Eliot writes from the standpoint of "a trained military observer [who] went there to make what military people call 'an estimate of the situation' with wishful thinking and emotion rigidly excluded." *Report on the Greeks* (Twentieth Century Fund, \$2.75) appears under the im-

print of a foundation which is devoted "to scientific research and public education."

Major Eliot visited Palestine and the neighboring countries during April and half of May (before the Mandate ended and heavy fighting began); then he divided two weeks between Turkey, Greece, and Trieste. There is little in his report that will be news to anyone well acquainted with the area. It is valuable, though, for what it corroborates, and because the testimony is that of a reporter free from partisanship and skilled at making generals and rulers come out from behind the safe clichés.

Special interest attaches to Major Eliot's estimate of the Arab armies. He looked them over carefully and concluded they were too weak to put an effective force into Palestine, apart from Abdullah's Arab Legion. Each country, he reports, has to keep the bulk of its army at home to hold domestic unrest in check. The British commanding general in Jerusalem said to him bluntly: "These Arabs are just no good as soldiers. No discipline, no leadership, no idea of coördination. The Jews will tear them to pieces when we go." Surprisingly, the legendary Arabist, Glubb Pasha, irascibly declared that his own Arab Legion was "too weak" to fight — "not enough supplies." (Count Bernadotte's final report stated that the Truce saved the Arabs from Jewish domination of Palestine.)

In the neighboring countries, Arab belligerence was an inflated bubble. Eliot saw the Ministry of the Interior in Bagdad threatened by a mob demanding "Help for Palestine": when the Minister announced he had sent for a recruiting officer, the mob promptly dispersed. Behind the façade of the Arab League, Eliot discovered bitter rivalries. King Abdullah spoke apathetically of Palestine but warmed to Eliot when questioned about his ("Greater Syria") plan for uniting Trans-Jordan, Iraq, and Syria under his rule. Syrian suspicion of Abdullah is so acute that no Trans-Jordan legation exists in Damascus. The Lebanese Christians, fearful of Moslem zealotism, favor a Jewish state.

Americans with Middle East interests were violently pro-Arab. An American officer stationed in Teheran, hearing Eliot speak of the strength of the Haganah, inquired if he were a Zionist agent. The President of the American University



A volume of the best writings of VAN WYCK BROOKS

HERE, in one volume, Van Wyck Brooks has gathered the essence of his distinguished literary career. This miscellany, which bears the name of the author's pleasant home on Martha's Vineyard, represents his finest, most vivid work. It is a splendid cross-section of a mind rich with solid values, great breadth of appreciation, and a penetrating humor—a volume to savor and enjoy. Designed and decorated by Rudolph Ruzicka. \$4.00

A Chilmark Miscellany

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

John Studebaker: AN AMERICAN DREAM

By EDWIN CORLE. The biography of the great pioneer auto manufacturer. Illustrated with photos and maps. \$4.50

The Family Members

By MARTIN YOSELOFF. The moving story of the ever-widening effects of an innocent young girl's misstep. \$2.75

The Town With the Funny Name

By MAX MILLER. The book Irving Stone called "Wise, witty and mellow, the perfect successor to *I Cover the Waterfront*." With decorations by Lester Kohs. \$2.75

Jungle Man:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MAJ. P. J. PRETORIUS

"Calm-voiced, utterly exciting."—*The Atlantic*. "Should live as an African classic."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Illustrated. \$3.75

At your bookstore



E. P. DUTTON, N. Y. 10, N. Y.



NEW BOOKS FOR ATLANTIC READERS

The new book by the author
of *Human Destiny*

THE ROAD TO REASON

By Lecomte du Noüy

For the hundreds of thousands of readers who were inspired by *Human Destiny*, Dr. du Noüy's new book will come as one of the most welcome and stimulating adventures in science and humanity of our time. \$3.50

THE CITY AND THE CATHEDRAL

By Robert Gordon Anderson

The story of Paris and its Cathedral of Notre Dame in the thirteenth century. Readers drawn by the romance of history and those who love Paris will be captivated by this picture of that fascinating capital during its most splendid era. \$3.50

THE FIRST ROMANTICS

By Malcolm Elwin

Though there have been many individual biographies of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, Malcolm Elwin is the first to conceive the idea of a collective biography which shows all three in perspective, against the historical background that affected their thought and lives. \$3.50

... And Once Again Available
ISOBEL FIELD'S memorable
autobiography

THIS LIFE I'VE LOVED

This fascinating work has been read by many thousands quite as much for Isobel Field's own extraordinary story as that of the famous man who was her stepfather—Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated. \$3.50

THE PAGEANT OF INDIA'S HISTORY

By Gertrude Emerson Sen

A fascinating and authoritative history of India before the European invasions, by an author who knows intimately the land and its culture. Vol. 1. Illustrated by Edith Emerson. \$5.00

At all bookstores

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., N. Y. 3

in Beirut could see no further than the worsening of relations with his Arab students — “all because of this wretched business in Palestine.”

Major Eliot concludes that Britain's pro-Arab policy, “with which some people in our State Department have associated themselves, is based on an illusion.” The weakness of the Arab states makes them not a potential “buffer” but “an open road for the invader.” They can play no significant role, Eliot is convinced, in Anglo-American strategic planning. Turkish power is a different matter. With American aid, it can become “a real deterrent.” The decisive deterrent, however, remains “the long arm” of America and Britain, most effectively evidenced at present by the strong U.S. naval force in the Mediterranean.

Major Eliot's brief stay in Greece amounted to an officially conducted tour which left him with the impression that the guerrillas were virtually “finished,” and the people of Greece would soon “have a chance to rebuild their shattered lives.” *Report on the Greeks* shows that a great deal of the shattering has been and is being done by the Greek government itself. The book is the joint product of three authors “whose views of Greek politics were far from the same” — **Frank Smothers**, veteran foreign correspondent; **William McNeill**, Assistant Military Attaché to Greece during the war; and his wife **Elizabeth McNeill**, who has also worked for the U.S. government in Greece. The team's directive from the Twentieth Century Fund was “to write as unbiased a report as humanly possible which would give the reader a personal feeling of acquaintance with the Greeks — their conditions of life . . . and, most especially, their attitudes and opinions.” The authors have done exactly that and they have done it well, but not fast enough. It is now nearly eighteen months since their fact-finding visit to Greece.

The authors' over-all impression was of “a complex pattern of fear.” A guerrilla terror was real. The “Rightist terror” was more widespread and “played into the hands of the most violent element in Left Leadership.” The pro-guerrilla party, EAM, was tightly controlled by Communists but it had a mass basis — “poor, desperate people . . . with little political dogma.” The govern-

ment was weak and indescribably corrupt, honeycombed with Axis collaborators who lavished “protection [and] patronage” on other collaborators.

Two hundred and twenty-eight former members of the Security Battalions who served the Germans held commissions in the Greek Army. Recruits for the gendarmerie were “screened to make them reliable instruments of reaction.” Throughout the country “security committees” inflicted death sentences “on very flimsy evidence.” Political prisoners totaled 26,000; in one night the police in Athens arrested 600 persons who were sent off to exile, without trial, before dawn. In many localities, to be seen with even a non-EAM Leftist paper “would have been a most reckless invitation to violence.” Governmental strong-arm bands patrolled the smaller towns and villages, beating, and sometimes murdering, those suspected of Leftist sympathies. The opposition press suffered “extreme harassment and violence.” The interference with trade-unions and with teaching was “typical of Fascist control.”

The government had not “even begun to grapple purposefully with its economic problems.” Relying as it did on the support of rich industrialists and profiteers, it allowed them to escape taxation and flout the law. Greek businessmen boasted they would not invest in any enterprise promising less than 40 per cent. They could earn more by exchange manipulations. The fashionable parts of Athens presented a spectacle of luxury greater than in Paris. The real economic picture was one of “bankruptcy and virtual collapse” — dire poverty, a 145-fold increase in prices, appalling backwardness in agriculture and industry. U.S. financial aid was being spent almost entirely on the army and police force. It was producing “little if any basic economic improvement.”

Two conclusions are implicit in the book. Greece will not emerge from chaos until the internal Communist threat is eliminated. On the other hand, more and more Greeks will be driven toward Communism so long as a rule of blind reaction and systematic terror continues.

Since the report was written, the Greek Army has won decisive victories against the guerrillas (though they still continue to hamper recovery). There has also been a change

Four Notable New Books

A NEW NOVEL BY

Louis Bromfield

THE WILD COUNTRY

A great storyteller writes a memorable novel of passion and beauty and youth coming to maturity—a compelling farmland drama in the lives of a dozen men and women and a sensitive thirteen-year-old boy. \$2.75

A NEW NOVEL BY

Anne Parrish

A CLOUDED STAR

"A memorable book about an unforgettable woman, a book which left me moved and admiring."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. \$2.75

A NEW BOOK BY

Morris L. Ernst

SO FAR SO GOOD

With gayety, humor, indignation, and an unwavering sense of fairness, the famous lawyer-author of *THE BEST IS YET* writes of his fascinating adventures in happy living and liberal crusading. \$3.00

A NEW BOOK BY

André Maurois

**THE MIRACLE
OF FRANCE**

André Maurois combines clarity, wit, and sane historical insight to sum up France's character through a vivid history of her past and her people. *Illustrated*. \$5.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

for the better in the composition of the government — a very slight one.

Potpourri

THE SCULPTURE OF IVAN MESTROVIC. VIC. Syracuse Univ. Press, \$15.

"The greatest phenomenon among the sculptors" Rodin said of Ivan Mestrovic, who is now teaching at Syracuse University, an exile from his native Yugoslavia. This presentation of Mestrovic's work is a truly superb production job. It contains 158 large plates — the format is 10 by 14 inches — printed by gravure on specially milled paper and prefaced by a biography and bibliography. The volume is likely to become a collector's item since many of Mestrovic's finest works, located in Yugoslavia, are now virtually inaccessible, and all previous Mestrovic publications are out of print.

NOBODY'S FOOL by Charles Yale Harrison. Holt, \$3.00.

Yet another exposé of hucksterism, which as a subject for fiction is suffering from a severe case of overexposure. Jefferson Clarke, wizard of public relations, conceives the notion of piecing together, by research, a composite portrait of the "Common Man." He goes out and finds a living specimen in a small Missouri town; then sets about exploiting him, principally to the advantage of a six-figure client — a steel tycoon whose wartime delinquencies are due for Senate investigation.

Like its predecessors, the novel is slick, machine-made fiction. There are the usual glib characterizations — the power-mad huckster with his portentous idiosyncrasies (bisecting cigarettes and changing clothes for every big-time client); the onetime artist turned cynic and lush; the smooth, shiny career gal with the bruised psyche. There are the standard devices *pour épater le bourgeois* — glamorous interiors and mammoth expense accounts; glimpses of corruption in high places; immoderate consumption of the best liquors, periodically interrupted by sex. There's the usual smart-alecky patter ("I was ready for some kind of permanency in bed") and the usual lyrical love motif, awkwardly interjected. Meanwhile the author rattles off reams of catchpenny cynicism, though what he's really plugging for, of course, is decency, integrity, and all that. *Nobody's Fool* has bounce of a sort — a rather tawdry sort.

ATOMIC ENERGY by Karl K. Darrow. Wiley, \$2.00.

Here is a useful 80-page booklet on nuclear physics, a primer vastly more substantial than the many recent popularizations. Consisting of four lectures delivered at Northwestern University by a well-known physicist, it covers the essentials of nuclear theory; the steps which led to the discovery of nuclear

**ROBERT E.
SHERWOOD'S**

**exciting
new book**

**ROOSEVELT
AND
HOPKINS**

**AN INTIMATE
HISTORY**

The famous writer and confidant of F.D.R. and Hopkins reveals what has been hidden in Harry Hopkins' forty cases of private documents about the great men and the great events of the Roosevelt era.

RAYMOND SWING

says: "It is almost hypnotically fascinating to learn what really was happening."

**LORD
BEAVERBROOK**

says: "A brilliant narrative told with fidelity."

JOHN GUNTHER

calls it: "A cardinal contribution to contemporary history."

Over 1,000 pages. With 16 pages of photographs plus frontispiece and 43 reproductions of documents and letters.

At all bookstores • \$6.00
HARPER & BROTHERS • N. Y. 16

The Vision Press Series
published by

FUNK & WAGNALLS

A carefully edited combination of
the Quarto and Folio texts of
Shakespeare's

HAMLET

with a psycho-analytical study

by **DR. ERNEST JONES**

President of the International
Psycho-Analytical Association

IN the important psycho-analytical introduction, called, "The Problem of Hamlet and the Oedipus Complex", Dr. Jones sets forth a new explanation of the central mystery in the play—the cause of Hamlet's hesitancy in seeking to revenge his father's murder. 14 full-page and spot drawings made especially for this edition by F. Robert Johnson. \$2.50

T. S. ELIOT

A Study of his Writings

by **Several Hands**

Edited by **B. Rajan**

THIS is a critical introduction to the poetry of T. S. Eliot, and a key to the symbolism of his poems, written by a distinguished group of British and American scholars. Most space has been devoted to articles on the quartets, but there are also studies of *Ash Wednesday*, *Gerontion*, and *The Waste Land*. \$3.00

THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS

by **Jean Cocteau**

Adapted by **Ronald Duncan**

HERE is the first English version of Jean Cocteau's much-discussed play. It is a play of singular force and power in the tradition of the drama and real theatre—as opposed to the modern theatre of words and scenic effect. \$3.00

The Centenary Series in American Literature

The ideas which moved
and motivated Americans

100 YEARS AGO—American Writing of 1848

Edited by **James P. Wood**. Includes Thoreau, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Poe, Horace Mann and many others. \$5.00

100 YEARS AGO—American Writing of 1847

Edited by **James P. Wood**. Includes Melville, Cooper, Longfellow, Prescott, Emerson, Agassiz and many others. Illustrated with woodcuts. \$5.00

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
153 East 24th St., New York 10

fission; the nature of Uranium 235; the principles underlying the "atomic" (more correctly, "nuclear") bomb; the progress made (by the Chicago project) toward harnessing nuclear energy to peacetime uses; radioactivity, and so forth. Dr. Darrow addresses himself to the non-scientist (in fact, his eagerness to find simple analogies produces some ghastly professorial coyness). Even so, the text needs to be studied rather than just read. Anyone interested in the subject will find the effort thoroughly worth while.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

by **Sylvia Lyon**. Dial, \$3.75.

Prosper Mérimée, the creator of *Carmen* and master of the exotic short story, is one of the most attractive subjects a literary biographer could pick. He was a dandy, a ladies' man, a *bon vivant*, a connoisseur of art, a noted wit, a great traveler, a classicist of vast erudition—the epitome of that vanished personage, the man of the world. Mérimée's life stretched from the rise of Napoleon I to the downfall of Napoleon III. As a literary celebrity (launched by a sublime hoax), a government official, and an intimate of the Empress Eugénie, he was always at the center of excitement. Sylvia Lyon has done a splendid job, both on the "life" and on the "times."

EVERY CHILD TO HIS TASTE

by **JANE COBB and**
HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

It is difficult, these days, to make any kind of flat statement without danger of starting a riot, but we believe that we are reasonably safe in saying that, by and large, books for children are a good thing. They entertain and/or instruct, they make the rainy day a pleasure, many a two-year-old has been lured away from the Ming vase by *The Nosy Little Rabbit*, and most important of all, the child who has enjoyed books from babyhood is the one who will grow up to get the real good out of *War and Peace* or *The Magic Mountain*.

The question of what is suitable or unsuitable in juvenile literature, however, is filled with dynamite. Some people feel that a book which doesn't impart a certain amount of specific information—directions for weaving an Oriental rug, for example, or a reliable recipe for tortillas—is an absolute waste of time. Others look askance at any story which doesn't point a sharp moral lesson. Furthermore, the subject is haunted by the specter of the comic books, and by grisly accounts of children who have strung up their little playmates, or

stuck one another with fountain pens, just because there are similar goings-on in the funny papers.

We find it very difficult to get worked up on any of these points. It can do a child no harm to learn how to make tortillas, or to be reminded to obey his parents, but these concerns, however worthy, should not be the primary ones in selecting a child's book. The function of any juvenile is to entertain and interest its reader, so that he will come to feel at home in the world of literature and make it his own.

It seems unlikely to us that a child in whom this interest has been established can be harmed by reading comic books. All the children in our neighborhood read them as they please, with no signs of moral decay. By the time a child is six or seven and is reading the comics for himself, his parents should have had time to give him enough sense of reality—not to mention human feeling—to prevent his acting like Heels Beales. If he engages in any of the antisocial performances so often blamed on the comics, his parents would do better to consult a psychiatrist instead of writing letters to the editor denouncing Dick Tracy. Merely withholding the techniques of violence from a mentally unhealthy child is not going to turn him into a pillar of the community.

This does not mean, however, that comic books are particularly beneficial, or even completely harmless. They are a serious trap for the child who has trouble in learning to read, for they meet him more than halfway. He can sit back and relax while the pictures and semi-literate text convey an exciting story. He will not be spurred into an effort to read something else because, as far as he knows or cares, he holds literature in the hollow of his hand—with plenty more where that came from. Naturally, he sits through his reading classes in an indifferent trance, waiting to get back to Smilin' Jack.

This is a thoroughly unwholesome state of affairs, and we have every sympathy with the parent who is trying to remedy it. We would have even more sympathy if we could avoid feeling that, to some extent at least, the parent is to blame. Learning to read does not begin in the first grade, or in school at all. It begins when a child is two, or thereabouts, and its mother starts reading aloud. All tiny children love to be read to, and the



By **KINSEY,
POMEROY
and MARTIN**

Based on surveys made by members of the Staff of Indiana University and supported by the National Research Council with Rockefeller Foundation funds.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

in the Human Male

The yardstick by which current understanding and appraisal of human sexual behavior is being measured.

**\$6.50 at your bookstore
or send order with remittance to**

W. B. SAUNDERS CO.

Dept. 4, Philadelphia 5

Publishers to the Medical and Allied Professions

importance of the gay, brightly colored juveniles written for the very young cannot be overestimated. It is during the pre-school years that a child gets his reading attitude established, and we doubt that teaching him the ABC's at an early age will do him half as much good as reading to him, consistently and at length, exciting stories — all about a little squirrel who outwits a fox, or the hopes and fears of a conversational fire engine.

We do not underestimate the drudgery involved in this suggestion. We ourselves have droned endlessly through these and other stories, and there have been moments when we felt that our tongue would wither if there had to be one more repetition of *Crybaby Calf*, or *The White Bunny and His Magic Nose*. Nevertheless, this sort of spadework pays enormous dividends. It establishes in the child a belief that books are devised for his pleasure — an invaluable attitude for beginning the hand-to-hand tussle with the written word.

For an older child who indicates that he intends to go through life never reading anything unless the characters have balloons coming out of their mouths we suggest a regime of exposure, on every possible occasion, to books whose sole purpose is to amuse. But make sure the books will really interest the child.

It is easy enough to choose a book for a baby — anything with rabbits in it will do — but the older child's interests are more specialized, and at this point it is particularly important to cater to them. Books which belong to the ages may leave him absolutely cold, and immortals like Mowgli, Huckleberry Finn, or the March sisters may seem to him remote and difficult to read. The intelligent course, then, is to treat him like those children in the nutrition clinic at Yale. All kinds of food were made available to every child, and each ate what he pleased, but — what he pleased turned out to be precisely what he needed, even to the little boy with rickets who helped himself liberally to cod-liver oil.

This method, in our opinion, works equally well with books. Your child's deepest interests may be focused on obvious things like fishing and football or he may be fascinated by obscurities like sound waves or luna moths, but certainly, among the hundreds of juveniles which are published yearly, there will be some

Distinguished books on Music

MUSIC and CRITICISM: A Symposium

Such notables as Virgil Thomson, Olga Samaroff, Otto Kinkeldey, and E. M. Forster examine the nature and function of criticism and its relation to the creative mind of the composer, the performer, and the critic. **\$3.00**

HARVARD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC

by Willi Apel

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY: "Harvard University Press should be congratulated on bringing such an important contribution as the *Harvard Dictionary of Music* to the knowledge of the music-loving public." **\$6.00**

HISTORICAL ANTHOLOGY OF MUSIC

Oriental, Medieval, and Renaissance Music
by Archibald T. Davison & Willi Apel

This unsurpassed anthology of musical literature covers the development of music to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.

"A 'must' for the modern musical library . . . A musicological triumph which we are proud to see come from the press of a great American University."—*Etude* **\$7.50**

MASTERS OF THE KEYBOARD

by Willi Apel

A lively history of keyboard music from the Middle Ages to the present. Includes reproductions of 140 compositions — 70 of them complete. **328 pages, \$5.00**

CHORAL CONDUCTING

by Archibald T. Davison

OLIN DOWNES: "A book containing more information, taste and common sense on the subject than any other book we have seen . . . Worth its weight in gold to choral singers and choral conductors." *Fifth Printing, \$2.00*

THE TECHNIQUE OF CHORAL COMPOSITION

by Archibald T. Davison

"Scholarly and readable, essential to the composer, choral conductor, and student of composition — or, in fact, to anyone who is seriously interested in music."—*Music Educators Journal*. *Second Printing, \$3.00*

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY POLYPHONY:

A Basis for the Study of Counterpoint

by Arthur Tillman Merritt

"The author has made a permanent contribution to musical scholarship, of which both he and Harvard may be proud."—*Etude* **\$3.00**

MUSIC, HISTORY AND IDEAS

by Hugo Leichtentritt

OLIN DOWNES: "The most stimulating and suggestive book of commentary upon these interrelations of music and life that has thus far appeared in the English language." **\$3.50**

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra and the New American Music

by Hugo Leichtentritt

Includes a detailed analysis of Dr. Koussevitzky as a major cultural force and as an educator of the first rank, and describes his art as a conductor more precisely and exhaustively than has yet been done. **\$3.00**

At all bookstores and music dealers

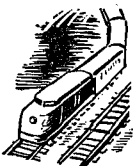


HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts



Which islands, close
to Alaska, belong
to Russia?

What railroads
could you ride from
Chicago to Omaha?



What is the air-line
distance from
Washington, D.C.
to Moscow?

TODAY —MORE THAN EVER—
EVERY HOME NEEDS A
GOOD, UP-TO-DATE ATLAS! In
order to understand the news — for
business, for travel, for study — it's a
necessity! If your atlas is out of date,
if it doesn't tell you everything you
want to know about the world, quickly
and clearly, see the new **RAND
MCNALLY STANDARD ATLAS** at
your bookstore today! Always famous
for accuracy, this most complete
convenient-size atlas is now revised to
show all post-war changes, with latest
population figures, relief, polar, political,
and historical reference maps, and
illustrated descriptive text, all in one
big book! **only \$5**

Other atlases \$7.50
and \$12.50. See them
all at your bookstore
or stationer's today!

RAND MCNALLY & CO.
New York, Chicago
San Francisco

The NEW
**RAND
MCNALLY
STANDARD
ATLAS**

5,000 pictures make Wallace Nutting's FURNITURE TREASURY



a classic on American Antiques

Here is a superb new edition of a book that has been unavailable for a long time—the finest book on American antiques ever published. If you are a collector of antiques, it is a “must” for your library. Whether you collect or not, you will find that the two large, handsome volumes with their thousands of splendid photographs are a gracious ornament for your home, a possession that you will take pride in for years to come.

\$20.00 At all bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Are they making you read Best Sellers?

DOES belonging to a book club, mean a monthly deluge of the judge's choice . . . your book shelves loaded with unread books?

NOW you can exercise your own literary tastes and pick the books you want to read. As a member of the Bonus Book Club you can order the books you want—and you get a 25% bonus on the amount you spend! An exciting combination of widest choice and great economy.

JOIN the Bonus Book Club. Buy the books you want, and save 25% on what you spend. After you buy four use your bonus for more. Send in your order today. We bill you after your books arrive. The Bonus Book Club, Dept. A-1, 61 West 56th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

The Bonus Plan does not include certain Text, Technical, Foreign or otherwise restricted books.



Those wonderful years at Harvard . . .

When a galaxy of brilliant teachers and thinkers spread their influence over all America; when eager students crowded the classrooms of William James, George Lyman Kittredge and George Santayana; when education was a proud profession and its scholars earned the love and respect of the world — those magnificent years are recaptured in these vivid, nostalgic portraits of Harvard's great teachers and their President Eliot.

Published November 8th

At all booksellers • \$2.50

HARVARD YARD IN THE GOLDEN AGE

By Rollo Walter Brown

A. A. WYN • NEW YORK

which will reach him. Even if, as far as you can judge, he seems to be wholly absorbed by the problems of opium smuggling on the South China coast, the chances are that you can find something unobjectionable which will ring his particular bell. We have on hand, among publications received in the last six months, books dealing with ghosts, professional baseball, Navajo Indians, steel puddling, career marriages, river piloting, platinum mink, mental hygiene, riflery, paleontology, fancy buttons, rock quarrying, boarding school, the conquest of Neanderthal man by the Cro-Magnons, and madhouses of the nineteenth century. And that's just *this* year!

As to the question of whether all these books are well written or worth while, the answer in terms of adult literature is — probably not; in terms of the child himself — very much so. A fast-paced, flashy sports story which actually gets read through is infinitely more valuable than a beautiful, sensitive book about something in which the child has no interest whatever. For example, *Frances Frost's Sleigh Bells for Windy Foot* is a lovely thing, most beautifully done, and ideal for the child who appreciates the warmth and charm of homely matters, but it is not the first book to select in the campaign to lure your child away from *Batman*. Give him *Prisoners of the Redwoods*, by Alfred Powers, instead, and never mind if you find a split infinitive in it. The child has plenty of time, later on, for better things.

Sometimes the child will embark on a similar course for himself. We have a well-read friend of twelve who took herself in hand when she was in the third grade. “I got a book about a girl in boarding school,” she told us. “I knew I'd like it and I just made up my mind to read it all the way through. Whenever I got discouraged I'd say, ‘You want to know what happens next, don't you?’ I've never had any trouble with reading since,” she added, and walked away with half a dozen of our better review copies.

It is also interesting to note that awareness of literary merit develops along with the child. The eight- and nine-year-olds will plow happily through any amount of sloppy writing, repetition, and awkward construction, intent on the story. Four years later they disdain flamboyant plots, saying scornfully, “I didn't like

it much. It isn't very well written. Now you take Rudyard Kipling —"

Awareness of style, too, is the man; like the man, it develops in its own good time.

PRE-SCHOOL

Jenny's First Party, by **Esther Averill**. This is our first encounter with that incomparable little black cat, Jenny Linsky, though we understand she has made previous appearances. Jenny's charm is insidious and durable — after the hundred and forty-ninth reading we still like her, and among the small fry she has become a personality ranking not far below such giants as Peter Rabbit and The Big, Bad Wolf.

Creepers' Jeep, by **Hardy Gramatky**. The jeep is probably due to become as outstanding in nursery literature as it is among the things we trip over in the hall. This particular jeep is a cheerful character, over-enthusiastic, perhaps, but making good in the end. We like him, and so do the children.

Sue Ann's Busy Day, by **Sally Scott**. This warm and tranquil account of a little girl's not too desperate efforts to earn some money is for the five- and six-year-olds rather than the very small. Sue Ann babysits, runs errands, and engages in other remunerative occupations. During the day she learns something about people, something about her mother, and something about herself. **Mr. Doodle**, by the same author, which appeared earlier this year, deals entirely with the education of a dog, a subject far more sympathetic to the younger crowd. Both books have our heartiest recommendations.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

Azor, by **Maude Crowley**. This is a variation on a popular theme — the little boy who can talk to animals — and we found it both superior to the general run and unusual. It is written in an intimate, rhythmic style exactly suited to its subject matter, and the plot, which deals with the triumph of the dreamy six-year-old over his matter-of-fact older brothers, provides the most satisfactory of happy endings. It is a pity the author couldn't have given it a more provocative title.

Doctor Dolittle and the Secret Lake, by **Hugh Lofting**. It is difficult to comment on this last of the Dr. Dolittle books because we keep remembering a child who, a quarter

of a century ago, carted the great man's adventures to the tops of apple trees and the far reaches of haymows. We keep wondering what she would have thought of this book; on the whole we think she would have enjoyed it. The big turtle's eyewitness account of Noah's flood stands among the best of the stories the doctor has picked up from his animal friends, and plenty of space has been allotted to the old, chatty entourage — Polynesia the parrot, Gub-Gub the pig, Cheapside the cockney sparrow, and the rest. And through all these new adventures the doctor remains himself, imperturbable, note-taking, magnificent as ever.

Alice's Family, by **Lorraine Beim**. This is a story of what happens in a family when mother breaks her leg, and for brutal realism we haven't come across anything to top it since Frank Norris's *McTeague*. Alice's struggles with meals, dishes, and her brother are vividly and accurately defined, and the happy ending is as welcome to the reader as it must have been to Alice.

The Rocky Summer, by **Lee Kingman**, deals with the Finnish families who immigrated to Cape Ann, in the early 1900's, to work in the quarries. There is enough plot to keep things moving, but the charm of the book lies in its account of the day-to-day life of an individual but highly believable family, and in the atmosphere which is developed with care and no adulterating artiness.

ADOLESCENCE

The Bewitched Caverns, by **Leona Train Rienow**, is a book in a highly unorthodox setting which employs devices of almost soap-operatic orthodoxy for winning the reader's attention. Will the Cro-Magnon boy and girl escape from the labyrinthian cave in which they are lost? Who are the mysterious strangers? Will Olo be accredited as a full-fledged hunter? It is all fine stuff, and from what we know of ethnology we believe Mrs. Rienow's story to be as authoritative as it is interesting.

Roommates, by **Laura Cooper Rendina**. This boarding-school story has skyrocketed every girl we know to almost speechless enthusiasm. It seems to have every ingredient necessary to endear itself to the junior high school set, and something for their older sisters too. They say, "Oh, that's just the kind of thing I've always wished would happen to

HOW CAN I BECOME A SUCCESSFUL WRITER?

This is the answer . . .

If you have natural talent, success at writing is best achieved by *writing continually*, as famous writers have done, in the face of discouragement. Many famous writers made their start with the help of some sympathetic writer or editor who criticised what they had done, showed them how to improve it.

Now, YOU can learn writing in the same way — by working at home, in spare time, under the sympathetic direction of a successful writer or editor.

THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN

The Magazine Institute, a private school completely staffed and operated by experienced writers and editors, offers you an up-to-the-minute practical course in writing. You are given regular writing tasks, suited to your aims and ability, which are designed to get you started and keep you writing. All your work is returned with detailed, friendly comment. You ask all the questions you like. You proceed as rapidly or as slowly as you desire. You concentrate on fiction, non-fiction or journalism — whatever you are best fitted to do. Before long, you are preparing stories, articles, short sketches for publication in a professional manner.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS

When your work is ready to be offered to magazines or publishing houses, one of the experienced writers on our staff submits it with a *personal* recommendation to the market where it seems most likely to sell. Our constant contacts with the book and magazine world enable us to pass along to you valuable tips and to provide up-to-the-minute market information.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

► Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon below and mail it NOW.

VETERANS:
THIS COURSE
APPROVED FOR
VETERANS'
TRAINING

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.,
Dept. 111, 50 Rockefeller Plaza,
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:

Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....Zone.....
State.....
Inquiries Confidential, No Salesmen Will Call
☐ Check here if eligible under G.I. Bill

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND** books supplied; also genealogies; incomplete sets completed; magazine back numbers supplied, etc. **All subjects, all languages.** Send us your list of book-wants — no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.
P.S. We also **BUY** old books and old magazines.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY TYPED:

Stories, novels, articles, theses, speeches. Prompt, reasonable.

LEAHEY TYPING SERVICE
521 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Murray Hill 7-2227 Murray Hill 6-0823

WRITERS! Your story, article, novel can be sold. We have markets for first novels especially. Recommended services. Expert help for beginners. Terms reasonable. Query or send scripts with return postage.
MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 154 Nassau St., N. Y. C. 7

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS supplied. 100,000 books in stock. Catalogues issued on many subjects. State interests. Inquiries solicited. Libraries purchased.

PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP
4 South First Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

BARGAINS in BOOKS

UP TO 75% OFF FORMER PRICES

Offered by America's Oldest Mail-Order Book House

FREE With each order, regardless of size: A MESSAGE TO GARCIA, by Elbert Hubbard (over 40 million copies printed); THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD, by Henry Drummond; PIGS IS PIGS, by Ellis Parker Butler; and 20 other great short stories, poems and essays — "\$10.00 worth of masterpieces," each complete and unabridged. 192 pages. Bound in stiff paper wrappers. **FREE**

939. EMERSON'S ESSAYS. Art-Type edition, handsomely bound in Duo Tone (¾ simulated leather). Size 5¼" x 8¼". 252 pages. "With the exceptions of the Bible and Shakespeare, Emerson is today the most widely quoted writer of Ancient or Modern times." **49c**
(Only 1 copy please)

705. SCOTTISH CLANS and Their Tartans. By Robert Bain, City Librarian, Glasgow. In addition to the 129 splendid full-page color plates of tartans, the history of each Scottish clan is given. Size 4¼" x 6¼". Magnificently bound in full padded silk tartan, genuine gold top and edges. 314 pages. Boxed. Imported from Scotland. **\$3.69**
Only

735. CURRIER & IVES Christmas Cards. Superbly lithographed in color. As high as \$3,000 has been paid for a single original Currier & Ives lithographed print. "Christmas Sleigh Ride"; "Colonial Winter Scene"; "Home for Christmas"; "Winter in the Country"; and other famous Currier & Ives winter scenes. With envelopes to match. Size 6¼" x 5". **89c**
The 16 cards, attractively boxed, only

322. FURNITURE TREASURY. By Wallace Nutting. With 4,991 fine illustrations. In 2 large handsome volumes. "A must" for every collector as well as for the housewife who buys to furnish her own home." Out of print for years, sets in "as new" condition have fetched prices in the O. P. market as high as \$150.00. **\$15.00**
Special prepublication price for the set, only

ORDER NOW at this special prepublication price and your set will be shipped to you on publication date (October 25) when this set will be published at \$20.00.

112. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The Complete Works of. Plays — Poems — Sonnets. Illustrated with 40 magnificent full-page plates by Rockwell Kent. Preface by Christopher Morley. Large, clear type. Bound in buckram. Size 7¼" x 10". 1527 pages. (Printed from the exact same plates as the limited edition published in 2 volumes at \$50.00.) **\$3.95**
Complete in one volume, Only

305. THE HOME BOOK OF SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS. Arr. and edited by Burton Stevenson. Almost 2100 pages — more than 1500 subject headings in alphabetical and chronological order. A permanent reference work indispensable to every reader who desires a manual that puts all of Shakespeare on any given topic at his immediate disposal. Pub. at \$12.00. **\$4.95**
Only

336. TALES OF HOFFMANN. Ed. by Christopher Lazare. Illus. by Robert Lindner. The first publication in modern English of these famous tales of the fabulous, the grotesque and the supernatural which have no equal for suspense and vivid story-telling. Here are the best of them in a big, beautiful edition, with scores of wonderfully grotesque illustrations, many in color. Pub. at \$7.50. **\$2.98**
Only

170. MASTERS IN ART. Renoir — Degas — Van Gogh — El Greco. In 4 volumes, illustrated with 192 reproductions of paintings, 32 being in full color, prepared by the best engravers in America and Europe. Size 5½" x 6¾". **\$2.29**
The 4 volumes, only

382. FLOWERS. By Arlette Davids. Preface by Princess Bibesco. 32 full-color plates. A beautifully made volume covering the art of France's greatest painter of flowers. Davids' paintings of tulips, hyacinths and narcissi are superbly reproduced in 6-color truetone lithography. (Plates made in France.) There are 32 of these rich color prints — full original size (10½" x 12") all ideal for framing. Spiral binding. **\$3.95**
Published at \$6.50.

793. AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA. The Birds of America. By John James Audubon. Illustrated with 435 magnificent full-color reproductions. Handsome maroon buckram binding. Size 9¾" x 12¾". Wt. 6 lbs. Contains all the priceless Audubon bird paintings in the celebrated Elephant Folio edition which fetches from \$10,000 to \$15,000 at rare book auctions. **\$6.95**
Only

569. THE OPERA LIBRETTO LIBRARY. Contains all the words and music of the principal airs of 33 great operas. 3-volume set containing 10 Wagner Operas, including the entire Ring, Tannhauser; 11 Italian Operas, including Aida, Pagliacci, Il Trovatore; 13 French and German Operas, including Carmen, Faust, Fidelio, Hansel and Gretel. Authentic original text with full English translation in parallel columns. Boxed. **\$7.49**
The 3 vols., only

4, 5, 6, 7, 9. FOREIGN LANGUAGE WORD CARDS. The famous simplified self-teaching system of foreign language study, edited by outstanding authorities, containing 480 cards with illustrations and pronunciations. By means of these cards anyone can acquire a basic vocabulary and a general familiarity with these languages: 4. Spanish; 5. French; 6. German; 7. Russian; 9. Italian. **98c**
Each language only

135. THE GOLDEN BOUGH. A study in Magic and Religion. By Sir James G. Fraser. Index 752 pages. "One of the greatest books of all time." Contains the wealth of the 12-volume edition published at \$30.00 and formerly published in this 1-volume edition at \$5.00. **\$2.49**
Only

906. THE BOOK OF JOB. With 22 superb world-famous engravings by William Blake. Size 10" x 14". Introduction by Kenneth Patchen. In this superb work you will see Blake's answer to the bitter problem that has bled the hearts of men since the first day of Creation. "The majesty, the power and the formal beauty of the Job designs render them among the greatest illustrative works in the range of world art." — Sheldon Cheney. **\$3.69**
Special

Money-Back Guarantee

THE UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Established 1884

AM-10

121-123 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which please send me the items I have encircled below, delivery charges prepaid:

4 5 6 7 9 112 135 170 305 322 336 382 569 705 735 793 906 939

Mark circle around items desired

□ Please send me FREE Bargain Catalog No. 359-A containing hundreds of equally unusual Book Bargains — just off the press!

Name.....

(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone (if any)..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me!" As the title indicates, there are two heroines, and all the girls identify themselves with one or the other. We can offer no higher praise.

Betsy and Joe, by Maud Hart Lovelace, is another of the excellent stories of Betsy in high school — in 1910. Added to warmth, reality, excellent characterization and dialogue, and very nice writing, the book has a delightful aura of other days which charms its readers. We recommend the series.

Highpockets, by John R. Tunis, is the story of a young baseball player who makes himself as unpopular as anyone we have ever heard of in real life with the possible exception of Leo Durocher. All our young friends have enjoyed the story of the young man's ultimate reform and we ourselves feel that we have gained considerable insight into the great American sport.

The Daredevil, by Leland Silliman, also concerns itself with baseball, but it is primarily the story of a boy with outstanding athletic ability who learns to control his flair for self-dramatization and becomes a respected and trustworthy member of the community. We enjoyed all of Rusty Pearson's antics but we hope that not too many boys will want to emulate them — otherwise Mr. Silliman may find his readers wiped out by an epidemic of broken necks.

Beany Malone, by Lenora Mattingly Weber, is a hearty and delightful story of a teen-age girl in charge of a large family. We liked Beany and her warmhearted, slap-happy way of sticking her neck out, and her problems and those of her family will be exciting and familiar to every girl.

Spooks of the Valley, by Louis C. Jones, is described by the author as "ghost stories for boys and girls." So it is — not emasculated ghost stories, but real ones, hung on a delightful thread of narrative. Mr. Jones is head of the New York State Historical Association and his spec-ters are interesting and educational.

Mountain Laurel, by Anne Emery, has a statement on the jacket to the effect that it is a "moving story of mountain life for older girls," and astonishingly enough, it is just that. It's a charming bit of Americana, and entirely accurate. We were particularly impressed by the skill with which the rhythmic quality of the mountain speech is presented without resorting to written dialect. And there isn't a dull moment in the book.

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

In every household are two or three small operations which a man is allowed to carry on all by himself. He may, for instance, have the right to scramble eggs for company or to place the butter and the water pitcher on the table at the beginning of the meal. Such minor specialties, fraught with no great risk for the rest of the family, are often devised to give the man a sense of participation in the family's affairs and the illusion of having a voice in its councils. A man of tested gullibility may find that he has earned several other responsibilities, such as hanging storm windows, pot scouring and general dishwashing, polishing silver and brass, shining shoes and cleansing the woodwork. A legend is built up that these are more in the nature of privileges than tasks, falling to him only because he does them so well. He is the family's expert in dirty work and no one would dare, so it goes, to encroach on his domain.

A man with great force of character can sometimes assert his authority over a domestic matter of real importance like the cooking of roast beef or a steak. If he is obsessed, as most men are, by the belief that his talent for beef is unique, the rest of the family may simply have to give him his head; more likely, they will trade him out of some purely masculine prerogative like the liquor budget or what he should pay for shirts, in return for letting him make free with the beef. So it is that rib roasts and beefsteaks in many American households are cooked by the man. With so few other outlets of self-expression, the man naturally tends to overreach himself, and the results are calamitous.

The average man cooks a roast or steak according to a recipe developed from garbled memories of how his mother (or father) used to do it; what a stranger once told him in a New York-Chicago club car; a furtive reference to Fannie Farmer; and the dicta of a Wyoming guide. The recipe can call for almost anything, but it usually embraces three stages of

the job: treatment before cooking, method of cooking, and the post-cooking or corrective stage.

TREATMENT BEFORE COOKING

This is usually some form of marinating for an inconveniently long period, perhaps three or four days, in olive oil, or vinegar, or oil and vinegar, champagne, beer, or whatever the man in the club car recommended. The whole catalogue of spices, onions, garlic, can become part of the mixture.

METHOD OF COOKING

Roasts. — "Sear" the roast in a white-hot oven for an hour, or until the smoke penetrates the living room, whichever is earlier. Then turn the oven down to 600 degrees. This method preserves a raw area in the center where, as the man points out, all the juices of the meat have been preserved. If cooked further, the roast will shrink to about one eighth of its original bulk. In its result, the method is not unlike that of the South American Jivaros for shrinking the heads of their enemies to golf-ball size. There is no gravy problem, since all drippings go up in smoke. (See Post-Cooking Stage below.)

Steaks. — "Sear" the steak on both sides at white heat on the stove broiler or in the flames if a fireplace or an outdoor grille is used. Because it is impossible to reduce so hot a fire quickly, completion of the cooking is achieved at about the same temperature — the maximum. Keep a fire extinguisher handy. It takes only about fifteen minutes to give each side a thick, leathery quality (to preserve the juices) and to leave the greatly desired uncooked stratum in the center.

POST-COOKING STAGE

Having reduced the weight and volume of the beef by about 90 per cent, and also having dissipated any effect of the pre-cooking ritual, the man



is now ready to put the final touch to his masterpiece, a "sauce" of his own invention. He makes it by mixing a great lump of butter with quantities of several proprietary condiments: equal parts of A-1, Worcestershire, Tabasco, chili and soy sauces, again the catalogue of spices, the whole topped off by a dose of sherry or Madeira.

It is small wonder that the steak-and-roast man is regarded by his womenfolk as pretty much of a loon. The question is not, Can he be saved? but, Is he worth saving? Whether he can win his way back to a more normal footing is hard to judge, but the low-temperature avenue of redemption is open to him.

THE LOW-TEMPERATURE METHOD

Cook roasts and steaks rare, medium, or well done (although why people who don't like rare meat

spend money on beef is a mystery). Use a meat thermometer on the roasts and get to know its purport. Never "sear" a steak or good roast.

Rib or Rolled Roasts. — Dredge the roast lightly with flour, put it in a shallow pan, oven temperature 275 degrees. Look at it an hour later: it looks just the way it did when you put it in. Two hours later: same impression. Eventually — and the meat thermometer will approximate it — the roast is done, uniformly done all the way through, loaded with juice, shrunk imperceptibly if at all, offering abundant gravy opportunities.

Steaks. — Broil slowly in low heat and turn the steak often.

If there is not enough ritual for him in low-temperature cooking, the man can go back to hanging storm windows or shoe shining with all the ceremonial that he craves. C. W. M.

FACTS

JOHN CIARDI had completed fourteen missions over Japan as a T-Sgt Gunner on a B-29 when he was shifted to the Headquarters tasks described below. He is a well-known poet, now teaching English at Harvard.

FRUIT SALAD

by JOHN CIARDI

AMONG other signs of the times, I recently saw a Distinguished Flying Cross in a pawnshop window. It puzzled me. Box and all it couldn't have cost the government over seventy cents — how much can you raise on that in a pawnshop? The proprietor didn't know. "Came in with box other stuff," he said. "Yours fa doll 'n' quota."

Three years ago I was quoted another price for it. It was V-J Day overseas and I was standing in the Mess Hall line in front of a pair of replacement gunners a few months in from the States. One of them at least wasn't too happy that the war was over. "Three more missions," he said, "an' I'd have had my DFC."

Well, values change. Even my five-year-old nephew, once avid for all insignia and baubles, no longer wears the sweater he had his mother fix up with my shoulder patch, stripes, wings, ribbons, buttons, hash marks, gravy stains, and so forth. That's all old stuff. He wears a Buck Rogers Atom Bomb Raiders' helmet and sweater now. Like everyone but the powers of government, he knows World War II is obsolete. He probably suspects me of being obsolete along with it.

He may be right. I certainly can't compete with

Buck Rogers and the Atom Bomb Raiders. Still, not so long ago I was one step up from a hero: I was a hero-maker. For the last six months of one man's war I sat at a Headquarters desk under a sign that said AWARDS AND DECORATIONS, and occupied my time supplying the adjectives for over twenty thousand citations.

Medals, you see, are not simply pulled out of a general's pocket and pinned on passing heroes. They require usually six triplicate pages of a form letter, a citation, supporting documents, eight or ten endorsements from lower commands to higher commands and back again, deliberation by the Awards and Decorations Board of the highest echelon, and if approved, publication in General Orders. Only when the award has been published are the heroes ordered to wash their faces, put on a shirt, and report to a parade formation for presentation.

You will note also that the Awards and Decorations Board that makes the award is not observing an action but deliberating the evidence of an action presented on various pieces of paper. It was my job to make those pieces of paper look good. I was in effect attorney for the plaintiff. My business was to win cases. And in the course of things I won some shaky ones. Many a Colonel is parading today with medals of my concoction, trophies more of my legalism than of his valor.



Twenty thousand medals for one Wing (the equivalent of a regiment) for one year of combat is a lot of fruit salad. We were a technicolor-minded army. Had the total been forty thousand, however, I would still be completely convinced that most of those medals were earned and well earned. A crewman who flies thirty-five missions when the statistician has him written down for dead at sixteen and a half, deserves all the posies and watch fobs a grateful army cares to hang on him. For the bulk of those men I was not a hero-maker but only one more former air crewman at a Headquarters desk grinding out routine papers and grafting my flight pay.

But what I could not be to the lower classes, I more than made up for among the aristocracies of rank. There I was a power and a function. I was not only in the fruit salad business, but I was in the manufacturing end of it — manufacturing and canning.

My first really obvious manufacture was in a small way — a Bronze Star. Before it, I had only handled awards that seemed clearly well earned. Then one morning I arrived at Wing and found on my desk a buck slip (memo) from the Colonel, concerning a request from the Chief of Staff: —

Major Blank returning stateside. C/S wants BS for him. Dig up some poop.

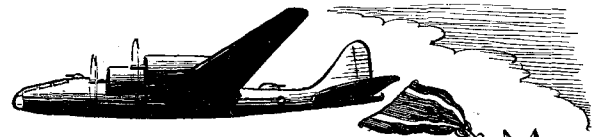
I dug up some poop. Major Blank as sanitation officer had signed countless requisition slips for DDT at considerable hazard of a sprained wrist, and despite constant attack by tropical flies and other local vermin had personally conducted an intensive topographic survey of the island to determine the type of latrine best suited to the terrain. His selfless devotion to duty under living conditions only several times as good as those available to a pfc, and his vast technological resourcefulness in installing showers in the officers' area, clearly demonstrated meritorious achievement in connection with combat operations. He went back to the States pooped up with his BS.

At that time, I recall, a flier needed five missions for an Air Medal, and eight more for a cluster. The cases of several crews shot down on the fifth or thirteenth mission came up. Did they qualify? It was ruled that they did not: all missions for tour of duty decorations had to be completed. Dead crewmen could not be pooped up.

Major Blank's Bronze Star was only a beginning. As time went on I became more and more skilled at pooping them up. Once I even pooped up a Distinguished Service Cross, the next highest award to the Congressional Medal. That was high pooping indeed and it, too, began with a buck slip. This one read: —

Col. Brass has seven missions. Check Intelligence for best one not previously cited and make draft for DSC.

This one was a real problem. Colonel Brass al-



ready had a Silver Star for his first mission, a DFC for the third, an Air Medal for the fifth, and a DFC cluster for the seventh. That left the bets on the even numbers, and somewhere in them I had to find a DSC.

The war was over, my points had been totaled, and I was off stateside before the papers came through, but I saw a news photo of Colonel Brass the other day (now a Brigadier), and there was my DSC. Yes, I said *my* DSC.

Certainly it's at least half mine. I invented it. I studied those three available missions (you can't decorate twice for the same action) like a shyster studying Pre-Revolutionary Statutes looking for a forgotten one somewhere that hadn't been repealed and that might swing a fast trick in a receptive court. And finally I found my swindle and I had my brief. If I do say so, I made it look good: —

In the course of combat operations, the recommendation read, Colonel Brass was charged with the development and perfection of a new type of low-altitude night precision bombing. Knowing the urgency of complete observation of this tactic, Colonel Brass not only led the mission himself but remained over the target circling for two hours while element after element completed its bombing. In order to secure the extra flight time required for such observation, Colonel Brass undertook the mission in an aircraft that had been stripped of all armor and armament, and flew the entire mission without gunners, employing the weight thus saved to carry extra fuel. His extraordinary devotion to duty in remaining undefended above a target under heavy attack made possible observations of great value. His cool disregard of personal safety is in the highest tradition of something or other and reflects great credit upon this, that, and the Armed Services.

And there is valorous Colonel Brass, circling undefended above the heart of Tojo's empire. But it's still half my DSC. I was the one who forgot to mention that while the bombing crews went in at 5000 feet, valorous Colonel Brass did his undefended circling at 32,000 — about 500 feet below the North



Star as far as anything Tojo could send up at night was concerned.

That was the highest my pooping-up went, but not the funniest. I think of Lieutenant Colonel Blank's DFC as the true climax of my career in valor. It was a Wing ruling at one time that the Wing Air Commander in charge of any mission that dropped over 50 per cent of its bombs within 1000 feet of the briefed aiming point be recommended for a Silver Star. This was a convenient way of distributing Silver Stars to top personnel, and all the HQ Colonels took turns at flying as Air Commander. After a while the HQ graph of decorations began to bulge a bit in the Silver Star Department and it became necessary to cut the prize down to a DFC. By that time, however, the high eagles had had their innings and the Lieutenant Colonels were beginning to come to bat. Colonel Blank was one Lieutenant Colonel among many.

Long before he arrived in the morning mail I had acquired two pfc's, a corporal, a cynical eye, and a routine. Part of both the cynicism and the routine was a desk drawer full of prefabricated blank citations for Air Commanders. When a mission came in, we filled in the blanks, buck-slipped the papers to our own Colonel for endorsement to higher echelon, and took the afternoon off.

When Colonel Blank's mission came in, I pulled a dummy out of the desk, gave it to the corporal, and sent him to Intelligence for details. After a blank for name, rank, and serial number, the dummy read: —

For extraordinary achievement in aerial warfare as Air Commander of a Very Heavy Bombardment Wing on a demolition raid against industrial targets on the mainland of Japan. Gathering the formations under his command at the assigned rendezvous point — proceeded to the briefed primary target and in the face of — enemy fighter attacks and — anti-aircraft fire, led his units with such skilled airmanship and courageous devotion to duty that over — per cent of all bombs dropped within 1000 feet of the briefed aiming point, thereby practically demolishing a vital enemy industrial center. —'s total disregard of personal safety in the performance of duty is in the highest tradition of the Army Air Forces and reflects great credit upon himself and the service.

It took a long time to come back from Bomber Command, and when it did — with something more than routine violence — it nearly ended my career as hero-maker. The corporal had taken the information Intelligence gave him, and, his mind probably on last night's crap game, had filled in the blanks with all the precision of a sleepwalker. When the recommendation reached Bomber Com-

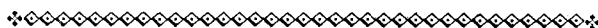


mand the heroic blanks had read: —

. . . in the face of *no* enemy fighter attacks and *meager* inaccurate anti-aircraft fire, led his units with such skilled airmanship and courageous devotion to duty that over 3 per cent of all bombs dropped within 1000 feet of the briefed aiming point, thereby practically demolishing . . .

A few days later, luckily, I was flying home for discharge. We landed in Sacramento and spent a few days looking at civilians. In those days civilians were still curious about what the ribbons meant. That was a long time ago. If you're still interested you can find a color chart in an encyclopedia. But memorize these rules first: —

1. If you see a medal on an enlisted man, you may be practically certain he earned it.
2. If you see a medal on an officer below the rank of major, you may be fairly sure he earned it.
3. If you see a medal on any higher brass, go ahead and believe anything you want to, but you have a right to doubt it.



THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

by MINNA KEYSER

The Story of the Bible
Had six hundred pages
And three hundred illustrations.
At eight cents a dozen
It must have taken twenty-five dozen eggs
To buy it.

On summer afternoons
When Mother drove the sewing machine so
hard
She ran up dinner and supper in a single
seam,
I read thirty pages at a sitting,
Then penned in the story with a turned-down
page,
To tell to Father at night with gestures.

- I remember best the picture of Adam, bare-naked, driven from the Garden to bear his sin alone,
For Mother had carefully rubbed out shameless Eve —
Carefully, with a wet cloth, in order not to mar the page.

LORNA SLOCOMBE is a second-generation contributor to the *Atlantic*, which has published essays by her father, the Reverend Edwin M. Slocombe.

AMONG THE PATRONESSES . . .

by LORNA SLOCOMBE

I HAVE been hampered from taking my place among the Boston aristocracy (to which I feel I naturally belong, although just why escapes me) by several unfortunate tendencies, including an impulse to spend money freely and an uncontrollable urge to dress in the latest style. But still I have always felt that at heart I am essentially an upper-crust type, and with this obsession you can understand how easily I fell prey to the temptation to become a Patroness.

For years I had been reading lists of Patrons and Patronesses in newspapers and on programs, names of people of distinction (or so I had always assumed). I recognized in the lists luminaries of State Street and Brattle Street, of Beacon Hill. There were other names I didn't recognize at all, but I took this for an indication that I simply wasn't in the know. These people were probably so rich, so social-register, and so austere distinguished that no one ever heard of them.

Or that's what I thought until I became one of them. By what strange course of events I shall never know, my name got on the list of the Harvard Dramatic Club, and I received a sort of engraved invitation asking me to become a Patroness. The fact that this entailed buying tickets to the forthcoming production at a higher price than ordinary people paid I accepted as a tribute to my solvency.

The opening night of the show (my first tremulous appearance as a Patroness) was accompanied by a blizzard — a real sockdolager. Transportation stopped dead, the wind howled, even taxis gave up. But I was determined to show up at the performance. I climbed into ski pants and boots and hiked through knee-deep drifts to Memorial Hall.

Harvard, inconceivably, has no stage where students can put on a play; Memorial Hall — besides being obviously haunted and therefore unsuited to comedies — has no footlights, no curtain, and the fire laws have condemned the use of scenery.

I was mortified and amazed to find the other Patrons and Patronesses there in impeccable evening dress. An usher quietly showed me to my front-row seat in the midst of the starched shirt fronts. I still don't know how those Bostonians got there; I suspect some of them simply materialized

out of the shadowy grottoes of Memorial Hall. They duly sipped punch in the entr'acte while I huddled as inconspicuously as possible in a corner and consoled myself by reading my name on the program among the Forbeses, Endicotts, and Peabodys. I thought I'd better enjoy it while I could: after my debut in pants, surely my career as a Patroness was over.

But it had only just begun.

For my second appearance, I was determined to be at least correctly dressed. I was standing before the hall mirror giving myself a last anxious checkup, when the telephone rang. A nice young Harvard accent said courteously, "Are you just leaving for Memorial Hall?" I said I was. "This is one of the members of the Dramatic Club," he said. "We were wondering if you could bring over a pot."

"A pot?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

There was a brief pause, while I assembled the *sang-froid* I felt a Patroness should have on all occasions.

"What kind of pot?" I asked.

"A cooking pot," he said.

"Oh," I said. "Why, sure. What size?"

He thought for a moment and finally said very positively, "Medium size. It's for a man."

I grabbed the only medium-sized cooking pot in the house, which happened to be on the stove and recently full of stew, and I dashed off for the hall, only to arrive, alas, in the midst of the shirt fronts. I made my way through them, clutching the greasy pot. It was no consolation when this undistinguished utensil made its appearance in the third act. A bum shambled on the stage waving it and announcing:

"This is a poor man's pot."

In gratitude for my magnificent contribution to the play, I was invited to a party after the performance. It was given at the Dramatic Club's headquarters — an old and unheated swimming pool — where they manage to store scenery, rehearse, and catch colds. The party was late in starting — a rumor went around that the man who was to make the punch had got mixed up with the Hasty Pudding masquerade across the street and inadvertently won First Prize. Presently he came in, with a large loving cup — not the alleged First Prize, but a receptacle to mix the drinks in. It was set on top of a chugging machine which turned out to be a diaper washer.

In search of a quiet corner, I moved a chair and found myself teetering on the edge of a twelve-foot drop into the swimming pool proper. I shrank back and ran into a member, who smiled and waved his





hand grandly at the diaper washer. "May I get you something to drink?"

The Bostonians were all sitting around sipping out of paper cups and chatting socially. "Thanks," I mut-

tered, "but I must be going."

I felt I had failed again, but it is all right. I have just seen the new program and my name is still listed among those "whose continued patronage makes possible the existence of drama at Harvard."

FOOD

THIS is the first of two articles on food and drink in the United States by the President of the Wine and Food Society, ANDRÉ L. SIMON, who recently returned to his home in London after some months in this country.

U.S.A. RETASTED

by ANDRÉ L. SIMON

GASTRONOMY is the art of choosing, preparing, and presenting food and drink so that they do not merely satisfy hunger and slake thirst, but also delight our senses of sight, smell, and taste.

Has gastronomy made any headway in the United States since the war? I cannot tell: my visits have always been too short, before and since the war, and my contacts too few, to answer such a question to my own satisfaction, let alone anybody else's. All I can do is to record what my personal impressions have been regarding the changes for the better or for the worse in the quality and service of both food and drink, during my recent visit to the States.

On the credit side there is one outstanding feature: the frozen foods. I know that the home freezer was introduced before the war, but it is only since the war that it has gained full recognition and that it has become part and parcel of the up-to-date kitchen equipment, both in the home and in catering establishments.

The differences of technique, space, and cost between the old cold-storage methods and the modern freezing technique are beyond my understanding: I take them for granted, whatever they may be, and they are no concern of mine. But what I found of the highest possible interest is the fact — a far more important one than all others for me — that the quality of the foods from the home freezer is

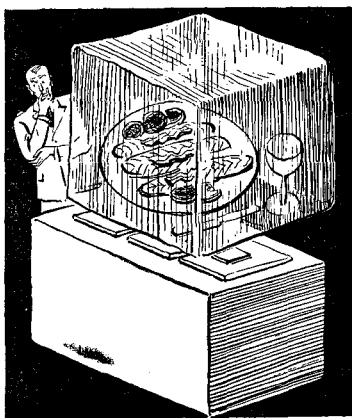
greatly superior to that of the same foods from cold storage before the war.

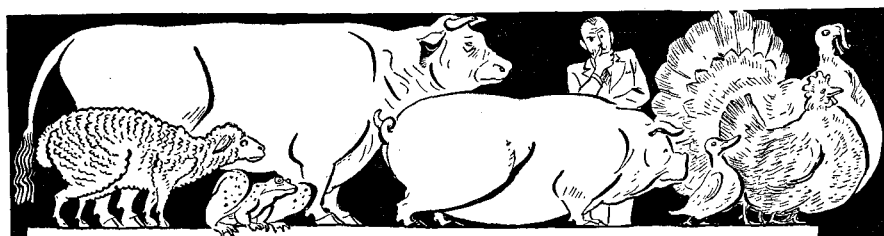
This, I was told on good authority, is not due to differences in the two methods of refrigeration, although all appear to agree that the new freezing system is incomparably more reliable and satisfactory: the main reason why post-war frozen foods are of so much better quality than the pre-war cold-storage foods is that, before the war, the best food was sold at the highest prices when fresh, and only the second best, or the unsold best, would be put in cold storage to be sold eventually at a much lower rate. Cold-storage foods were saved; they were in an arrested state of putrefaction and safe enough, but never the best. With the new freezer, on the contrary, it is the best that is held when at its best and freshest, even to a loaf of fresh, crisp French bread straight from the oven to the freezer — duly wrapped up, of course, and at hand for the party a day, a week, or a year hence, when it can be depended upon to be as fresh and crisp as the day it was baked.

All the friends whom I visited had their own freezers, recently acquired and greatly valued, but they belong to the "higher incomes" minority. What of the millions of people throughout the States who have no chance of acquiring and using a freezer of their own? Is this new refrigeration technique of any use to them? Indeed it is. In all great cities and industrial centers, many people have at least one meal a day in some restaurant or cafeteria where frozen food of far better quality than the average pre-war cold-storage variety is served, and stores everywhere carry frozen foods for home cooking. The millions who work on the land need not bother about freezers any more than they troubled about cold storage: they have the blessing of fresh food of their own as the mainstay of their lives, with some four hundred varieties of all manner of other foods to choose from, ready in handy cans, at the stores in the nearest town.

Another item which certainly deserves to appear upon the credit side of the American food balance sheet is cheese. It was probably because no cheese could be imported during the war from France, Italy, Holland, or Switzerland that cheesemakers in the United States were led to do something about the situation, and they have succeeded in producing far better imitations of all the European varieties of cheese than I had ever tasted before the war.

Not so obvious, perhaps, but in my opinion an important point, is the fact that it has become more difficult than ever to get a cook at anything like a reasonable wage — which means that most of the young people of today must look





This demand for that which looks fine or big, whether better or worse as regards flavor or texture, should be discouraged before it does still more harm. It is particularly disastrous as regards fruits and vegetables. There are some truly beautiful cherries, as large as Mirabelles, with the shortest possible stalks — which does not matter — but also with so little juice and so little flavor that they are

by BERGEN EVANS

So with some of our contemporaries. When Alexander Kirk, the first American minister to Saudi Arabia, flew to Riad, an engineer was sent ahead to prepare a landing field, no plane ever having been there before. As the engineer sat beside his radio waiting for the plane to come in, he told a curious Bedouin that a Djinn in the box had informed him that in an hour and a half a huge bird would appear bearing men in its belly. The Bedouin thought that would be worth waiting to see and the engineer eagerly anticipated his amazement when the plane should arrive. But when it did arrive, twenty minutes late, the Bedouin merely remarked that the Djinn had been incorrect in estimating the time!

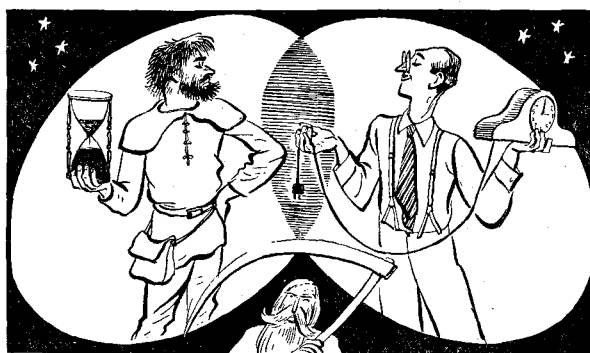
Many mechanical devices are not truly efficient, or at least nowhere near so efficient as it pleases us to think them, and one not accustomed to them and to the paean of praise that surrounds them would probably perceive this at once. The demonstration a year or so ago that the trained operator of an abacus can whip the pants off the trained operator of an electrical calculating machine at adding and subtracting came as a jolt to our complacency — though not, be it said to his honor, to that of an official of one of the largest adding-machine companies, who cheerfully confessed that “the abacus is twice as fast as a machine.” That it did not come as a stronger jolt shows the grip that gadgetology has on our minds.

Then we pay a high price for our gadgets and the visiting primitive or the revived ancestor might pay more attention to the price than the product. When we expected him to admire a car, he might well be shuddering at the traffic. Instead of gasping at an automatic bread slicer, he might gasp at the inferior quality of the bread being sliced. The ingenuity with which we enrich canned dog food with vitamins might not astonish him as much as the preposterousness of doing it at all. And when we tried to stun him with a display of 1948 furniture, we might find the perverse devil a few doors down the street grinning into the window of an antique or art shop at the prices we are willing to pay for some of the things *he* made.

The other illusion — that a man with modern knowledge would have the world in his grasp if he were miraculously transported into the past or thrown among savages — has furnished a score of comic strips and provided the basis for some very good novels. Mark Twain, Kipling, and H. Rider Haggard have all used it and thereby contributed happy hours to millions of boys. But it is a boy's dream. Wholly apart from ignoring the necessity of having the devices, the materials, and the myriad skills by which this knowledge can be utilized, these imaginings overestimate our power and underestimate the others' obduracy.

The ignorance of the past was upheld by some mighty solemn people and it was harder then than it is even now for truth to get a hearing. As G. B. Shaw has said, if Mr. Pickwick's physician had advised him to throw away his bed curtains and open his window at night, Mr. Pickwick would have changed not his habits but his physician. To have protested against phlebotomy or to have doubted the theory of the four humors when that practice and theory were current would have earned not the gratitude but the detestation of mankind.

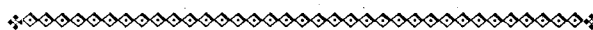
In reading history one is often moved to shout advice back down the vistas of time. A man feels that if he had been living in the age of witchcraft persecutions, say, he would have spoken sense and that particular installment in the serial calamity of humanity would never have been. But the least



reflection is enough to show that this is a hallucination of hindsight. Our modern conclusions would have been undemonstrable and the skeptic would most likely have ended on the pyre, one more witch so far as the public was concerned.

Orthodoxy always has the advantages of possession. Stefansson, when he first came among the Copper River Eskimos, encountered a Shaman who, envious of the attention the visitor was attracting, professed to be quite familiar with the white man's land. He said that he had frequently visited it by magic and its wonders were old stuff to him. Stefansson challenged him to speak the white man's language and the Shaman responded by jabbering some gibberish. Stefansson triumphantly said that that wasn't any white man's language that he knew and at once found *himself* discredited. The Eskimos did not say, “Our Shaman is shameless,” but rather, “The stranger is an impostor. He professes to be a white man but admits he does not understand the white man's language when our celebrated Shaman speaks it to him.”

No and alas, much evidence suggests that our fathers and our savage brothers are too much like us to be easily impressed, credulous and incredulous at the wrong times, enamored of their own ignorance, learning the simplest things only through repeated disasters, and reserving their admiration chiefly for themselves.



AFTER EIGHTY

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

Is everything far bigger than of old,
Far quicker and far noisier in its pace?
Or is it thus that I must now be told
My station is a mere spectator's place?

So let it be, yet in my heart I know
That small and slow and quiet things
yet live,
And, as their gentler motions forward go,
That from their store I still may take —
and give.



It's Still a Big Bargain

The telephone keeps right on being a big bargain. Even in these days of higher prices, a few pennies still buy a telephone call. Increases in telephone rates are much less than the increases in the cost of telephone materials and wages . . . and much less than the increases in other things you buy.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

